1664

A FOREST OF VARIETIES.

by Francis Dudley, 3d Lde North

First Part.

Non Aliena meo pressi pede.

Dudley North, 3d baron North

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English

MY Friend; for so you are, or at least I intend you; bee favourable to these my innocent Lines which meane nothing but your good: they meet with an unfriendly time, and though my selfe have kept them these late yeares of our troubles, like a candle under a bushel, without so much as casting my owne eye upon them; I feare you will admit others, perhaps, neither friends to you nor me; which if against my will you do, I have yet taught them to say something for themselves, and here and there they will return a tooth; they were designed, as they tell you, to a domestique confinement, impatient of publique view, and still of Shop mart and residence; whosoever censures, shall not be entituled to it as at publique Stage-playes, for his money, whereupon I hope he will bee the more modest and indulgent: But now meeting with this plundering age, if they venture not to undergoe the Presse, they are obnoxious to a sodain destruction; nor are their Master and themselves so free from the connaturall Epidemicall disease of vanity, as easily to consent the annihilation of so many houres productions, especially seeing diverse of the graver sort of Spirits have long since advised the publication even of their most light and airy parts: nor doe I remember that ever I knew a Parent of a deformed Child lesse carefull of its preservation then of the most beautifull: St. Paul made himselfe every thing to every body to win some; the very præludes and antipast of these may happily lead to good and wholesome nourishment, such is my wish.

Since the birth of these pieces, the world I suppose hath never experienced so great a liberty and prostitution of the Presse, to me, there never was lesse of writing, I have laboured with strong griefs and cares, and yet they found at last a tongue; the direfull extremities and convulsions which my unhappy Country, and my self in it have suffered these last yeeres make good with me the saying of Ingentes curæ stupent: Partiality found much, ingenuity little freedom: the first surprize was such as caryed me to an affectation of dissolution rather then to endure the spectatorship of the growing miseries & approaching tragedies; nay, spectatorship was not allowed,

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Embarque you muſt, and in a manner embarqued already was I by my naturall condition; to all retiredne had been my former courſe and reſolution, now forced from it, what had I to do, but according to my acquired habit of mind, ſteere my courſe as I conceived my relations in faireſt duty, affection, honeſty and reaſon to require, this, caſting off my ſelf, & all private intereſt and conſideration I did: the learned ſophiſtical ſpirits of another not of ſo fair a mind caſt out ſuch miſts from the *Moraſſes, wherein they had formerly engaged us, as troubled both mine, and the generall digeſtion of otherwiſe no weakly diſpoſed conſtitutions; this lay long heavy upon me, til at length that good God who hath ever miraculouſly aſſiſted me in my greateſt diſtreſſes diſperſed my clouds, commanded & neceſſitated me to periſh rather in doing my duty to himſelf, my King, & Country, then ſo poorly as I had abandoned my ſelfe in contracting and yeelding to a growing and inevitable infirmity and ruine: His inſpiration I obeyed, and hee hath ſo bleſſed me, that in deſpight of unexpreſſible diſorders of body and mind, as I have conquered all feares and apprehenſion of whatever conſequences; ſo doe I in my ſtation and daily duty ſurmount my not only late but ancient infirmity; I wrap my ſelfe in my honeſt reſolves, ſteering for the beſt, untroubledly prepared for the worſt. But I am faln amongſt the Noli me tangere's. And now again for a ſpirt to my Book: Poore Book of a moſt unhappy Author, what fate, what genius canſt thou expect to make thee happier then thy Maſter? Yet thus far I will encourage thee, that from the faireſt, from the beſt conſtituted, he hath generally reaped favorable opinion; for others, reſpect them as little as he, ſeek thy happines within thy ſelf, and not abroad, they will have their ſayings, but thy good conſtitution will beare thee out againſt malignant blaſts, wander the leaſt thou canſt, keep cloſe to thy friends, & tell them that the many abruptions and et cæteraes of thy moſt ſerious, ſad, and devout pieces of Proſe were occaſioned by diverſe expungings of matter intended only for a Son, or a deſcendant.

We are now in an extraordinary early, faire promiſing, and comfortable ſpring, and by Gods grace upon a treaty for Peace: May the King be happy in good Counſel, and beleeving wel of ſuch as ſeek nothing more then his, and his peoples happineſſe; This is our Criſis of emerging, or utter ruine: Pais gaſtè vault mieux que pais perdu. Benedicat Deus.

Febr. the 10th. 1644.

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* Or mud of their owne breeding.

A Foreſt of VARIETIES:

Concerning petty Poetry, made more generall in addreſſe then at firſt.

Preludium to the firſt Verſes.

Madam,

IN ancient offerings to Deity, Turtles, Incenſe, and Flowers have beene acceptable for the zeale of obedience, though of little worth, or advantage; let my reſpect to your command make the more excuſable the worthleſſe following lines, which otherwiſe in my knowledge of the ſleightneſſe of their ſtuffe and making ſhould never have preſumed to undergoe the weight of your cenſure: True Turtles you ſhall find them, full of ſimple love, and unfurniſht of all Serpentine climbing art of ſubtilty and knowledge: Incenſe and Smoake, they are but of the gentleſt nature, not far fetcht Aromatiques, troubleſome and intoxicating to the brain, but mild as flowers unmedicinall for morality, meere Poſeys or Noſegays, gay to the firſt ſenſe; which if happily you prove them, favour them ſo far as to give them their paſſe without further examination, I promiſe not my ſelf that they ſhal pleaſe, for they pleaſe not my ſelfe; (eſpecially in a ſerious humour) I know them full of faults, but thinke them not worth the mending. And if to bee an Author of ſuch toyes bee a fault, it is ſurely doubled to make them too great a buſineſſe. Idleneſſe was their mother, which though I pleaſed my ſelfe to avoyd by their deſtroying her in their birth, yet to good judgements they may well bee as ill pleaſing, as ill natur'd: If time were mis-ſpent in them, yet there was not much caſt away; for the idle howers of three moneths brought them forth, except ſome few, the children of little more then my childhood. As they are

farre from deſerving good opinion, ſo am I farre from the humour of ſome ſo well conceited of ſuch their workes (like Peacocks proud of their feathers) that they are never at an end of their labour, but ſtill with child to utter them: my travell ended with their firſt birth, and ſo I hope or wiſh the readers may at the firſt reading; for if they bee not plaine and eaſie, it is againſt my will, which as it wants ſtrength to imitate, ſo cannot approve the ridling humour lately affected by many, who thinke nothing good that is eaſie, nor any thing becomming paſſion that is not expreſt with an hyperbole above reaſon. Theſe tormentors of their owne and their Readers braines I leave to bee admired in their high obſcure flight, (while my ſelfe will bee happy, if I can procure but a familiar delight to a ſuperficiall reading) they affect to ſhew more wit then love, and in truth ſo much, that whilſt they commend beyond reaſon, they ſhew that either they want reaſon to commend, or their ſubject to bee commended; like ill ranging Spaniells they ſpring figures, and raviſhed with their extravagant fancies, purſue them in long excurſions, neglecting their true game and pretended affection: Bee the matter, or the diſcourſers capacitie never ſo poore and meane, I ever affect a man that maketh right concluſions. And for my ſelfe, I would rather bee thought to want invention and knowledge, then judgement and good conſequence in what I utter. The Poetry of theſe times abounds in wit, high conceit, figure, and proportions; thinne, light, and emptie in matter and ſubſtance; like fine colored ayery bubbles or Quelque-choſes, much oſtentation and little food; conceits, ſimiles, and allegories are good, ſo the matter bee carried along in them, and not interrupted by them. *Venus* is here drawne by her Doves, not Serpents; and as I profeſſe my ſelfe to want art in all things, ſo in matters of love I thinke it may bee beſt ſpared, as being an affection meerely naturall, and where Art is ſeldome comely, but authoriſed with a native diſpoſition; beſides, Verſes of love are commonly made for women, whoſe chiefeſt beautie conſiſts in being unſophiſticated by Art, and are the more pleaſing in converſation by poſſeſſing a free puritie of unadulterated wit. And as wee often ſee that thoſe women that have beſtowed on themſelves the moſt Art and coſtly dreſſing, nay many times that have the beſt proportion, are not yet the moſt winning: So in Verſes there is to bee expreſt a naturall ſpirit and moving ayre (or accent) more alluring and charming the affection, then others of a farre more rich, faire and curious compoſition. The world in all things is full of Critiques, that are ſharpe ſighted to reprehend, and will approve nothing but according to their owne rule; (many times out of ſquare) But for my part I hold the ſame opinion of Verſes as of Ayres in Muſick, or Houſes, that let them bee delightfull and pleaſant to the firſt appearance with conveniency to the deſigne, and for the fantaſticated rules of Art, Architecture, and proportion, let them obſerve them that liſt: and commonly who moſt affects them, moſt failes in the generall delightfulneſſe and uſe. Poetry is in truth a kind of Muſick

ſick, the fable of *Orpheus* expreſſed as much; Muſick hath its Anthems, Pavens, Fanteſies, Galliards, Courantoes, Ayres, Sarabands, Toyes, Cromatiques,&c. And Verſes have their Hymmes, Tragedies, Satyres, Heroiques, Sonets, Odes, Songs, Epigrams, Diſtiques, and Strong lines, which are their Cromatiques, and of themſelves may bee excellent in their Art; but long dwelt upon grow harſh and diſtaſtefull. The commandements and preceptives are none of the poeticall parts of Scripture. Though I am no part of a Scholar, yet thus much by caſuall opening of books I know, that *Horace* in matter of love hates difficulty: and though I beleeve it an imitation of his abrupt and harſh veine in his more ſerious peeces, that upon the worthineſſe of his name and matter, hath debaucht many from the formerly uſed, more open, familiar and pleaſing manner of verſifying; yet I finde that even himſelfe (howſoever either naturally or affectedly rugged, except his Lyrick veine) when hee uttereth his judgement, or preſcribeth to others concerning meaſured compoſitions, no man is more frequent in recommendation of a round, current, cleare and gracefull delivery: but what his morall, ſolid and ſatyrick matter diſpenſt with, is in ſlighter ſtuffe intolerable: there ſhall you find the rough hands, but not the voyce and ſubſtance; let them rather imitate his beſt, then his worſt. It cannot bee good in limited lines, which are a purpoſed pauſe to the voyce, to carry with a counter-time the period of the ſenſe to the body of the next line, much leſſe to diſmember an innocent word, that every child according to nature, and uſe, in ſpelling would put together; and words have a naturall ayre, accent, and quantitie, whence to ſtrayne them is to rack both them and the reader: Who will ſet himſelfe to daunce, or his horſe to manage, let him ſeeke to obſerve good time, ayre, and faſhion: no man is fit for all things; whoſe Genius was borne for proſe, let him write proſe, rather then affecting Verſe to make ſuch unnaturall ſtuffe, as ſhall bee good neither. I pity both in my ſelfe and others to ſee the beſt of our matter in one place ſo extreamly preſt, that it is a labour to diſcover it, and yet in another part of the ſame peece ſlight and ſuperfluous ſtuffe dilated at large. A Poet ſhould raiſe light from ſmoak, not blow that which is light with him to carry but ſmoak to another. I am of his Majeſties mind, that the beſt eloquence is to *King James.* make our ſelves clearely underſtood, and that to him who hath leaſure, there need no abbreviations: I had rather pay for a little more paper then to bee put to the coſt of my braine. The admirable inventions and matter of your unimitable Uncles extant works *Sir Philip Sidney.* flouriſh in applauſe of all, by a happy and familiar diſplay of their beauties to the meaneſt, including withall ſuch generoſitie of truely and profoundly extracted conceit to the moſt inward life of whatſoever hee expreſſeth, that the ſtrongeſt and cleareſt ſeeing judgements may reſt ſatisfied, yea tranſported in contemplation of the moſt lively and pleaſing touches that a ſoule can apprehend, or a pen diſtill. Yet ſomewhat more to authoriſe my ſelfe, *Lipſius* upon

upon perſpicuity holds it the greateſt miſery in writing, not onely not to be underſtood, but to be underſtood with difficulty: and the ſharp-witted * *Martial* in contempt of the more formall and ſevere cenſurers and Writers, profeſſeth that hee would have his verſes need neither an *Apollo*, nor *Grammarian*; and howſoever ſome may deny him to be exact, himſelf in his entertainments affects rather to pleaſe his Gueſts then Cooks. Verſes of love ſhould be verſes of pleaſure, & to pleaſe in love, the ſmoother fac'd the better.

* *Hunc velo qui fiat non ſine pane ſatur.*

I may be crabbed and rugged, but will never affect to bee ſo, eſpecially in verſes, whoſe true nature and uſe is to worke a kind of a Charme upon the mind, even with ſlightneſſe of matter, by the well wrought and exquiſite harmony of their Cadence, and ſound: There being to be transfuſed into verſe ſometimes ſuch a naturall ſpirit of magnanimity, ſometimes ſuch a ſoft, wanton, and melting aire of paſſion, that the one ſhall never faile to affect a generous and heroick mind, nor the other to work a kind of tender and relenting diſpoſition in a ſenſible and well-natur'd conſtitution; neither of which ſhall eaſily be ſeene effected from a harſh and rude (though never ſo witty) an expreſſion: for as in perſons, ſo in Verſes; ſome, let them meane never ſo lovingly, ſhall yet by their naturall verjuyce be ever out of the way of *Bacchus* and *Venus*. But in point of obſcurity, in ſome ſort to excuſe my ſelfe with others, I feare wee all often unwillingly incurre the errour of it by thinking our meaning as open to others, as to our ſelves, when indeed the Characters of our expreſſion are fully ſupplyed by our owne underſtanding to our ſelves, whilſt to others they are lamely contracted and imperfect. Thus much I have been bold to write, not onely to excuſe a poore Mother wit, but ſomewhat to give a paſſe upon their ſtrange and uneaſie habit, who I doubt not but they will have many a gird at my eaſie and naturall nakedneſſe; I meane thoſe lofty dimme ſhooting Archers, whom I wiſh to remember, that hee who ſhootes higheſt, ſhootes not ever neareſt the marke; and hee that may walke in the light, is to bee ſuſpected for chooſing the darke. Now (Madam) I grant that all I can write (eſpecially what theſe lines containe) is but vanity and a moſt idle vanity; yet thus farre I will excuſe both the writing and the reading, that all the world is little better: wee often condemn vaine pleaſures, and remember not that the moſt things the beſt of us moſt ſeriouſly doe, have indeed no other end. For God being ſerved and nature ſuſtained, what fruit proceeds from our authority, learning, wealth, policy, and earneſt intent to profit, but to ſatisfie our impulſive affections, which either propound to themſelves a felicity whereof they faile in the poſſeſſion, or ſeeke to divert by ſuch imployments the dulneſſe and otherwiſe obtruding miſeries of their condition? which if you pleaſe to conſider, you will the more excuſe many purſuers of lawful and naturall delights, and value thoſe pleaſures at the better rate which are moſt perdurable and communicable. May the following wanton (but as modeſt Babes as their Mother *Venus* could produce) though they cannot profit, yet afford ſome delight

light to that your Worthy well furnish't mind, to which I wish all happinesse that ever Noble nature possest, or can possesse. I must yet bee so much longer, as to crave pardon for my unintended and I feare unpleasant length, it is the vice of writing to bee endlesse; thus hath my enmity to obscurity brought forth tediousnesse, yet not so much, but that all this may bee sooner read, then some one passage of our Night pieces understood: they had need afford profitable stuffe, who utter it at so hard a rate. I wish your Ladiships authority would so abate the price that our poorer abilities might hold trade without straining. And seeing I am upon the Theame of verses, whither I meane not shortly to returne, I humbly crave your favour after my fashion, disorderly to say thus much more, that howsoever some of the stricter sort approve onely of verses so close, usefull, and substantially woven, that there must bee neither list, looseneſſe, nor the least superfluity of words: for my part, I am not of that strict order, nor ever yet saw it observed in any Author. Nature hath mingled stalkes with flowers, and Huskes with Corne, and hath raised ornament from our excrementiciall haires: conceits and matter over-crusht, afford commonly as little grace as pleasure; and to write all in abbreviations, would take indeed lesse room, but much more time and trouble. A *Geneva* print weakens the sight, nor is it good to hold your bow ever bent, or your horse streight rained. Sometimes amongst pithy and tough lines I thinke it not amisse to interpose one of an easie straine, like resting places in lofty staires, to ease the Reader. Some fluency of weak water helpes the better in nourishment to convey what is more solid. Lamp-oile yeelds no good savour nor in sallet nor verse. *Difficilia quæ pulchra*, is to bee understood of the attaining, and not the exercising of faculties. You know how it is said of *Poems*, that they should bee such, *ut sibi quivis speret, idem sudet frustraque laboret ausus idem*. Strong lines may bee drawne on with Cartropes, but the faireſt have generally an easie birth. It is rare for any thing to be well and hardly performed. The French expression, *A Deliure*, implyes as well perfectneſſe, as facility and dexterity. There may bee imployed such an extraordinary (yet gentle) fineneſſe of conceit, and Conclusions so designed, wrought, limned and coloured, touches so bold, covert allegories and subtilties so neat, Epithets so materiall, Metaphors and ambiguities so doubly fine, as shall bee more masterlike then more sententious, sublime, abstruse, and strong appearing lines. Worth of matter and conception supposed, nothing more commends a piece then termes well chosen, proper, lively, and significant, with a free comming on, and as free a close and conclusion. Also a faire, cleare and even thorough carriage with well wrought joints and connexions gives credit to the workman. I love as much a great deale of force and depth couched in one word, as I hate little in many. VVe ordinarily write and speake the same things and notions, and to the same purpose, but infinitely differ in the delivery and expression; some proceed in a stuttering confused obliquity, groping as in a mist or darkneſſe; some goe more direct-

ly, and exhibit their Idea's and conceptions with ſo cleare and diſtinct a light, illuſtrations, inſtances, demonſtrations, enforcements, and arguments ſo pertinent, perſpicuous and concluding, that the underſtanding and aſſent are captivate beyond evaſion or ſubterfuge. Sophiſtry and figures may appeare fine and witty, but prevaile little upon the beſt judgements: Reaſon muſt convince the intellectuall ſoule. May I write clearly and ſtrongly, rather then finely and artificially; hence is the difference of elocution, hence of perſwaſion, the one is light and aery, the other weighty and ſolid; moſt lovely and commanding is the beauty of a faire ingenuous and rich ſoule fairely mounted, and armed upon well ſhaped and unanimouſly received vertue, goodneſſe and reaſon. Verſes are then good, when turned to proſe they hold a faire and currant ſenſe, and when tranſlated into another language, there is ſuch maſtery found in their conception by the advantage of what is genuine unto them, that there will bee either more words or leſſe conceit and matter. The priviledge they have over common phraſe, conſiſts in the warranted becomming ornament of a lofty well ordered ſpirit, and wantonneſſe, ſuch as ſhall make toyes paſſe for Jewels, and give to what of it ſelfe is precious, an acquiſite luſtre of workmanſhip beyond what proſe can beare, and that in little room; Their voice is more conſtrained, and conſequently more ſhrill and piercing. Nor is it in writing the leaſt perfection (howſoever it hath found little obſervation) ſo to order and contract our expreſſions, that one well adopted word may run into, and govern many of diverſe and ſtrong ſenſe) for nothing gives more pleaſure and ſatisfaction to a diligent inquiſitive and judicious Reader, then much matter and conceit compendiouſly digeſted with ſufficiency of perſpicuity. To conclude, lines of a farre fetcht and labour'd fancy with alluſions and curioſity, and in ſimiles of little more fruit or conſequence, then to raviſh the Reader into the writers fine *Chamæleon* colours, and feed him with aire, I approve not ſo much, as heighth and force of ſpirit ſententiouſly and weightily exhibited; wit needs not rack it ſelf where matter flowes; embroderies become not a rich ſtuffe; and art is beſt expreſt where it leaſt appeares.

A ſtrong wing is to be preferred before a painted, and good ſenſe and matter elegantly delivered before extravagancy of fancy and conceit; ſuch unnaturall impertinency ſerves rather to ſhadow then illuſtrate, to overwhelme then ſet forth the ſubject: as well appoſite as accurate writing is the Authorsglory.

Poſtſcript

Poſtſcript upon occaſion of the then young Princes pretended deſire to have ſight of the following Poems.

AND here under pardon to conclude with this further defence of Love the ſubject of this little work, but taking it more large and high I find love to be the moſt worthy object of the beſt and moſt generous diſpoſitions, and none but maligne natures that addreſſe not their thoughts towards it: for what good and worthy mind hath its being, that is not bent as upon its felicity either to the love of women the moſt naturall, of men the moſt noble, or above all of God the moſt happy and rewardfull? Whither elſe tend all our ſtudies of comlineſſe, of glory, and noble actions of charity and good deeds? Wherein can man ſo well reſemble his great Creator as by worth and goodneſſe to win love? what more noble end can any man have to ſtudy vertue and perfection, then thereby to win affection and praiſe, the reward and food of vertue, and tribute of God? Nay, love the eſſence of God, the good ſpirit and wings of the ſoule, the Mother, Child, and finall cauſe of Beauty, the begetter and maintainer of the world, the life of life: by love the Sunne ſhines, and the earth brings forth, by love is ſociety and commerce maintained, by love the ſoule dwels with the body, and God with the ſoule; by love nature ever works for our preſervation, when the body and almoſt the ſoule are laid in ſleep. Admirable love! without thee life is hatefull, man but a wolfe to man, the world a ſecond Chaos; For thy ſake alone, who affecteſt not a decaying Manſion, I apprehend loſſe by growing old, yet thus againe am I comforted by thy moſt divine power, that thou never abandoneſt the dwelling of goodneſſe, and art ſucceſſively fruitfull over all the good works of nature to the worlds period: ſo that to the vertuous, where the love of women failes, the love of men begins, and where that by the withering imperfections of age grows cold, (as the aire to a ſetting Sunne) there, for our ſupreame and infinite comfort, begin to ſhine moſt clearly the beames of that divineſt love, (which before were too much intercepted by the ſenſualities and paſſions of our younger yeares) to make us therein eternally happy by that operation of love, and contemplation of beauty, which at the laſt muſt be our ſoules immortall food and joy.

Advertiſement upon the firſt Verſes.

I am not ignorant that who keepes the common road, falls not into the incumbrances incurred by them who ſearch or by or nearer wayes: Writing is a by-path of life, I am yet ingaged to it, but hope ſhortly to get out, and by the way I give you this Antidote and Rapſody of præcaution and true information concerning the following pieces. The reaſon why I retaine and expoſe them with others, is not ſo much that I eſteem them worthy of view or life, as that they were many yeares ſince Copyed and ſpread abroad beyond my knowledge then, and are now beyond my power to recall: they are more Chaffe then Corn, fitter to bee ventilated, blown away, and play in the aire, then vented in any Market and commerce of wit and cenſure: they are incorrect, if not incorrigible; yet I conſent to leave them, and many other my pieces, ſuch as they are, to repreſent unto me the difference 'twixt then and now. To attempt to perfect them were to diſperſonate their youth and haſty nature, and fall into the much frequented ſtage [Error] of putting ſtronger lines, and more conceited and elaborate elegancy into weake mouths and ſtrong paſſions; then well comporteth with them; let their youth and genuine conception plead their pardon. You ſhall miſtake them if you often conceive them not rather the off-ſpring of fancy then paſſion. But take them at the worſt, they have ſomething of reaſon and ſerious in them: and the errours of love are not ſo foule, as the love of errour; nor is it impertinent to perſwade love in them who have conſtrained it in you; and love may bee ſuch, as to become no leſſe juſtifiable then naturall. Love is in truth of divers kinds, ever an Ebullition of the liver: ſometimes it is made and forced upon us, ſometimes wee weave and foole our ſelves into it, ſometimes it proceeds from gratitude and good nature of gratification. It is generally the child of weakneſſe, as well as of idleneſſe: witneſſe my ſelfe in my childiſh youth and Melancholy humour. A vigorous gayety of the heart and mind taken up and buſie in other affections and entertainments hardly admits it. It is a ſad confinement, a diſeaſe like womens longing, where the violent appetite of one object, no better then the reſt, gives reliſh to that alone, whilſt a right and undiſtaſted apprehenſion of every thing in the true kind is the much better and ſounder conſtitution: and as in longing after ſuch or ſuch a morſell, the conſideration is carried by the fancy and taſt, which have no rule but themſelves: or as at Table, the hearty approbation of ſome one diſh is a provocation to others appetites: ſo in love. And as moſt Dogs will often ſtrive to get away anothers bone, though otherwiſe little deſired, or when a morſell is offered to bee ſnatched from

from them, grow greedy of that which before they neglected; ſo in affections; I leave the application. Sometimes as love hath been tearmed a warfare, ſo is brave Conqueſt made ambition; too many make it their felicity, and effeminately bend all their affections towards it; Sometimes it is taken up for a faſhion, and to be in faſhion is in idle times of no ſmall importance to idle and gallant perſons: Sometimes like Coqualuchios and Epidemicall diſeaſes, it may much proceed from the diſpoſition of the Ayre; as in other kind wee may obſerve of quarrells that they ſeldome go alone; Our poore volatile ayery affections are ſtrongly wrought upon as well from outward as inward incentives, winds, and Aſpects.

The firſt acceſſe of love is not ever by the eyes, it hath often a ſtrong foundation and preocupation begotten at the eare; when a noble heart takes impreſſion of a well lodged reputation, eminent in fame, vertue, generalitie of love and applauſe attending it, there is it already halfe as much ſubdued as it is ambitious to poſſeſſe and ſubdue: to complete, I acknowledge the approbation of the eye for a requiſite concomitant. To draw and quicken, ſometimes the ſaying of the ſhadow is uſefully true, it flies what followes, and purſues what ſeemes to retire and flie.

Whether love bee moſt naturall betweene differing or ſutable complections may as well bee a queſtion, as the old rule of friendſhip to conſiſt amongſt equalls hath been lately controlled. But as friendſhips are conceived moſt firme in ſuch relation and tye, as there may bee a dependency wrought either by a reciprocation of mutuall benefits and advantages, or where at leaſt the good and fortune of the one relies and faſtens it ſelfe upon the other: So if the fantaſticall exiſtence of love receive not a fixation from ſome more ſolid root and conſideration, ſuch as growes either from a rationall and deliberate election, or from ſuch like ſympatheticall proportion of mind, vertue and affections; it will bee eaſily ſubject to ſcatter and blow away in the lightneſſe of the ſoyle that produced it. It is a fantaſtique and hardly to bee concluded on by reaſon; but wee generally ſee it is ſpecificall, as betweene vipers and other creatures in their kind. And certainly there is a ſelf-love raigning in us, which will not well permit a quick viperine highguſted ſpirit to fancy one of a dull and flegmatique temper. Who ever lov'd, that lov'd not at firſt ſight, is as falſe as fine; circumſtance and opportunities more often beget it: and love, to ſhew its extravagant power, ordinarily graffs it ſelfe upon the ſtock of an unfavourable, prejudiciall and crabbed opinion. As there is great difference betwixt What will you give, and What will you take: ſo is there in ſeeking and making love, or being found and made to it. Wiſe men are ſaid to make more opportunities then they find, but in love it holds the other way. True love is as paſſive as active, and it is the height of its true art, to moderate it ſelfe, as to love and bee wiſe. How blind and unreaſonable ſoever it is ſuppoſed (as I have otherwhere ſaid) a fair, kind and ſutable object hath much

to

to alledge why it ought to bee loved, and it is a peculiar prerogative of faith to tranſcend our reaſon; you ſee I affect to write rather obſcurely then full and largely (what you ſtick upon to conceive, may ſtick the better with you.) I have often pitied to ſee not onely the moſt beautifull of creatures, but the faireſt and kindeſt natures moſt ſubject to the exceſſe, and vitious fruite of their love and kindneſſe; there is belonging to them a kind of goodneſſe, being as well affected in a gratification of others, as the naturall pleaſure reſpecting onely themſelves. It is as happy that divine and humane Lawes have circumſcribed us herein, as it is miſerable to ſee how nature by a gallantry of cuſtome hath ſhaken off her fairer, richer girdles and bracelets ſo farre as to become relapſed into her naked native current common with other creatures, almoſt drowned in her owne whirlpoole; and neglecting all other leſſons of vertue, honour and Religion; men may ordinarily learne from women a ſtrength beyond their ordinary in maintaining themſelves above the vanitie and levitie of reſenting impreſſion from admiring and affecting eyes; you may attribute it to their honour lying at ſtake one way, as ours another: but well conſidered, men as well in honour as fortune prove the greater loſers by ſuch intanglings; perfection of one may bee imperfection in another. But here let the moſt unlovely natures and contemners of love find this * *Paradox*, that there is none of them all ſo clay or kay cold, but deſpite of their rigid perverſe diſcourſe and diſpoſition (I except impotent, maleficiat, aged, and ſickly frigidity) if they meet with a right, a kind, and courting ſubject, and bee plyed with warme cloathes, it ſhall put them into ſuch a heate as birds feele in the Spring, or Deere in the Autumne; yet this I grant, that very many not incapable of love wander all their lives without meeting a true ſteele to their flint, or a fatall conſtellation of the heavenly and earthly ſtars to their inflammation. You know the proverbe of marriage and hanging, and old ſayings are ſomewhat authentique; Fate may bee eaſilier ſlighted then avoyded. Gameſters may think to counter-ſhuffle Fortune out of her courſe, when the poore fooles become in truth her Inſtruments to ſhuffle themſelves into her nooſe. Reaſon and diſcourſe were not given to us (I confeſſe) in vaine, and they are to bee imployed according to good diſcretion, yet ſuch as will leave nothing to fortune are not ever the moſt ſucceſſefull: As men in ſhips conceit the earth to move when it is themſelves, ſo wee may wittily thinke wee leade and fetter fortune, which in ſpight of our wiſedome will prove our guide and ſteerer. There are to us in our courſes (as to Pilots at Sea) certaine inſenſible currents that force us out of our propounded way and ſcope.

* Take this other Paradox, that the faireſt are often the chaſteſt: for loving beauty in the abſtract, how ever they may pleaſe their nature and humour in giving way to a parcell entertainment of many affections, yet reſt they often ſatisfied in a pendulous ſuſpenſive power and glory, by an equilibrious diſtraction, which others miſſing more abandon themſelves to the concrete.

Si fortuna volet, fies de Rhetore Conſul,
Si volet hac eadem, fies de Conſule Rhetor.

The univerſall agent is the great and prime wheele, by whoſe motion all thoughts, actions, and events are commanded. It is hee who

who turnes (*Ille ego qui quondam*) from *Mantua* to *Troy* or *Rome*, and ſo it gratiouſly pleaſed him to convert my Muſe by a better to a better nature. St. *Paul* made us witneſſes of his, and I am contented by an equall Communication of both kinds to make you witneſſes of my better converſion. That *Eternall* and *Melior natura* I implore to inſtruct mee to diſtinguiſh betwixt him and man, true or falſe, Piety and Charitie, to preſide mee in all my courſes, and leade mee in his truth to him, in whom alone is all true felicitie. *Amen, Amen.*

1638.

Many

Many of theſe Verſes I owne not, for I
In them was ſcarce my owne; Nor am I hee
Who made them: but ſince from ſuch vanitie
May grow ſuch change, reade through, and change with mee.

AURORA

AVRORA.

AWake my ſilent long reſerved Muſe:
Th'allarme of love tumultuous in my heart
Summons out all my ſoules beſt ſtrength, & art;
And doth my weaker faculties confuſe.
What ſerve you now you precept Sentinells,
You Rampars fram'd of reaſon and diſcourſe
Againſt all paſſions power and intercourſe?
One puts you now to flight, who all compells
To yeeld unto her all-ſubduing might.
'Tis ſhee may truely ſay, I come, I ſee,
And captivate the proudeſt hearts to mee.
Her power commands mee love, admire and write
Her glory, and my love, above compare:
Wherein great Queene of love accept good will:
For it exceeds the power of earthly quill
Either t'expreſſe, they ſo tranſcendent are.
On then my pen my burd'ned ſoule to eaſe,
Shee abſent, thou alone my mind muſt pleaſe.

Not for their worth, but for thy worthineſſe
Accept of theſe preſumptuous ruder lines,
Where through my weakneſſe thy bright beauty ſhines,
And Sun-like doth in ſpite of miſts expreſſe
Its owne true glory: Wiſely happy hee,
Who in this glaſſe of water viewes this Sun
Excelling object, which to looke upon
Our humane Organs too unable bee.
What though the Sifters nine my Muſe diſclaime,
As an untutor'd Novice new ſtart up,
That never taſted the *Caſtalian* cup?
Let others invocate their idle name,
Whilſt I by thy divine pow'r ſet on fire
Thy worth on higher Trophees elevate
Then e're the greateſt Poet *Laureate*
Could her renowne that did his Muſe inſpire.
Aſſiſt great goddeſſe then my paſſions ſtory,
Thy beauties record, thine ſhall bee the glory.

To make an Inventory of thy parts
By faire reſemblance of their forme and hew
To Ivory, Corall, Cryſtall, heavenly blew
Hills, Pillars, Bowes, Valleyes, and piercing darts,

Were to detract from that perfection
Of teeth, of lips, of eyes, of azure veines,
Breast, neck, browes, lookes, and those delicious plaines,
Which thou hold'st in most faire connexion,
Excelling all resemblance, all compare;
And were indeed by cunning to aspire
To colour forth the burning heat of fire,
Or glorious light, and dazling beames which are
In *Phœbus* face, and fiery Chariot dwelling.
Thou like the joyes of the *Elysian* place,
(Which who strives to describe shall but debase)
Art onely knowne, by others all excelling.
Let then all Pens, and *Species* confesse
Their weakenesse thy perfections to expresse.

Since *Cupid* to Loves Seas my *Barke* hath prest,
My fate once led mee by the *Cape* of Hope;
But since alas! my agitated Boate
Hath past Despaires sad gulfe, and its arrest,
I Anchor cast dysaster to prevent,
But Anchor hopelesse did, and helplesse prove;
That marble white and red it could not move
Whereon I ventur'd it, but home was sent.
Like as do those, whom fearefull shipwrack threats,
Labour for life some harbour good to win,
Yet crost by wind, and tide, cannot put in:
So up and downe my tossed Bottome beates,
Expecting better fortune, and some grace
That welcom'st haven that I may recover,
Which under that *Cape* once more I discover,
Center of happinesse, most wished place:
But cruell night, why dost thou mee such wrong,
With thy black cloake to barre mee of that sight,
My onely marke, my soules supreme delight,
Supplanting my enflamed hope so long,
That for a fortnight thou dost that remove,
(Fortnight, which will as long to mee appeare
As if each night contain'd a tedious yeare)
The onely object of my joy and love?
For joy without her presence have I none,
Nor can I love but onely her alone.

If Art by wishing could obtained bee,
I would I had the power of *Circe's* skill,
Not like to her by poys'ning meanes to kill;
But by some secret *Philters* mystery
Loves mutuall flames to her I would impart,
Whose piercing eyes have set my breast on fire,

Whilst

Whilſt ſhee I feare remaines without deſire,
Impenetrable to loves powerfull Dart.
Bee not unjuſt, great-little God of love,
Turne not a Tyrant in thy latter raigne,
Make us not thinke that thou didſt love ordaine
Our torture, but felicitie to prove:
Juſtices ballance ever even ſtands:
Shoote equall then her heart as well as mine,
That wee may both adore thy power divine
With equall, happy love, faith, joy, and bands.
So ſhall I ever celebrate thy fame,
But elſe have cauſe to curſe thy power, and name.

I wonder much that all this Parliament
Your Sex 'gainſt you a bill hath never fram'd,
Wherein (me thinkes) you juſtly might be blam'd
That contrary to common Lawes intent,
And common good by your meanes dearth is bred
With ſcarcitie, which men incenſeth ſo
That ſome contentleſſe, ſome to fury goe;
And all becauſe you hold monopoled,
And have ingroſs'd into your ſole poſſeſſion
The maſſe, and ſtock, and beautie of our age:
A grievance juſt, except you can aſſwage
Their cauſe of plaint by ſatisfying impreſſion;
Whereat me thinkes I ſee you forth produce
Your ſelfe for Patent, beautifully fram'd
By God and Natures perfect working hand,
Whoſe power to queſtion were prophane abuſe;
And thus your right authoriz'd, they confuted
Subſcribe your Patent n'ere to bee diſputed.

Come on you ſearching quinteſſence of wit,
Limbeck no more your all-exhauſted braine
To find that delectable place againe,
Where all things did in firſt perfection meet;
Contemplate here this little peece of mould,
And you will ſoone acknowledge it at leaſt
A perfect modell happily congeſt
Of all delights, which that place did enfold!
Perpetuall Sommer faire doth here reſide,
Harmonious concord is in all things found,
Flowers, fruites, perfumes, delights do here abound;
Nor growes there here or nettle, thorne, or weede;
Here all in native true perfection growes,
Nor ſhall the Gard'ner need to toyle, but take:
Who would not then all earth beſides forſake
Here to inhabit, where all ſolace flowes?

Moſt happy garden, earths true Paradiſe;
But happier gard'ner, whom my ſoule envies.

Be not unwilling my requeſt to grant,
That I your ſhadow, and reſemblance have;
The reaſon why this favour I do crave
Is not for that your pourtraiture I want:
For were my breaſt tranſparent like mine eye,
You there your ſelfe enthronized ſhould ſee
Sole Empreſſe of my heart, my thoughts, and mee,
Conſecrate trophees of your victory.
This your Idea feaſteth mee within,
Whilſt my poore eyes, who firſt did entertaine
You for their welcom'ſt gueſt, doe now complaine
They ſtarved are, diſtaſted of each thing,
Except your ſelfe alone: deny not then
A charitie ſo ſuperficiall,
Which when times ruines you can not recall,
Shall yet your glory ſhew, and ſhown to men
(Who nothing will beleeve but what they view)
Shall force them wonder, and accuſe their fate
That made them loſe by ſending them too late
The happy ſervitude of ſeeing you,
And make them honour verſe, and pencills skill,
Which onely can preſerve what time would kill.

Since that my vowes, my fortune, and my love,
My courſe, and reſolution did ingage
To undertake a ſacred Pilgrimage
To that Saints ſhrine, which ſole my ſoule doth move,
So hapleſſe, and malignant is my chance,
That guide and Pilot other have I none,
Then onely that blind cruell Boy alone,
Who ſuffers mee nor reſt, nor yet advance;
Thus leads the blind the blind, whilſt both aſtray
Wander 'mongſt thorny thicks, looking each hour
When fierce untamed paſſions ſhould devour
Like ſavage beaſts my poore ſoule for their prey.
Oh pitie now (my faireſt Saint and Starre)
The reſtleſſe wildred ſtate, wherein I ſtand,
And, ſince I ſeeke but you, lend your faire hand
To guide my courſe; ſuch morall leſſons are,
That none deny to kindle others light,
Nor to direct the wandring Pilgrim right.

That light to light, way to the ſtray we give,
The reaſon eaſie is, it nothing coſts,
Nor breeds our diminution, or loſſe:
And truth to ſay (faire Sun) I onely live

By

By that pure light and heat drawne from your eyes,
VVhoſe ſparkes have ſo my ſubject heart inflam'd
VVith heav'nly fire ſo wonderfully fram'd,
That it to quench in you it onely lies.
You, like *Achilles* ſpeare, which ſole imparted
Helpe to the hurt it made, can ſole apply
A ſoveraigne balme, ſuch as no gold can buy,
To eaſe thoſe hearts that for your love have ſmarted;
Grant then my lives faire Sun, *Apollo*-like
VVhoſe light's our light, our life, direction, cure,
Theſe vertues *Phœbus* yeelds, thy eſſence pure,
That I may offer at the ſhrine I ſeeke
The pleaſing ſacrifice, and fruits of love,
Which taſted may your equall pleaſure prove.

You *Elegie* wayling writers elegant,
VVhoſe ſad deſpiſed Muſe of little ſings
But rigour, ſcorne, and her tyrannick ſtings,
VVho all compos'd of Ice, and Adamant,
As *Nero* joy'd thoſe tragick flames to ſee
VVhich *Romes* proud flames had reaſon juſt to rew,
So triumphs and inſulteth over you
The cruell Miſtris of your miſery;
I wonder at your braines productions,
VVhich 'ſtead of comforting benigne aſpect,
Are fed with nipping blaſts, froſts, and neglect
From thoſe *Parelii* proud in your deſtructions:
I like the flame-fed *Salamanders* kind,
And as the tender Sommer-lab'ring Bee,
Except a warmthfull Zephyr breath on mee
Am ſtupifi'd with cold, fruitleſſe in mind.
Love, child of heate and hope, doth barren periſh,
Except (faire Sun) his tender plant you cheriſh.

QUeene of Beautie moſt divine,
From whoſe ſacred charming ſhrine
Humane power cannot part
Without ſacrifice of heart:
Thetis Nymphs had little grace,
VVhilſt your beautie was in place,
And their influence was cold,
As ſent from a watry mould:
Shall I happy call that night,
VVhen to gaine a pleaſing ſight,
Pretious libertie I loſt,
And am now on loves Sea toſt

By

By a tempeſt of deſire
Mixed full of heav'nly fire,
Rais'd by that inchanting face
Of her Sex the onely grace?
Yes moſt happy I it call,
Though it doe my freedome thrall,
Freedome none may neere compare
VVith that happy ſtate, where are
Thoſe in your faire ſervice plac'd,
And that pleaſe to make them grac'd.
Happy martyr of conſtraint
VVhoſe paine is for ſuch a Saint,
And who hath for object giv'n
The ſweet hope of ſuch a heav'n!
Faire, a ſtranger terme mee not,
That your Sanctitie would blot,
Saint did never yet object
Former knowledges defect
Againſt thoſe whoſe zealous vowes
True devotion avowes.
If my merit yet bee ſmall
To procure your love withall,
Time alone to you muſt prove
How well I will deſerve your love.
Grace in Saints ought to abound,
Grace ne're growes on merits ground,
Be then gracious, as I true,
Conſtant, and faithfull unto you:
And my fortunes, that have crown'd
Mee happy on that Relicks ground,
Shall bee all aſcrib'd to ſerve
You, that all reſpect deſerve.

To winne her from reſolving upon a Cloyſter'd life, in whom love is conceived to bee yet predominant.

PRetty wanton *Beauties* treaſure,
Made for ſweet delight and pleaſure,
Pretious Jewell of thy kind,
VVhoſe equall 'tis as hard to find,
As the matchleſſe *Phœnix* mate:
VVhat though nature did create
You *Phœnix*-like to bee admir'd,
And your eſſence ſo inſpir'd,
That your beauteous winning parts
Should ſole triumph over hearts;

Yet

Yet in this you farre o're goe
Such ſolitary ſtate of woe,
That ſhee exempt from like and love
Thoſe delights doth never prove
That have made the Gods ſo oft
Quit their heav'nly azure Loft,
The ſweet food of love to taſt,
More delicious then repaſt
Of *Ambroſia*, or the wine
Appropriate to the Divine.
Nature you ſo happy frames
That the ſweeteſt game of games
You (to whom all cards are free
To chooſe till you pleaſed bee)
May command in ſuch perfection
That th' *Ambroſian* refection
Taſtleſſe, and inſipid were,
Ballanced in that compare.
Oh! but how I doe envie
Except I knew it ſhould bee I
That happy he whom you will daigne
Such Soule-filling joyes to gaine!
Let not now a fond Diſcourſe
Contrary to Natures courſe
Make you abſtaine from thoſe delights,
Whereto ſhee kindly you invites:
Shee each thing inſtructs you know
What is its friend, and what's its foe;
Her you boldly may believe,
Shee did never none deceive.
Be not ſway'd by wit of Schools,
Precepts were made to governe fools,
And to ſubject thoſe to aw,
That want ſelfe-ſtrength of reaſons law;
Reaſon and Nature are all one,
Reaſon moves from her alone.
But why doe wee thus diſpute?
With a kiſſe I you confute.
Send thoſe to Cels, upon whoſe thought
The world and Love have never wrought:
Birds that long have lived free,
Caught and Cag'd but pine and die.

I marvaile not, Earths faireſt ornament,
Abſtract of beauty, Natures onely pride,
That your delight is onely to abide
In *Londons* ſweet commerce, ſole Element

Where

Where the refined Spirits of our Ile
Ingenious diſcourſe communicate,
And hourely freſh delights participate,
Dull tedious time with pleaſure to beguile.
We all beſt love our like, *London* in much
Doth you reſemble: *London* is the beſt,
The faireſt, richeſt Town of all the reſt,
In all this Continent there is none ſuch.
London our treaſure, Inſtruments of warre,
Majeſtick reſidence, and Gems containes:
London farre more then all the other gaines:
London the firmament, where every Starre
Of magnitude, of power and vertue moves:
London the Schoole, and *forum* of all Arts:
London the *Empory* that all imparts,
That uſe requires, or our affection loves:
London the envy of all other Townes,
As chiefe in beauty, ſo ſupreame in power,
Our Kingdomes brighteſt object, faireſt flower;
Inchanting Syren, that mee happy crownes
In honouring of my Nativity.
I to your better judgements now referre
Thoſe none-ſuch excellencies to conferre
With hers, that forceth my Captivity.
But faire, beware you bee not like in this,
Though in your priſon many a ſoule remaines
(As *London* holdeth infinite in chaines)
You be no Tyrant cruell, mercileſſe,
Inſulting over, and in galling thoſe,
VVho or for ſuite, for life, or for affection
Serv'd by your *habeo cor*, above protection,
Unto your mercy doe themſelves expoſe.
In this *Metropolis* I muſt compare
Thee to the faireſt flowers, whence Bees may pluck
Their honey, and yet Spiders poiſon ſuck;
You (faire) the Bees, and not the Spider are,
You, like Earths Jewels, or the Heavens lights,
VVere made in glorious places to appeare;
Nor ought that beauteous garment out to weare
Amongſt the ruſtick herd, and rude delights:
You, like to *Cynthia*, the heavens Queen,
VVere made to govern, bee admir'd, and ſeen.

WHen in your lap that creame you ſet,
VVhich you invited mee to eate,
Sugar it needed none,
Your ſweeteſt touch alone
Made it a matchleſſe pleaſant meate.

The

The milke that did from theſe breaſts move
That nurſed up the God of Love,
No, not the Manna dew,
Nor juyce that ever grew,
In taſt did ſo delightfull prove.

Neither *Nectar*, nor *Nepenthe*
Can in like degree content me:
Fond *Eſau*, hadſt thou ſold
For this (though not for gold)
Thy birth-right, we had never ſhent thee.

Not *Flora's* lap moſt fairely dreſt,
Nor the ſweet milk of Fortunes breaſt
So gracefull pleaſing are,
As it, and you both were,
More ſweet then ever tongue expreſt.

But now if this ſuch ſweetneſſe drew
Onely by being plac'd in you;
Sweet then above all wonder
Is that your ſweetneſſe under,
Moſt happy hee that proves it true.

FAire, ſpotleſſe Scarfe, once by my Goddeſſe borne,
VVhen from her arme I you preſum'd to take,
And with your knot mine owne arme did adorne;
'Twas then, I did my ſelfe your Pris'ner make,
And Captive ſtill doe in your bands remaine,
To bee by her my Saint, or ſav'd, or ſlaine.

It's true I err'd, and fondly you reſtor'd,
By arguments moſt happ'ly falſe abus'd;
For ſtill the more that I her love implor'd,
Her ſtrangeneſſe made it ſelfe ſtill more accus'd;
And when acquaintance, which ſhould freeneſſe adde,
Made her appeare more ſtrange, my ſoule was madde.

I then conſider'd (though ſhee let you goe)
That ſhee my keeping you had neere conſented,
And judg'd it ſacriledge to take you ſo
From her a Goddeſſe thereat diſcontented,
Hoping my inward peace to re-obtain
By rendring backe my Heav'n-ſtoln fire againe.

But let us now faire love expoſtulate,
VVhence that your unkind, killing ſtrangeneſſe grew:
VVas it becauſe by chance I neare you ſat
In that licentious place of publike view?

Faire, doe not wrong ſo much your ſelfe and me
To thinke my Company an injury.

Your vertue from ſuſpition doth you free,
And many's perſons make their acts ſuſpected
Whilſt they, that in opinion guiltleſſe bee,
May doe much more, feareleſſe to bee detected:
Nor jealouſie, nor malice feare you then;
VVomen were made to company with men.

Put on the reſolutions of your ſexe,
That all backbiting ſpightfull blaſts contemn,
And like worlds venome, nought at all reſpects
Calumnious tongues, that good and all condemn:
For well they know, if faire they bee eſteem'd,
'Twas ne're yet ſeene but faulty ſome them deem'd.

To them for free enjoying of their loves
The golden age is now return'd againe,
And who in true confeſſion had thoſe Doves
VVhich doe in Court, in Towne, or fields remain,
Shall find few Turtles vow'd to one alone,
But mateleſſe in loves ſweeteſt pleaſures none.

The world is now out of minority,
And all inclin'd to doctrine of freewill,
My ſelfe alone to ſuperiority,
And to your pow'rfull law am vowed ſtill;
Nor wiſh I to bee free from that command,
VVherein my ſole felicity doth ſtand.

Onely extend to mee a kind Aſpect,
And free acceſſe to gaze upon thoſe eyes,
VVhich Planet-like my faculties direct,
VVhoſe influence my firme obedience ties:
So ſhall I happy live, and you may prove
Contented in the office of my love.

PRetty precious Curle of haire,
Late fairly dangling by that eare,
VVhich Jewell yet did never weare
To your worth or beauty neare;
Captivated now you are
To him whoſe heart you did inſnare,
Pledges unequall in compare.
Shee hath my heart, I but her haire:
Yet would the hardy youth of *Greece*
Have giv'n his hard-won golden fleece

With

VVith joy and triumph of the prize
To clip but ſuch another piece.
How often hath the wanton wind
To gentleſt blaſts himſelfe confin'd,
VVhilſt playing with you too unkind
You ſhooke him off and ſtill untwin'd,
And coyly turn'd another way,
Diſdaining his unlicenc'd play:
The God of love diſpos'd to ſtray
Oft wrapt in you hides him all day,
VVhere when his mother him eſpies
The little wanton nimbly hies
From thence to cheeks, from cheeks to eyes,
And often there ſo long hee lies,
That many a guiltleſſe hapleſſe wight,
That on her eyes chance caſt their ſight,
Are ſudden ſtrooke, and loſe their light,
Puniſht by his diſcover'd might:
Thus up and downe the darling skips,
And after ſtill the *Cyprian* trips,
And chaſeth him from eyes to lips,
VVhere *Pitho* her rich adorn'd Court keeps;
The next retrait that *Cupid* winnes
It 'twixt her ſnowy mountaine twinnes,
VVhere when the goddeſſe him imprims,
Hee ſtraight deſcends and happ'ly inns
VVithin the vale of true delight,
VVhence to her Curles hee aym'd a flight,
But being overweake in plight
His mother caught him, and all night
They both reſolved there to reſt,
VVhere ſuch divine contents them bleſt,
That when they ſolemnize a feaſt,
All their delights are there addreſt:
Yet *Venus* oftner it would uſe,
But feares her ſonne would her refuſe,
And for his Patron goddeſſe chuſe
Her miſtriſſe of my *Curle* and muſe.

FOr wondrous rare I late heard told,
Two Suns at once I might behold,
That equall glorious, equall cleare
In one Meridian did appeare:
VVhich when together I did view,
I wondred what illuſion drew
So many judgements ſo awry.
But as it fareth with an eye,

VVhoſe accidentall weakned ſight
The maſters judgement doth invite
A ſingle object to miſtake,
And double ſeeming doth it make:
So doe theſe Aiglets falſe abus'd,
And in their ſeeing pow'r confus'd,
Reflections into bodies frame,
And thus they raiſe injurious fame
Againſt that beautie, which divine
All others doth as much outſhine,
As *Phœbe* doth a Starre ſurpaſſe;
As burniſht gold unpured braſſe;
As faireſt gardens fallow plaines;
Or Diamond courſeſt glaſſe diſtaines.
Inferiour beauties of our skies
Shun her faire Spheare, if you bee wiſe,
So may you ſhine, and wonder move,
Winne much affection, and love
From thoſe, who to Starre-light confin'd
Ne're came where the true glory ſhin'd:
But if with them you come in ſight
VVhere ſhee extends her dazeling light,
Like Starres obſcur'd by *Phœbus* rayes
Your ſelves remaine, but light decayes;
And all your lovers at a gaze,
(Like ſilly birds ſtrooke with a maze
To ſee a great bright ſhining light
Surprize them in their dead of night)
VVill all about her flie and hover,
Themſelves unable to recover
From that attractive forcing charme,
Alluring them to pleaſing harme:
Some guilty by their owne deſire
Shall hapleſſe periſh in her fire;
Others her nets ſhall captive take,
And them perpetuall pris'ners make;
Some ſad deſpaire ſhall ſtrike to ground,
Nor ſhall there any one bee found
Of will or power her to leave,
Till death his pow'r and will bereave.
Live ever my victorious Sunne,
And mayſt thou thoſe thy triumphs runne,
Whilſt skies the Globe of earth ſhall cover,
Or in the world remaine a Lover;
Sole rule the Spheare of love, and mee
Poore Orbe, that moves alone by thee,
Whoſe thoughts doe nothing elſe aſpire,
But thee to pleaſe, thee to admire.

Faireſt

FAireſt haire that ever grew,
Farre beyond my worth or due,
Yet for zeale and love I dare
With the trueſt heart compare
That our miſtris powerfull eyes
Ever made Idolatrize:
You are that pretious ſilken graſſe,
Whence my ſoules food and comfort paſſe;
And you ſuch jewell are to mee,
As none can give the like but ſhee
Who gave you mee: O doe not ſcorne
To bee by mee your captive borne;
Pris'ners their Fetters weare, and I
My ſoule in your enlacing tie.
You thinke you loſe rich beame divine
Too much by change of being mine,
But what you loſe by your depart,
You gaine by thaldome of my heart:
Prove kindly true to mee, and know,
Shee, who did you on mee beſtow,
May finde greater, fairer many;
But more conſtant, true not any.

Song.

NOw tell mee Artiſt, can ſhee love,
Or loving can ſhee conſtant prove?
Conſtant ſhee is, and love ſhee can,
But hard it is to finde the man.
What one to pleaſe her muſt hee bee?
Worthy, and perfect ſuch as ſhee.

Then muſt I of her love deſpaire;
For ſhee ſo perfect is, and faire,
As the beſt worthineſſe in mee
Cannot come neere in leaſt degree:
Shall I then ſtrive to quench my fire?
No; rather love, and ſtill admire.

For ſhee love's proper ſubject is,
Who loves not her doth love amiſſe,
I'le love her then, and by her love
So perfect I will hope to prove,
That ſhee may love what ſhee hath taught,
And once bee catcht by what ſhee caught.

Song.

IF you will love, know ſuch to be
The Lawes of Cupids *Monarchy,*
That to refuſe
Is to abuſe
Loves government, and I declare
That ſuch loves Rebells, not his ſubjects are.

To love is not to bee your owne,
Love ſtudies to pleaſe them alone
Whom it affects
Without reſpects
Of ought beſides, and love confin'd
Is but by uſurpation love defin'd.

If you did love as well as I,
You nothing could or would deny,
But would conceive
That you receive
What you beſtow, if this were true
Your heart to live in mee and mine in you.

IF my divining ſoule, and all the Art
Loves Schoole hath yeelded me, foretell me true,
I may poſſeſſe a parcell of your heart,
And as I love be lov'd againe by you.

If fondly I preſume, and overweene,
And all my arguments fallacious prove,
Pardon the errour that ſo oft is ſeen
Of a ſelfe flattery in deſire, and love.

But if my wit my true Informer bee,
And yours with Sophiſtry doth not abuſe,
You may be lov'd and honored ſo by mee,
As trueſt and moſt zealous lovers uſe.
If now you ſhow diſdaine, my hopes are drown'd;
If ſmile, with higheſt fortunes they are crown'd.

To her who ſhut him in her Cloſet to breake his hearing of her ſinging in her upper Chamber, with her Teacher, made upon the inſtant to perſwade her to bee more free.

YOu like heav'ns influence, beauty, conſtancy,
And order, would bee like in this,

To

To hide like them|your heavenly harmonie,
VVhilſt all beſides imparted is;
Yet Heav'ns themſelves deny not that to thoſe
Whom in their high Spheare they incloſe.
Bee then like heav'ns in all, I aske no more;
They are no niggards of their ſtore.

Upon a Brayd of haire.

FAire thou art, nor canſt be other
That proceed'ſt from ſuch a Mother.
Soft and gentle, youthfull, white,
Suting her skin, and th'eyes delight
Such woare *Venus*, and ſuch haire
VVeare all that buy to make them faire:
Silke and ſilver wrought together
Show'd ſo faire nor richly never,
Loves leading laiſſe I hope thou art,
And with thee bring'ſt to me her heart,
VVhich to owne imparts more pleaſure,
Then honor, beautie, knowledge, treaſure,
Or all poſſeſſions, which to gaine
Cæſar had left *Rome*, *Philip Spaine*,
Alexander had forſaken
To maſter earth, and undertaken
To conquer her whoſe love alone,
Had fill'd his vaſt ambition.
Triumph my ſoule in this thy prize,
Bask thee in her lovely eyes,
And in her joy more height of bliſſe
Then ever fancie knew to wiſh.
Let ſpight and envie ſwell and burſt,
And jealous frenzie doe its worſt,
VVhilſt wee by loves pure fire refin'd
Their wits out-ſhine, their malice blind,
And moſt ſecurely live above
All reach of paſſion, but our love.

I cannot ſay I in your ſervice ſtarve,
Since you afford me hope to feed upon,
But if you long confine my food thereon,
My poore life cannot long it ſelfe preſerve;
A meate it is ſo languiſhing and dry,
That hourely I diminiſh, pine, and faint,
Unwilling to importune with complaint,
But that hope bids me rather beg, then die:

Faire

Faire flattering hope, but oft deceiving gueſt,
Unhappy happy Anchor of our ſoule,
Which with diſtractions doſt our peace controule,
VVhere evils known our minds would leſſe moleſt
Pity faire Miſtris, crowne my hopes at laſt,
Let me not ſtill roule fruits paſſions ſtone,
And make hel-tortured *Tantalus* his moane,
VVho hopes and ſees faire fruit, but muſt not taſt.
Beſt wits indeed at firſt their favours ſpare,
But or diſcard or ne're long niggards are.

If my *Cæleſtia* bee content to love,
Faire. love mee then to my compleat content
Soone will the ſummer of our yeeres bee ſpent
VVhen life ſhall but a griefe and penance prove.
Since you the ſeeds of love in me have ſown,
VVhich now are ripened by your faire aſpect;
Oh doe not now your harveſt due neglect,
But pleaſe your taſt in gathering your own:
Let mee not Torch-like ſet on fire by you
Conſume my being in my ſelfe-fed flame,
VVhilſt you (too cruell) make my death a game,
And triumph in my dying fondly true
Love vertue like in action doth appeare,
VVhere words the cheapeſt Agents of our ends
Oft counterfeit, yet paſſe for perfect friends,
And proof-leſſe none or little credit beare.
That I may thinke you are not one of thoſe,
VVho for ſelfe glory are content to faine
A gloſſe of kindneſſe, and to entertaine
Admirers of their worth in verſe and proſe,
Give me an actuall argument that firme
May you to me, my love to you confirm.

FOrbeare my headſtrong *Heliotropian* thoughts,
Forbeare your ever gazing on that Sunne,
Such ſenſe-confounding object learne to ſhunne
As you with naught but ſighs and paſſions fraughts.

And you my greedy never ſatiate eyes,
VVho more you view the more you ſtill deſire,
Your over daring fixed lookes retire,
For ſight ſubſiſteth by varieties.

Abſtaine my feet, your haſty ſteps withhold
From her, to whom all lovers flock amaine,
But none are ſeen back to return againe:
Better is freedome poore then bands of gold.

But

But Traytors all, I fondly you reprove;
Too late your alien'd ſervice I recall,
Thoughts, eyes, and feet, tongue, hands and heart, and all
Are ſole reſign'd to her command and love:
And ſo inforc'd to love wee all conjoine
Suters for grace to her the moſt divine.

IT was that gracions ſeaſon of the yeare
VVhen Husbandmen their welcome harveſt inne,
VVhen faireſt fruits are in perfection ſeene,
And Courtiers thorough woods chaſe flying Deere,
VVhen every ſwaine requitall due receives
For all the care and paines hee had ſuſtain'd,
VVhen I alone unfortunate remain'd,
VVhoſe care and paines no recompence perceives,
That I imbarqued in the Courtly crew
Seem'd all intent on nought but foreſt ſport,
VVhen oft, alaſſe, my heart was farre from Court,
Converſing moſt, my faireſt love, with you:
Mee thought the hunted Deere the Dogges did chaſe
Reſembled mee whom my owne thoughts purſue,
And if a wounded Stagge I chanc'd to view,
My pierced reſtleſſe heart pity'd his caſe:
Sometimes I checkt my thoughts as at a bay,
VVhich broke by your faire conquering aſpect
They freſhly follow, careleſſe to be checkt,
Permitting my repoſe nor night nor day:
Sometimes I fly to ſolitaty ſhade,
Hoping to ſcape 'mongſt thicke of letter'd leaves,
Sometimes in company which grief deceives
I thruſt my ſelfe, but ſtill my thoughts invade;
Thus toild by day, when night ſweet time of reſt
(Cordiall reſtorative of all that lives)
Truce to our toile, and fainting ſorrow gives,
I tapiſs in my bed, all care poſſeſt,
VVhere reſtleſſe ſtill exil'd from eaſe I toſſe
By thoſe my ſelfe-bred, ſwift-foote hounds purſu'd,
VVhoſe long enjoyed chaſe hath ſo indu'd
Them with advantage, that no hope of loſſe
Nor hope of life remains, except your grace
Relieve, faire *Huntreſſe*, my afflicted caſe.

INduſtrious vertue (Miſtris of the wiſe)
Faire child of nature, and of precept born,
Finding her ſelfe miſpriſed and forlorn,
Since ſhee and beauty have beene enemies,

Whoſe quarrell and divorce at firſt did grow
For that her counſell Beauty nought reſpected,
And idly nothing but her ſelfe affected;
Vertue now pitying eithers overthrow;
The more eſteeme with all, and grace to gain
A league of late with Beauty hath compact,
And made it as a part of her contract
Both in one mutuall manſion to remain,
And none ſo worthy, none ſo faire approving,
They both united in *Cæleſtia* dwell:
No wonder then that ſhee doth all excell
Love by their vertue, or their beauty moving:
Vertue as her attendants brings along
Modeſty, wiſedome, courteſie, and truth;
Beauty brings ſmoothneſſe, white and red, and youth
Grace, plumpneſſe, ſtature, feature, and that tongue
Which (like all her perfections void of Art)
Charmes, and ſubdues even the auſtereſt heart.

SInce I the fortreſſe of my heart reſign'd
That Conqu'reſſe faire unable to withſtand,
Who here on earth loves forces doth command,
Cupid hath oft ſolicited my mind
Her glory and his pow'r divine to write:
VVherein I humbly did his pardon ask,
Alleadging for excuſe it was a task
Too great and high for my unlearned might,
That I (a ſtranger to thoſe lofty ſtraines
And ſmoothly wrought ingenious conceits
VVhich Poeſie ſententiouſly treats)
Should more imbaſe then honor with my paines,
Whereat my ſelfe hee will'd mee animate,
And bade me boldly undertake his will,
For hee with moving Rhetoric', and skill
My hearts invention would illuminate,
And told mee I ſhould need no other book
Then thoſe faire *Hieroglyphick* Characters,
VVhich ſhee of worthineſſe and glory beares
To all eyes viſible that on her look:
VVherewith embold'ned, lowly thus I write
VVhat *Cupid* and her eyes to me indite.

INjurious Time, father of ugly vice,
Mercileſſe enemy 'gainſt beauty ſworn,
Why mad'ſt thou not *Cæleſtia* to bee born
VVhen beauties prize was put to compromiſe?

Had

Had ſhee but then in competition been,
Joves golden apple of contention,
Which caus'd the Goddeſſes diſſention,
Had nevr glorifi'd the froth-born Queen.

For ſhee (poore Dame!) had nothing to procure
Their amorous Judge his favour to encline
To judge to her that glorious prize divine,
But beauties bare and caſuall fading lure:

Which, with thoſe gifts the other couple vaunted,
Hearts Idol, joyfull wealth, by *Juno* proffer'd,
And gracefull wiſdome by *Minerva* offer'd,
Cœleſtia all united could have granted:
She like *Pandora* doth all grace poſſeſſe,
Wherewith the Gods humanity doe bleſſe.

My fortune was the other day
My Miſtris to ſurprize
Sleeping alone:
The faireſt one
That ever cloſed eyes,
Or ever *Morpheus* ſeis'd for prey.

Each part ſo pleaſing faire remain'd
You eaſily might diſcover,
Their beauty ſcorn'd
To bee adorn'd
By borrowing of another,
Nor wanted what her eyes contain'd.

Such ſleeping conqu'ring grace to ſee
Will certaine credit win,
That fire of love
Doth only move
From ſightleſſe power divine
Of *Cupid* and her *Deitie*.

It by this ſlumbring beauty ſeem'd
Sleep was with her agreed,
So much to grace
Her ſleeping face
That ſhee ſhould all exceed,
Who faireſt waking were eſteem'd.

Shee ſeemed like an Evening cleare
VVhen abſent is the Sunne;

Though not ſo gay,
More ſweet then day,
Whoſe ſcorching heat men ſhun.
When th'eye of heaven doth appeare.

There might I gaze and view at leiſure
Each parts peculiar grace,
Brow white and even
As ſnow ſmooth driven,
The heaven of her face,
Faire cover of the under treaſure.

Her cheeks were freſh as bluſhing morn,
Nor tincture fetcht from *Spain*,
Nor ever art
Could like impart
True unite Roſes ſtain
By thoſe our fatall Houſes born.

Her ſilken breaſts I next eſpy
Faire wrought with heav'nly blew,
Time truly keeping
Amidſt her ſleeping,
Bleſt who may reſt on you,
Where *Venus* and the Graces lie.

Thus whilſt in raviſhment I ſtand
Tempted by her faire lips
To ſteale a kiſſe
VVorlds ſecond bliſſe,
In watchfull *Argus* skips
My pleaſures progreſſe to withſtand.

Well *Argus*, wel, though then you croſt
Thoſe my delightfull hopes,
I nothing doubt
To fit you out
True tun'd *Mercurian* notes;
Pleaſures defer'd, yet are not loſt.

So happy is the pow'r of Love,
That wit could ne're prevent,
Nor care diſſolve
VVhat two reſolve
VVith muſicall conſent,
Affections mutuall joyes to prove.

Fond

Fond husbands ceaſe your ſelves to vex,
True *Cornut's* onely hee
VVhoſe feare adornes
His brow with hornes,
And thinkes himſelfe to bee,
Giving due right by wrong ſuſpects.

Jealouſie often makes unjuſt,
Deceit is taught by feare,
Who hornes doth watch
Hornes may hee catch,
And faire ones may hee weare;
Reſolv'd to wed, reſolve to truſt.

MY cruell friend, too inconſiderate of my ſtate,
Why did you not conceale my too injurious fate;
To tell mee my *Cæleſtia* loves, and loves not me?
Unfortunate ſubſiſting eyes that day to ſee!
Why am I not like *Niobe* to ſtone convert
Since love and ſhee prove ſo unjuſt to my deſert?
Tell mee (my deareſt friend) what reaſon, what reſpect,
What beautious parts in him, in mee what lame defect,
Makes her (that frame of vertue) ſo ungratefull prove,
So ill diſcerning zeale, ſo to miſplace her love?
If to bee full of feare, of paſſion, of deſire,
My blood now over-runne with cold, now all on fire;
If to poſſeſſe a paſſion-ſpeaking heavy eye
Which if unfixt on her, dejected ſtill doth lie;
If ſtead of periods with ſighes to interlace
All my diſcourſe, anſwers impertinently place;
If t'have a heart o'rewhelm'd with thoughts ready to breake,
And yet a tongue benumm'd that would and cannot ſpeake;
If theſe affects I onely in her preſence finde,
And ſtupid elſe with her alone am rapt in minde;
If in her abſence 'ſtead of paſtime, mirth, and joy,
I nothing can poſſeſſe but thoughts, care, and annoy,
A reſtleſſe penſive heart 'twixt hope and feare diſtraught,
VVhich full with paſsions, ſighes, and troubled anguiſh fraught,
VVhat late it beſt approv'd, for taſtleſſe now rejects,
Nor any company but onely hers affects;
If ſadly ſhadow'd brow, and eyes, armes intertwin'd
A ſpirit to retire and ſolitude confin'd,
That never reſt enjoyes, nor joy, but in her ſight,
Baniſht from all but this heart-eaſing pen-delight;
If whilſt heavens torch his light doth unto us extend,
My thoughts to her alone, and to her glory bend,

And

And when the night invades, that gives all creatures reſt,
I reſtleſſe ſole remaine my thoughts on her addreſt;
If my enamour'd breaſt ſollicit ſtill my tongue
To ſound forth choſen ſtanza's paſſionately ſung,
And ſome ſmooth-ſliding well-tun'd eare-inchanting verſe,
That may my love, her prizeleſſe worth, and name rehearſe;
If this (alas! my friend) her love cannot deſerve,
Unfortunate I live, unfortunate I ſerve!
No, no you may forbeare an anſwer to returne
Why I for her, yet ſhee doth for another burne.
I know you will reply, the God of love is blinde,
His arrowes poyſon'd, ſuch as doe corrupt the minde
With headſtrong paſſion and with reaſonleſſe deſire,
Which ſet our weake ſubdu'd diſtempered minds on fire:
Reaſon is put to flight, and appetite beares ſway,
Which blindly leads, and blindly forceth us obey,
And that hee much miſtakes who from a womans minde
Or reaſon doth expect, or juſt effects to finde,
Since paſſions, indigeſt conceipt, meere chance and will
Their reſolutions and their actions governe ſtill.
But ſoft my gall-diſtilling pen, your griefe contain,
Which howſoever juſt, yet blaphemy refrain:
Admit her heart of fleſhly temper fram'd as mine,
Bee pierc'd and captivate by *Cupids* pow'r divine,
Alas! ſhee rather ſhould bee pitied then accus'd,
Since what from force proceeds may juſtly bee excus'd:
And if indeed, my faire *Cæleſtia*, it bee true,
That your heart for another burnes as mine for you,
If you deſire to bee ſo happy in your love
That his affections unto you may mutuall prove,
If you expect your ſighs, which numberleſſe abound
Shall e're receive reward or e're with joy bee crown'd;
Oh! let your your kindneſſe then extended unto mee
Make you deſerve your happy hopes effects to ſee;
And (faire) beware, leſt if you ſhew unkind diſdaine,
Loves juſtice juſtly yeeld you *Talions* law againe:
And if't bee true that griefe delights in company,
Then will you love my preſence and my ſympathy:
Together wee will ſit, and comfort one another,
(For griefe is moſt extreame when we our paſſions ſmother)
Where breathing out at large our due complaints of love,
Wee'l both our hearts diſcharge, and pitie learne to move;
And this lame happineſſe of love ſhall pleaſe my mind
That though you cannot love, you are not yet unkind,
But pardon mee, deare friend, 'tis not report alone
Can proofleſſe my aſpiring fixed hope diſ-throne,
But ſtedfaſt ſtill in zeale and confidence I dwell,
As faithfull I love her, ſhee may love mee as well.

In

IN fruitleſſe expectation to remaine,
To bee in bed and yet debarr'd of reſt,
To ſerve where you no favour can obtaine,
Is (ſaith th' Italian) to bee moſt diſtreſt:
And theſe unfortunate effects I prove
(My faire *Cæleſtia*) in my fervent love.

'Tis you detaine my long expected bliſſe,
'Tis you that make mee reſtleſſe paſſe the night,
'Tis you I faithfull ſerve, yet you it is,
Mercileſſe you with-hold my chiefe delight;
And know (faire creature) hee that faithfull ſerves,
A coſtleſſe favour ever well deſerves.

Thinke that you have a friend that doth poſſeſſe
A curious garden plentifully fraught
VVith all the pleaſures nature can expreſſe,
And all delights that ever cunning wrought,
And all theſe beauties ſingularly grac'd
By a faire fountaine in the Center plac'd.

Hee lets you in, with welcome entertaine,
And grants that many wayes your ſelfe you pleaſe,
Yet midſt this raviſhment you doe complaine
Of thirſt extreame, which ſeeking to appeaſe
At that faire fountaine, which you chance t'eſpie,
Your unkind friend his water doth deny,

And moſt uncharitable doth permit
That part of it ſhould idly ſlide away,
And part corrupt by over-keeping it,
Rather then yeeld a drop your thirſt to ſtay,
VVhich nothing elſe can quench, and's onely bred
By thoſe dry ſweets, wherewith hee had you fed.

Would you now take this party for your friend?
O, no; I know you rather would conceive
That all his kindneſſes did only tend
VVith quenchleſſe thirſt your pleaſures to bereave,
And juſtly might you wiſh you ne're had knowne
Thoſe joyes, whereby your joy is overthrowne.

That cruell friend (faire love) are you to me,
And your perfections that faire garden are,
VVhither a welcome gueſt I ſeeme to bee;
My ſenſes raviſht all with pleaſures rare
Of beautie, enterchange of words and kiſſes,
VVhich yet all breed but thirſt and further wiſhes.

And thoſe as cheapely you may ſatisfie,
As you a water drop may eaſily give:
Why (cruell faire) is't then that you deny
That kindneſſe, without which I cannot live?
Deale plainly, may not this the true cauſe bee,
You love my verſes better farre then mee;

And apprehend that if I once obtain
The full of my ambitions high deſire,
My love will Moone-like enter on the wain,
And having won the day ſtraight ſound retire?
O do not ſo abuſe your ſelfe and mee,
My love like *Phœbus* never change ſhall ſee.

My love like *Phœbus* never change ſhall ſee,
In conſtant courſe and heate ever the ſame,
And like the Northerne Pole ſhall fixed bee,
More firme then can be mov'd by heavens frame;
Conſtant to you till death I will remaine,
For never ſhall I ſee ſo faire againe.

No (faire *Cæleſtia*) love is *Venus* ſonne,
Feare not the mother for the child's deſtroying,
Nor is that ſaying unto you unknowne,
That th'eſſence true of love is in enjoying:
Hee playes the beſt who holdeth what hee wins,
The wiſer ſort ſtill at their end begins.

If you approve my muſes loftie flight,
And to be fed with change of praiſes ſtill,
You muſt not oft delude her, and invite
Her to an empty lure, that yeelds no fill:
A Hawke that loftily hath flowne and hard,
Well merits the beſt food and beſt reward.

Thoſe exhalations that the heavens feed
Did they not downe againe diſtill their rain,
Cœleſtiall bodies ſoone ſhould want, and need
Thoſe vapours which the earth ſends up againe,
And *Jove* himſelfe ſhould loſe his ſacrifice
But that hee mortals feeds and gratifies.

No fire can long ſubſiſt by ſmoak alone,
Flame's by an oily ſolid ſubſtance fed:
Who divers times a field hath till'd and ſowne
Yet findes no profit by his labour bred,
His folly well deſerves to reape but wind,
Having oft prov'd it barren and unkind.

Who ſhoots his arrows up and nothing hits,
Fooles bolts they prove, which their own heads do break;
One may be ventur'd, but he wants his wits
That all his Quiver ſpends one ſhaft to ſeek:
Though vertue ought not foule repulſe receive,
Yet wiſdome wils us fruitleſſe labours leave.

Full ill hee ſings, whoſe ſong cannot obtain
A draught of drink impatient thirſt to ſwage;
Though ſilly Bird, I warble many a ſtraine
To pleaſe your eares, impriſon'd in your cage:
Birds long unfed their ſinging ſoon neglect,
No Almes, no thankfull language muſt expect.

As happy in love are they that give as take,
Faire, pity me and make me happy then,
Since you your ſelf ſhall equall happy make,
VVomen receive farre more delight then men;
And if you find that I unfaithfull prove,
Let me be made a reprobate of Love.

And if you like theſe off-ſprings of my brain
Whereto your ſelf the *Heroine* mother are,
Suffer them not to die with drought, but daign
To water them from that your fountain faire,
VVhich true *Parnaſſus* ſpring doth *Poets* breed,
And taſted makes their Muſe her ſelf exceed.

It's true that my affections lately bent,
And ſhap't their courſe that Mid-land ſtraight to win,
Where Love hath plac'd his uttermoſt extent,
His elſe infatiate conqueſt to confine:
And as in nature it is proper known,
That fire ſhould mount untill it hath attain'd
His proper place, the concave of the Moon;
So love untill it hath that center gain'd,
(Whether by natures ſtimulating force
It is ſollicited her work to doe)
Reſtleſſe remaines, ſtill labouring in its courſe
Till it may reſt, where it aſpir'd unto:
'Tis likewiſe true, my love hath miſt its end
And yet I cannot think my labour loſt,
Though the main faile, the By hath been my friend
So farre as with content may quit my coſt.
Like to the *Alchymiſt* whoſe golden aime
Shoots chiefly at the *Philoſophick* ſtone,

Whereof though hee fall ſhort, yet doth hee gain
Many a pretious found extraction,
Many a quinteſſence, and Limbeckt oyle
To others and himſelfe of uſe and pleaſure,
Nor thinks it an ill guerdon of his toile
T'impart unto the world ſuch hidden treaſure;
So I in theſe conceipts elaborate,
The wanton babes ſprung from an am'rous brain,
My paſſions fire and heat evaporate,
And mine own eaſe with others pleaſure gain;
And if I pleaſe the kind laſcivious eare
VVith theſe light ayres, for pleaſure only tun'd,
I ſeek no more, nor care how the auſtere
Cenſure theſe idle houres in rhyme conſum'd:
They as ſuperfluous banquet ſtuffe are meant,
Made but to pleaſe the outward ſenſe and taſt,
VVhich though they yeeld no ſolid nouriſhment,
They are not yet a profitleſſe repaſt.
And if the ſtricteſt Stoick on Earths face
VVaſte not ſome houres, as idly ſpent as theſe,
VVhereof remaineth no account or trace,
(So neceſſary pleaſures are, and eaſe
VVithout the which our ſoules themſelves oppreſſe)
Then let me be condemn'd, but if you find
Your ſelves in pleaſure, waſting time no leſſe,
Nor ſhew remaines thereof more then of wind,
Judge then my time at leaſt as happ'ly ſpent
As theirs that hunting love, who little care
So they injoy good paſtime, chaſe, and ſent,
To make the ſilly purchaſe of a Hare.
I *Helen* ſought where *Lucrece* I did find,
At leaſt a *Lucrece* ſhe appeares to mee,
But were I *Paris* ſhe perchance as kind
VVould prove as *Helen, Troian* youth, to thee;
Oh no, I do recant, and firmly credit
She is as ſpotleſſe chaſt as perfect faire,
And thus will flatter hers and mine own merit,
If ſhe were other, I ſhould not deſpaire:
And here my Love ſhall change its former hew,
And yet *Chamæleon*-like remain the ſame,
As ſhe is chaſt, my love as chaſt and true,
And to like vertuous die it ſelf ſhall frame,
Living ſtill hers, though only fed with aire:
And as her beauty won my heart before,
Finding her now as vertuous as then faire,
Her inward graces make me love her more;
Nor was my breaſt poſſeſt with ſuch wild fire
That nought but *Venus* milk could quench my flame,

Hope's

Hope's the ſole nutriment of my deſire,
VVhere that once failes, my flames alone grow tame;
Nor am I of ſo ſtrong a faith in love
To think where free occaſion hath not wanted,
And free acquaintance hath giv'n means to move,
VVhat three months have deny'd will e're be granted.
VVho ſeeks a woman to his will to move,
Yet gaines no ground in furthering his deſire,
Not to advance is to go back in love,
Let him good Souldier like his Siege retire.
But faire *Cæleſtia*, ſince I have concluded
Your vertue like your beauty moſt divine,
Oh let no ſequel prove me now deluded,
Such ſubtilty would double that your crime:
Or be indeed what you appeare to be,
Or may you ſtill at leaſt ſeem ſo to me.

A FANCIE.

MY hearts faire Conqu'reſſe, author of my griefe,
Deny me not to plead for my reliefe;
If you too cruell will no help impart,
Yet lend my plaints your eare to eaſe my heart;
Offenders capitall that plead for grace
Are heard, though not relieved in their caſe;
'Tis you the winner are, cauſe of my pain,
Sick men and lofers are allow'd to plain:
You that have made mee love, can make mee live,
And none but you can my diſeaſe relieve;
Should I not then my cure from you demand,
I acceſſary to my death ſhould ſtand:
Accuſe not him who for deare life doth move,
But blame your ſelfe who ſo inforceth love;
You that have made my heart in love abound,
Ought not to bee offended with loves ſound.
He that is almoſt dead for want of meat,
You muſt not blame him if hee ask to eat:
Nor ought you ſuch an echo to condemn
As love receiv'd from you reſounds agen;
Nor blame that inſtrument whoſe ſound is ſuch
As your faire hand is pleas'd to give the touch.
And if your heart ſo flint-like bee compos'd
That to no pity it can bee diſpos'd;
It't be decreed by my malignant fate,
That here on earth that curſt infernall ſtate
Muſt bee inflicted on me for my pain,
That I muſt love and not be lov'd again,

Yet be not angry, Faire, or if you'l chide,
Chide *Cupid* that my ſubject tongue doth guide,
'Tis that blind little winged childiſh God
That doth ſo often times deſerve the rod,
For his miſ-matching our affections fire
With an unſuited different deſire.
But to obey your will (which unto me
A venerable law ſhall ever be)
I'le rather all on fire within conſume,
Then once to ask a water drop preſume,
And rather over-ſwoln with love will break,
Then once to dare of love to you to ſpeak.
Thus will I inward bleed, untill I find,
Or death, or you my Love to me more kind.

Made in imitation of a Sonnet in Ronſard.

THough he that loves with unrequited love,
And finds his heat ingender no reflection,
Nor that his plaints can her compaſſion move,
That is the object of his true affection,
May uncondemn'd reſume his love again,
And to a more kind ſubject it apply
Himſelf exempting from unpityed pain:
Nor doth he wrong whom no deſert doth tie,
Nor doth he faith or conſtance violate,
For vertue and folly incompatible be,
And conſtant Lovers uncompaſſionate
Are fooliſh guilty of their miſerie;
Nor breaks that Prince his faith who league hath ſworn
Of amity with ſome great Potentate,
Who will not after the like oath return
Of love and faithfull aide unto his State:
For perfect love in ſympathie conſiſts,
And ſingle Love is but a fatuous fire;
Yet little merits he, who not perſiſts,
No victory is gotten by retire.
I'le love her ſtill, though ſhee unjuſt doe prove;
And happier contentment will I find
In loving her with unrequited love,
Then to love one leſſe faire, though farre more kind.

IS't poſſible you can deny
With ſuch unyeilding ſleighting heart

So

So ſmall a ſuite, ſo earneſtly
Purſu'd by my ſo true deſert,
That not the cheapeſt toy you weare
As ribban, pin, or thread of fringe
I may with your kind favour beare?
Love feeds ev'n on the ſleighteſt things.
Unhappily my heart is plac'd
Since for my heart I cannot gaine
To be in this ſlight meaſure grac'd
That I importune to obtaine;
You feare belike that I will make it
An earneſt of what I deſire;
No, I'le but as a Relique take it
Of you the Saint that I admire:
And though my true loves due reliefe
I hopeleſſe am e're to attaine,
Such proofe will comfort yet my griefe
In that I reape not your diſdaine.
Welcome at laſt yet pretty thred,
Ne're yet ſince Love his raigne begun
Was ſuch ſmall thing more merited,
More prized, or more hardly won.

DO not reject thoſe titles of your due
VVhich natures art hath ſtiled in your face,
The name of Faire onely belongs to you,
None elſe that title juſtly can imbrace,
You *Beauties* heire, her coate ſole ſpotleſſe weare,
VVhere others all ſome markes abatement beare.

Tis not their cheeks touch'd with Vermillion red,
Stain'd with the tincture of enchanting skill,
Nor yet the curl'd deviſes of their head,
Their breaſts diſplay'd, their looks fram'd to their will,
Their quick turn'd eye, nor all their proud attire
Can make me their perfections to admire.

All this is done without Natures conſent,
Thy beautie needs no arts inticing ayd,
Thine nature gave, theirs art hath onely lent,
Thine ſhall endure when theirs are quite decay'd:
Thy beautie others doth as much excell,
As heav'n baſe earth, or earth accurſed hell.

Others are faire, if not compar'd to thee,
Compar'd to them thy beautie doth exceed:
So leſſer Starres give light and ſhine wee ſee,
Till glorious *Phœbus* lifteth up his head,

And

And then as things aſhamed of their might
They hide themſelves and with themſelves their light.

Since Natures skill hath given you your right,
Do not kind nature and your ſelfe ſuch wrong,
You are as faire as any earthly wight,
You wrong your ſelfe if you correct my tongue;
Though you deny her, and your ſelfe your due,
Yet dutie bids me Faire intitle you.

VVHen God gave man the high Lieutenancy
Of all commanding that on earth ſhould bee,
Hee yet foreſaw no true felicitie
Could grow to man without ſocietie:
Wherefore he made of a refined mould
Woman to all his workes as crowne of gold:
The richeſt preſents are the laſt beſtow'd,
And arts perfections in the laſt works ſhow'd:
Her ſolely hee intended mans companion
Moſt pleaſing object of his converſation,
Whereby who womans company condemne,
Highly Gods ſacred will and Law contemne;
And few or none neglect their company
But ſuch as want worth or abilitie.
The worthieſt men that moſt prize reputation
Would rather loſe mens then their eſtimation,
Which made th'al-knowing *Solomon* compare
Their love to things moſt pretious and moſt rare.
'Tis not the vulgar breath as hath been ſaid,
But womens good opinion that ne're ſtray'd;
They wits and vertues whetſtones are, that give
The edge and appetite, that makes us ſtrive
Each other to excell in ſhow and deed,
To gaine the love of them that moſt exceed
In feminine prehemenence, whoſe love
All noble courages of men doth move.
Honour from men but fruitleſſe pleaſure brings,
But womens love gives happineſſe of Kings,
And onely followes thoſe that do poſſeſſe
The beauties art and nature doe expreſſe;
Other delights that hang but on conceit
Are ſawce, and margent, this the Text, and meat:
Our ſev'rall ſenſes find their ſev'rall pleaſure,
But woman is to every ſenſe a treaſure.
To ſee, to heare, to touch, and if not taſt
Tis by a ſweeter pleaſure farre ſurpaſt.

For

For taſte in deed, and every other ſweet
That wee enjoy by natures benefit,
Onely conduce unto the worke of love,
Wherein alone wee ſerviceable prove
To God, and nature, who each worke beſide
Of our fantaſtick pleaſure do deride;
And they that give all pleaſure to the mind,
Are natureleſſe, diſtaſted, and unkind:
Nature to mee hath beene ſo much a friend,
I'le ever honour her and ſerve her end.
But you'l object that womens company
Ought ſerve alone for mans neceſſitie,
And that their idle converſation
Is uſeleſſe, but for procreation,
As ſervile, ignorant, nor ought of worth
Is by their triviall fellowſhip brought forth.
But womens worth writers enough affirme,
Which ſo well prov'd I need not now confirme:
As for the fault of ignorance you finde,
'Tis but your education keeps them blinde;
Yet mid'ſt that blindneſſe of ſuch art they ſhow,
As cunning'ſt wits of men doe overgoe;
And if their diſobedience you miſlike
Beaſts by our fall gain'd freedome, they the like
Perchance expect, and as the *Privernate*
Anſwer'd the queſtion of the *Roman State*,
That rebells did ſuch puniſhment deſerve,
As they that judge themſelves too good to ſerve:
VVhich made the gen'rous *Roman* ſet them free
Communicating *Roman* libertie,
Knowing that nature n'ere that State would bear
VVhich is commixt with ſervitude and fear:
So had I power to alter marriage law,
Both ſhould be free, and both exempt from aw,
And then this verſe you happy true ſhould find,
No comfort's like to women that are kind.
But you my doting raviſht ſoules delight,
Soule of your Sex, ſubject of what I write,
VVhoſe company affords a ſecond joy
To that which heav'nly ſoules in Gods enjoy,
And whoſe privation breeds another hell
To thoſe that e're did in your preſence dwell,
VVhere onely to have power to come and ſee
Is happineſſe above capacitie;
VVhoſe preſence charmes our cares like heav'nly wine,
Infuſing height of joy and heate divine,
To whom all other beauties, that give light,
Are cold and dead as Glow-wormes in the night,

You

You a quick ſparkling-bright-enflaming fire
That kindles all comes neare, makes all admire,
As much more lively pleaſing in compare
As gliding ſtreames then ſtanding waters are:
Sole *Planet* of our *Spheare*, raiſing our blood
As mightily as *Cynthia* th' *Ocean* flood.
I need not name you, you are like the Sun
Knowne by the moſt obſcure deſcription,
Oh! if you could in courſe as conſtant prove,
Too happy ſhould hee bee that joyes your love.
But you like an unguided *Phaeton*
Take glory onely to bee gaz'd upon,
And to inflame this lower world with fire
Of an unbridled and untam'd deſire,
VVhilſt your owne heart, as hard, and cold as ſtone,
Is plac'd above all conflagration,
Reſerv'd I thinke to bee enjoy'd by *Jove*,
Diſdaining all inferiour earthly love.
For *Leda*, *Europa*, *Danae*, all in one
Come nothing neare you, (*Beauties* paragon)
You ſurely are a Goddeſſe, nor can bee
Injoy'd but by a perfect deitie;
For men may thinke you love, and finde you faire,
But thinking to imbrace you finde but aire:
Nature hath beene but niggardly to all
That unto you ſhee might bee prodigall,
To you true beauties faire originall
VVhence others have but counterfeit derivall;
Men may o're other creatures pow'r pretend,
But full obedience they to you extend,
And glory more your ſacred power t'obey,
Then over all things elſe to carry ſway.

BUt that, great Preſident of this faire Round,
VVee may not 'gainſt thy will expoſtulate,
Nor dare upon lame humane reaſons ground
Oppoſe what thou haſt pleas'd to ordinate,
Our reaſons falſe light elſe would make us ſtray,
And with ſtrong arguments our minds induce
Againſt the marriage ſanction to invey,
VVhence flowes ſuch ruine, trouble, and abuſe:
Nor can thy inſtitution bee accus'd,
For that obſerv'd what now our torture brings
Had ſuch felicitie to us infus'd,
As equalls pooreſt ſoules with joy of Kings.
Matches were firſt made by conſent of love,
VVhich conſtant mindes in puritie excelling

Did

Did ſo perpetuate, that nought could remove
Them from their firſt affections fixed dwelling:
Now ſordid avarice, and ſwell'd ambition
Without reſpect of love make marriage knot,
And are the vitious ends which that condition
With want of harmony and diſcord blot.
In former ages love did marriage draw,
Where marriage band is now loves motive made;
Groſſely hee erres, who thinkes that words or law
Can ſympathy of heart and love perſwade.
Love rather alien'd is then bred by force,
An eſſence tender, all divine and free,
Abhorring bands, and compulſory courſe,
Fainting at thought of forc'd neceſſitie:
Happy thoſe times, happy that age of gold,
And free communitie of *Plato's* ſtate,
VVhen love was unconfined, uncontroul'd,
Nor any liv'd with thoſe their heart did hate;
Then love the Cement of ſocietie,
Sweet band of peace, and muſicall conſent,
Failing and turn'd to contrarietie,
Each free from other to firſt freedome went,
And then the faultleſſe, quiet, vertuous wight
Did not the undeſerved penance beare
With an unreaſon'd ſnarling jealous ſprite,
The pretious portion of its age t'outweare;
Nor did they in the ſweet of home retrait
The matchleſſe cordiall of a travail'd minde,
Where happy love makes happy our receipt
A purgatory 'ſtead of comfort finde;
Nor did that *Phantome* honour them reſtraine,
Or feare deſertleſſe husbands to offend
Make women their true loves deſire refraine,
Not daring lend their owne to pleaſe a friend;
Nor knew they falſe-bred ſquint-ey'd baſtardy,
Nor yet the horror of a loathed bed,
No the heart-gnawing cares by jealouſie
Of looſely kept, and lockt up honour bred;
Nor did that poys'ning damn'd Italian art,
The deſperate refuge of th'impatient ſoule,
So oft prevaile with the malicious heart
That no reſtraint of vertue can controule.
And ſince that many are of ſuch complections,
That change they muſt, nor ought can long affect,
What miſery it is to ſuch affections
To plague each other with their loves effect?
The *Romans*, *Jewes*, and many other Nations
Had the advantage to repudiate,

Unty'd to alledge their accuſations,
VVhich would but ſcandall breed to eithers ſtate;
But ſince our law ſuch licence doth not uſe,
Each take their fortune, and bee well content
A common deſtiny none ought refuſe,
Stolne fleſh oft yeeldeth ſweeteſt nouriſhment:
Since faultleſſe none, let's beare with one another,
Brag of the better, and the worſer ſmother.

OH doe not taxe me with a brutiſh love,
Impute not luſt alone to my deſire,
No ſuch prophane aſperſion ought to move
From you the ſacred author of my fire;
I ſeeke your love, and if you that deny,
All joyes that you and all the world can give
My love-ſick ſoule would little ſatisfie,
VVhich no food but your favour can relieve.
It is your better part I would enjoy,
Your faire affections I would call mine owne,
'Tis but a proſtitute and beſtiall joy,
VVhich ſeekes the groſſe materiall uſe alone;
The Town's not ours the market place unwon,
Nor doe I her enjoy whoſe heart's not mine;
Hearts conqueſt is the worthy ambition,
Seale of our worth, a raviſhment divine,
Invincible to ſtrength of humane hand,
Union divine of mutuall burning hearts,
VVhich both ſubdu'd triumphing both command,
Soveraigne delight that God to man imparts:
Oh let me in this true joy happy bee,
Or never may you bee enjoy'd by mee.

MY love to ſhew her cold deſire
Hath clad her ſelfe in freeze attire,
VVhilſt my loves paſſion all on fire
Melts with her beames that I admire;
Shee by this habit proves ſhee needs
No helpe externall from her weeds,
And that ſhee *Phœbus* glory exceeds
Dimm'd by the covering clouds hee breeds.

THeſe things muſt meete to make my miſtris faire,
A gracefull countenance of a changing ayre,
A faire eye that a fairer ſoule diſcovers,
Good lippes, full breaſts, fit playfellowes for lovers,
Plumpe wreſts, with hands well faſhion'd, ſoft, and white,
Faire ſtatur'd body to give full delight;

Yet

Yet I confeſſe I oft have pleas'd my mind,
Where what I mention was not all conjoyn'd.

TO bee aſſur'd men love as they profeſſe
(Lydia) it is a myſtery I confeſſe,
And to diſcerne the right from counterfeit
Is a high knowledge Artiſts hardly get;
For art on falſe things ſets the faireſt hew
To make them bee preferr'd before the true,
The art of art conſiſts in hiding art,
Well may you judge parts outward, not the heart,
It is a hidden booke, which the moſt High
Can onely read with his all-ſeeing eye:
It is the private Cloſet of the minde,
Where what wee lay our ſelves oft hardly finde,
Not to be robb'd or pickt by cunning'ſt wit,
But where weake ſpirits have the keeping it:
It is a Sea whoſe depth was never plumm'd,
Nor e're the creatures and the treaſures ſumm'd;
It is a skie, where wandring Starres doe move,
But the Aſtrologie is hard to prove,
Beſt knowledge of it is conjecturall,
Nor doth it under demonſtration fall:
If outward things deceive expos'd to ſhew,
Leſſe muſt wee thinke th'inward remote to know.
The beſt Phyſitian oft failes of his skill,
And thinking by his art to cure doth kill:
Nor can the cunning'ſt Lapidarie tell
A true ſtone from a counterfeit ſet well:
Nor can the Goldſmith but by higheſt teſt
Know an adulterate metall from the beſt:
A little truth makes falſhood currant paſſe,
As little gold by Alchymy doth braſſe:
Man's growne ſo baſely artificiall,
That wee have loſt our golden naturall.
Emulous art hath nature overcome,
And inward peace and truth hath overthrowne;
Proud man that glories moſt in reaſons uſe
By reaſon's growne moſt ſubject to abuſe,
And not content with what God him aſſign'd,
With pleaſures falſe, and falſe griefe plagues his mind,
Whilſt ſeeking the felicitie of opinion
Still toyles but ne're findes firme foundation;
For what we build though n'outward force o'rethrowes,
Yet change of paſſion quickly overblowes.
Thus are wee ſtill to ſeeke, whilſt other creatures
Injoy the ſweet content of natures treaſures,

Nor doth th'one ſervile to the other ſtand,
Whilſt hee's indeed moſt ſlave that doth command,
Enough's a feaſt to them, whilſt what wee have
Begets in us but appetite to crave.
Nature aſsign'd equalitie to all,
Nor meant her free gifts under ſale ſhould fall,
Nor e're intended wee ſhould bee ſo mad,
Having the face of earth ſo richly clad,
And ſo ſufficiently for mans full uſe,
That wee ſhould labour after things abſtruſe,
Subterran metalls wrought by fire of hell
Mans happineſſe and quiet to expell,
Making them Idols, and the needleſſe meanes
To purchaſe all which ſhee ſo coſtleſſe ſends;
Whilſt beaſts enjoy a quiet uncontroul'd,
Free from the plagues and miſchiefes bred by gold,
Free from warre, murther, theft, and penury,
Falſe calumnies, and damned perjury,
Which wee old Rebells againſt natures law
Fooliſh commit without or wit, or aw,
And fettered live by our owne enthralling hands
Moſt witleſſe ſervile to fantaſtick bands,
Fooles to the wiſer fooles, mad in deſire,
Preferring ayry ſmoake before true fire,
Subjects of fool-bred ſcorne, paſsion, and envy,
Malice, and boundleſſe curioſitie,
Inſatiate humor, ne're content with well,
That vainely ſtill importunes to excell
Reaſons and natures bounds, which overpaſt
No period of contentmentment can bee plac'd;
Faire-promiſing, little-performing joy,
That in th'obtaining doth it ſelfe deſtroy;
Our fleſhes torture, cancker of ſtate and minde,
Fancies faire weed, toy-doting childiſh kinde
That feeds, and mads with faire imagin'd ſhowes
Rewarded to know leaſt where moſt it knowes;
Ape of infinitie that proud aſpires
Though nature bound to b'endleſſe in deſires,
Vext by that woolfe Ambition, pride, and honour
That glitt'ring glaſſe that ſnares who dotes upon her,
That *ignis fatuus*, that who e're purſues
Oft meets with inconvenience that hee rues,
That tickling breath bought at the higheſt rate,
Guilt pill that coſts ſo many a broken pate,
Monſter that preyes upon our blood, and eaſe,
And makes us toyle, whom wee contemne to pleaſe,
That britly baſe ſtrung gem moſt hardly won,
Rich laſting ſtuffe in ſhow, but quickly done,

That

That pleaſant bait that feeds but never fils,
That Syren, that then flatters when it kils,
That curbe of pleaſure, ſweet of our fond pain,
Faire inſtrument ambitions end to gain.
But *Lydia* to return again to you,
I grant 'tis hard to know falſe love from true,
Your proper art muſt bee your guiding thred
That in loves Lab'rinth you bee not miſled;
In many things we right concluſion take,
Though wee no certainty of proof can make;
I proof-leſſe think her painted, others faire,
And find faire weather in a threatning aire,
But venter *Lydia*, ſhe is ne're much wrong'd
Who joyes the fruit of love, for which ſhee long'd.

WEll women, w'are content for modeſty
You ſhall diſſemble, ſo you'l be content,
VVee ſhall eſteem it as a vertuous lie,
Nor force us to beleeve more then is meant;
To ſay you like, and love, yet have no end
Nor any further pleaſure doe affect,
Then ſuch as friend communicates to friend
In ſight, and ſpeech, and outward good reſpect,
Such may bee friendſhip, but 'twas never love:
Say truly when you doe your Lover kiſſe
Find you no inward kindling ſparkles move,
That you enjoy a more contenting bliſſe?
But may it not I feare bee over true
That women have forgot to love indeed,
Nor any ſuch true love is found in you,
As doth from undiſſembling hearts proceed?
And that you may not ignorance pretend
VVhat true love is, I will to you define,
That lovers true may reap their loves true end,
And magnifie a power ſo divine.

LOve's an exhaled Meteor ſet on fire
By beauties Sun in Region of deſire;
A pleaſing print nature ſets on our heart
Of faireſt feature, which to re-impart
Unto the world ſhee agitates our mind,
That thereby we perpetuate our kind:
A longing after inward free commerce
VVhere ſpirits ſeek with ſpirits to converſe,
A mutuall bliſſe, moſt joyfull occupation,
Where two that like would make one corporation:

Love

Love is a liking taken to a piece,
VVhich to make ours we ſtick not at the price,
An abſent preſence, buſineſſe full of doubt,
A gueſt let in that keeps all others out,
A peacefull warre, a friendly enemy
A free State turn'd into a Monarchy:
Love is an eſſence all divine and pure,
A pleaſant wound, that only one can cure;
A weeping joy, a hopefull ſweet deſpaire,
An *Aprill* day, *Chamaleon* fed with aire,
A large impriſonment, a bold fac'd ſhame,
A play where holding out makes loſe the game,
An importuning fancy entertain'd,
That mutins reaſon, if not well reſtrain'd:
An *Incubus*, that ſits heavy on the mind,
Or mewing Cat, that hunteth after kind,
A digging to diſcover hidden treaſure,
Sole union of the minds and bodies pleaſure,
The pleſant'ſt game, that ever was invented,
That ſweeteſt ſinne ſo hard to be repented,
The happieſt gift rich nature doth beſtow
On them, that doe her ſervice undergoe;
VVorker of wonders, father of all things,
That makes Kings beggers, and makes Beggers kings,
That makes the Lawyer plead without a fee,
And the Divine commit Idolatry;
That makes the daring Souldier to preferre
A ſingle combate farre above the warre:
VVitneſſe that Dame, who did the Lab'rer win
To quit his club, and ſettle him to ſpin:
Love makes the Merchant think his home-ſpun piece
Richer then the ſtuffe of *India*, *France*, or *Greece*;
Love turns the Courtiers reaſon into rime,
And his ſleep houres to curious dreſſing time,
Makes him leave Maſter, Horſe, and Hound, and Hare,
To hunt his Miſtris (ſure above compare)
And value each kind look, kiſſe of her hand,
At higher rate then his beſt field of land:
Love makes the Sloven turn moſt neat affected,
Yet oft the curious careleſſe, and neglected:
Love makes the ſilent ſpeechleſſe man to ſpeak,
Yet oft ſets the beſt Oratour to ſeek;
Converts a *Papiſt* to a *Proteſtant*,
Whilſt he in recompence prayes to a Saint;
Makes *Atheiſts* to acknowledge *Deitie*,
Yet holyeſt Writers profane Piety;
Makes honeſt unto one a common whore,
Yet makes laſcivious, who was chaſt before,

Trans-

Transformeth women into manly ſhape,
Yet maketh men become effeminate;
Turns age to youth, that once again they may
In *Auguſt* taſt the pleaſant fruits of *May*;
'Tis Fancies nat'rall child, ne're lawfull bred
But where by Reaſon Fancy's ſeconded;
Fancy but liking, reaſon love doth make,
Reaſonleſſe love of madneſſe doth partake,
But both affections, thus concurre in one
Fully t'enjoy their object as their owne;
Nor is it love, that ſeeketh not to prove
That ſweet which nature makes the end of love.
Were't not a ſilly Bee, nay a true Drone,
That having ſeis'd a faire flower as her owne,
Would ſimply on exteriour pleaſure feed,
Nor ſeek to gain the inward honey ſweet?
Such withering flowers are we, and ſilly they
That gather not their honey whilſt they may,
'Tis natures work, who the cold barren mould
Makes fruitfull by loves fire ſpecies to hould,
Her mind and pleaſures we ought not contemn,
Fantaſtick pleaſures are not like to them,
One loves this pleaſure, th'other loves another,
But every Son delights to make a Mother.

FAire give me leave to call you cruell
Since cruell I have prov'd you,
You kind appear'd but to adde fuell
To torture him that lov'd you,
And well you knew your beauty never
Could have bewitch'd my mind,
Nor had you me intangled ever
Had you not ſeemed kind:
So to ſeem kind, ſo to diſſemble
Are but falſe Syren notes,
And doe thoſe trait'rous lights reſemble,
That Ships intice to rocks:
Cruelty often favour proves,
And favour miſchief breeds;
Hard heart which pity nothing moves,
More hard which torture breeds:
Had you at firſt made firm denyall,
Nor ſeem'd to have affected,
I had not loſt with tedious tryall
The joy that I expected:
Loves Card was wont to tell us this
That we were neere our Port;

VVhen

VVhen women did but heare or kiſſe,
But now all rules fall ſhort:
Like *Helens* welcome Ile they are
Refreſhing pleaſant ground,
Where to put in wee ill can ſpare
But are moſt hardly found;
Like *Proteus* daily form they change,
Never the ſame remaining,
To day moſt kind, to morrow ſtrange,
Now loving, now diſdaining:
The witty yet that can contrive
Honour to joine with pleaſure,
Go thorough where they earneſt give,
And keep their credits treaſure,
Where ſilly things that love vain glory,
Little reſpecting fame,
Make of themſelves a blaſted ſtory
Whilſt others get the gain:
As mercileſſe as is the *Ocean*
Is wavering womans mind,
And to give reaſon of their motion
Is full as hard to find:
VVho will their properties diſcern
Like heav'ns joyes muſt know them,
VVhat they are never none could learn,
What they are not muſt ſhew them.
And as in heav'n no ſin remaines,
Nor torment, want nor paſſion:
So womans heart no good containes,
No firmneſſe, no compaſſion.
Nor doe I yet hereby condemn
All women, 'twere too much,
But 'tis too true that moſt of them
Are over truly ſuch:
I know they will themſelves excuſe,
And tax corrupting men;
But well they know a chaſt refuſe
Is ſeldome mov'd agen:
'Tis when we find they entertain,
And lend a gracious eare,
That wee purſue, though they complain,
We hope whilſt they will heare;
Sometime perchance to try their ſtrength
They'l ſuffer ſiege and battery,
And ſometimes too, they'l yeeld at length,
Such power have time and flattery:
Who Loves approaches once hath paſt
As little need ſhee care

In loves play to ſit out the laſt
Th'act where moſt hid they are;
But ſilly men why doe we ſhow
The paths of love to thoſe,
That greateſt Clerks doe overgoe,
And blind as they diſpoſe?
Moſt expert Souldiers are they all,
With art to fight Loves field,
Nor better knows no Generall,
When to ſtand out, or yeeld:
If they be ſtrong, they open march
And brave the husband foe,
If weak, they night and covert ſearch,
All vantages they know:
Or by the confidence they claim
In their good mans affection;
Or by example ſtill they gain
And colour their election:
And think not ever they are ſilly,
That many entertaine,
They are not ever the leaſt wily,
Though often the moſt vaine.
They generally kind appeare,
And freedome uſe to all;
That thoſe who they indeed hold deare
In leſſe ſuſpect may fall.
As Keepers by familiar uſe
Of feeding Deere at hand,
The ſimple herd doe oft induce
To come unto a ſtand,
Where freely any one they ſtrike:
So VVomen freedome uſe
That unexpected when they like
They their own game may chuſe:
Such licence hath not ever been,
And fooliſh are we men,
Having had pow'r to keep them in,
To let them looſe agen.
Faire VVomens love I doe confeſſe,
Is a ſupreame delight,
But whatſoever they profeſſe
'Tis hard to know them right;
Shee that pretends to love you beſt,
VVill now as well expect
To ſee your love in gifts expreſt,
As they that leaſt affect:
They by the fruit will judge the tree,
Nor will beleeve you love,

Except they ample gifts may ſee,
Your love their worth to prove.
As men their wives love ne're the leſſe,
VVhere mony's the match-making:
So women will not have you gueſſe
They love the leſſe for taking.
But love farewell, ſince I perceive
Such paines and coſt you ask,
And are ſo giv'n to deceive,
I'l ſeek ſome other task.
Nought but aſſured love alone
Can my affection move,
And ſince aſſurance there is none
To know when women love,
My fortunes, faith and free eſtate
Shall ne're themſelves expoſe
To plead for love, and think we hate
When w'are but gull'd with ſhows.
As they oft meet with the beſt fortune
That careleſſe are in play,
So they that leaſt plain and importune,
And moſt neglect, are they
Who women oftner doe ſubdue,
Then pitifull complainers;
They ever fly from thoſe that ſue,
And make the careleſſe gainers.
Poore wailing lovers ceaſe your hope,
That teares, though void of ſtrength,
Will by perſiſtance pierce that rock
Your Miſtris heart at length;
Your ſighs, tears, vows, and rhyming plaints
VVith all fond ſhew of duty:
Your making of them Idols, Saints,
Sole Empreſſes of beauty,
All doth but glory work, and pride
In their inſulting hearts,
Their own affections women guide,
Not plaints, nor yet deſerts.

LEt worthleſſe ſpirits feare unſtedfaſt love,
Guilty of defects that cannot love deſerve,
Such apprehenſion never me ſhall move,
My faith and merit ſhall your love preſerve;
But if change-loving your complection be,
By nature ſubject to faciety,
My love ſhall ſlack as well as yours to me,
Anſwering natures lov'd variety:
And though your love moſt precious to me is,
Yet have I learn'd to tame affections ſo

That

That none more conſtantly ſhall joy his bliſſe,
Nor none loſe eaſier what he muſt forgo:
'Twere idleneſſe to urge your conſtancy
For future time above our powers extent,
The wiſeſt knows not what next houre hee'l be;
Love's nor by force, nor reſolution bent:
But to prevent malignity of time,
And permanency to our love to gain,
Give me your heart to keep, as you have mine,
VVhich no pow'r can remove whilſt you retain,
And yours in me ſuch merit ſhall approve,
VVe both will feareleſſe be of change in love.

You'l ſay they are toyes, the fitter are they then
For ſuch vain bubbles Fantomes as are men,
They profit not, and wiſemen you will ſay
Pleaſures foundation on profit lay,
To them that want not (to give nature right)
Profit it ſelf in truth is but delight.

Poſtſcript.

Alaſſe! I cannot love, nor will I wrong
So much your kind heart, or mine own true tongue,
To play the cheater where no need compels
By vowing that I love you, and none els,
'Tis for baſe fooliſh minds to undergo
To pleaſe themſelves or others with a ſhow:
Free ſpirits in reality delight,
Loving to give true nature its true right;
And yet I cannot ſay, I cannot love,
But ſhe who now can my affection move,
VVon to affect nothing but for perfection,
Muſt be a perfect object of affection;
She muſt be unaffected faire ev'n at firſt ſight
T'arreſt beholders eyes with ſweet delight,
Yet ſuch again, where looking you may finde
A ſilent check to a preſumptuous minde;
She muſt be ſuch as can give due reſpect
To every man without a rude neglect,
Yet not of ſuch a light and eaſie ſtrain,
That her own due reſpect ſhe not retain;
She muſt poſſeſſe a wanton modeſty,
Free affability with Majeſty,
VVit without pride, a freedome well confin'd,
Diſcreet diſcourſe, but moſt a worthy mind,

VVhereby her actions ſhe muſt ever frame,
To paint her beauty with a beauteous name;
For nobleſt natures, generous and free,
VVill never build upon a blaſted tree:
She muſt to this ſuch ayre of face poſſeſſe,
As gives a life to what her words expreſſe,
Now calm and careleſſe, then with ſpirit bent,
In ſilent Rhetorick ſpeaking her intent;
Shee muſt be neither fulſome, ſweet nor ſow'r,
Of ordered, yet of free behaviour,
Accompliſhed with all moſt courtly parts,
Yet not tranſported with her own deſarts,
Uſing them only for her own defence,
Not greedy to bring them in evidence:
Such a fair Orange tree my love muſt be
Compos'd of ſuch a contrariety,
So ſhe in private be as *Venus* free,
Minerva let her be in company,
Deſir'd of all, poſſeſt by me alone,
Guiding her love with ſuch diſcretion
As gives acceſſe to no ſuſpition,
Nor juſt grounds of diſlike in going on.
A courſe uneven tyres a love diſcreet;
'Tis perfect love, when love and reaſon meet;
Love checkt by reaſon doubtfull is, and lame:
Finde me a Love ſo faire, ſo free from blame,
Shee ſhall command my liberty, and me
To love and ſerve her as her votarie:
And mean while to prevent ſaciety,
I'le live in joviall free variety:
Love's but impreſſion of *Saturnian* blood,
VVhereby we overvalue things though good.

Nec luſiſſe pudet, ſed non incidere ludum.

My farewell to Catlidge. *By* M. G.

SOurce of my ſorrows, whoſe unequall frame
Preſents the courſe and fortune of my life:
Here thine exalted height deſerves the name
Of uniform and ſtately faire: No ſtrife
Of diſagreeing parts; yet th'other ſide
VVith low and crooked lines abates thy pride.

Thy noble proſpect, and that large Empire,
By which thou ſeek'ſt to pleaſe and bribe mine eyes,
Can ne're deceive my grief: Nor make retire
Thoſe ſtreams which from thee ſprang: VVhoſe force denyes

To

To be exhauſt or ſtopt; through troubled teares
All thy delight dull, darke, confus'd appeares.

Me thinkes I ſee the Gulfe, the Rock, the Grave,
Where beautie, ſtrength and life, and all that's ſweet,
At once their ruin, wrack, and buriall have,
Which all in one divine ſoule here did meet:
Thou fatall ſeate of that inteſtine war,
Which all that's good and lovely quite did mar.

Thus to my griefe and paſſion thou doſt ſeem,
Though crown'd with health and pleaſure; tho the place
Where peace and plentie both ſtrive to redeem
With kind and noble uſage that diſgrace,
Deaths cruell hand hath lately caſt on thee,
And to relieve the preſſure lies on mee.

But calmer reaſon doth thee repreſent
In truer ſpecies to mee; this doth plead
Thy innocence; this ſees thy faire aſcent,
And Noble riſe which heavenward doth lead,
Choſe by that matchleſſe ſoule, which might her bring
To th' Throne and preſence of her God and King.

Farewell and flouriſh then thou happy place,
Ennobled with the laſt and ſweeteſt breath
Of earths and heavens ornament, whoſe race
Here gat the end and crowne of life by death.
Long mayſt thou ſtand and ſafely keepe all thoſe
Her vertues heires, whom thy faire walls incloſe.

Condolement upon occaſion of the preceding Verſes received from another Author.

MY other ſelfe in my affections and ſufferings, with whom more then all the world I delight to converſe preſent and abſent, ſuch ſatisfaction in the way of knowledge, conference, ingenuity, and Religious vertue I no where elſe expect; common converſations, eſpecially ſuch as theſe times produce, are to me as full of Soloeciſme as the time it ſelfe, they invite mee not abroad; they have no influence upon mee, either to quicken, extract, or fructifie. Some are knowing, but not truſty; others ſimply, but inconverſably good: there is ſcarce any thing left perfect, complete,

plete, or in any tolerable order now ſhee is gone whom we lament. Pardon my preſent manner of writing: for as it is to you, ſo is it onely for you: and my great confidence in you makes mee as incurious, as free and open. Though I am at this time unfit to write, though my ſonne lies under the diſeaſe and danger which hath bred our paſſion: Though I am none of the beſt conceited of writing, for the little good effect I finde from it (wee live by chance more then by the booke, and the beſt praiſes are every day poetically applyed to vulgar merit and the writers glory) though I have reſolved to leave it more then needs muſt; yet to ſupply what I was yeſterday ſaying to you in acknowledgement of the happineſſe I found in you in the middeſt of my loſſe and griefe, ſuch as I reckon another *Phœnix* unto mee, for wee will in the flames and ſpices of our Recordations ſtill raiſe her up, and keepe her alive to our ſoules eyes, ſuch as whilſt wee live I beg leave of you to love, ſeeke to enjoy, and make my ſelfe yours with a conſecration of mee and mine unto you. Excuſe mee if I am or have beene defective in entertaining you according to your worth, and that I am of no more worth to bee entertained into ſuch place in your affections as I affect: And let my valuation and affection to her that hath left us, and whom you beſt (if not alone) know how to value, intercede and make ſupply with you in my behalfe. But whither goe I? I ſeeme to put on an affectedneſſe and complementalneſſe farre beyond what I intended: for my meaning (next the giving you ſome account and thanks for the verſes you put into my hand at my parting) is, onely in a tumultuary precipitate faſhion to let you ſee how my imagination was apt to worke, and what (with infinite more) I could have laid hold on, if I had not deſerted both the formall following of my fancy and writing. Time is a dryer up of Radicall and other moyſture, and I reckoned my ſelfe as unapt to weepe as a ſtatue. Nature hath provided teares and ſhowers for a mitigation and diſſolution to heate and violence of paſſion and ſtormes, and as violence is incapable of duration, and reaſon and judgement with time recollect themſelves, teares thinking they have plaid their part give way to full and cleare diſcourſe, and ceaſe in the ſtronger ſpirits. Yet ſuch power and ſo moving were your lines upon mee, that entertaining my ſelf the moſt part of the way upon them, not onely every reading but ſeverall clauſes raiſed ſeverall ſtormes and ſhowers on my heart and cheeks. So ſee we marble ſtatues weep either in preſent ſympathy with the weather, or in future preſage. And I pray God the future ſufferance of that family (whereof by intereſt of blood I have the honour to make a part) exceed not the preſent ſenſe in this ineſtimable loſſe. I was by the way like an *Aprill* day, according as the Sun-ſhine and clouds of your ſpirit diſpoſed mee. Sometimes I ſuffered in an apprehenſion, that according to your title of a farewell to the place, you might bee become like others diſaffected, and abhorring all relations and circumſtances to your griefe, and ſo to my ſelf: but therein againe you happily

pily and favourably cleared mee. Sometimes I became tranſported in your lively repreſentations of her worth, and tranſcendent happineſſe of excellencie both in this and the better world: But preſently as much dejected and overwhelmed in your patheticall expreſſions and ſenſe of her loſſe. But in concluſion I found you like your ſelfe, as full of obligation as payment, to mee as infinitely beyond my merit, as in your owne conceipt ſhort towards her, in what you owe, and her vertue may challenge. My fancy wrought upon returning a farewell to *Lees*: I had cauſe and matter more then enough, as the breeder and true cauſe of that which hath been moſt unhappily tranſlated to this unhappy place: but conſiderations as due reſtraine mee. As I ſaid, I reſolve to deny my fancies their full birth or Trym; I can no ſooner entertaine halfe a thought of writing upon her for a ſubject, but I become oppreſt with a croud of matter, conceptions, and materiall Ingenioſities, that offer their ſervice, and preſſe upon mee ſo importunate, that if I preſently give them not a birth they threaten they will neither ever bee found of mee againe, nor that I ſhall ever finde ſo good: I ſeeme careleſſe as never deſpairing of my fancy where ſhee is the ſubject; Nay ſuch is the plentie and treaſure of her materialls as ſcorne the helpe of fancy, and require no more but a reaſonable Recorder and Regiſter. What an unmatchable fortune hath *Lees* been bleſt with in two wives! the one the firſt to the father, the other to the ſonne: The one like a *Romulus*, the other like a *Numa* to Rome; What a foundation of eſtate, vertue, and beautie brought the one? What an Oeconomy beſides portion, Alliance, vertue, beautie, and Religion, the other? *Candiſh* was her name, but moſt Candid her ſoule and condition. The enfolded Serpent is her Creſt, moſt proper to her excellent diſcretion and judgement, which was as naturall, as her Dove-like innocency acquiſite unto her. Whatſoever in her condition was to bee wiſhed other, was fatally accidentall. Her perfections were all her owne, nor was there any perfection wanting in her, if not of not being her owne enough. It is too unhappy, and frequent an incident to goodneſſe to bee too indulgent to others, and not to give themſelves their due. Time had not hardned her to endure a hardneſſe of time and fortune; if there can be an exceſſe in goodneſſe and charitie it was in her, naturall, morall, and divine vertues contended in her for precedencie. But as well her death as life witneſt her charitie in its true prerogative to outgoe them all. Shee was matched to a field of croſſes, ſhee converted them all to a bleſſing upon her ſoule, and would have done upon the family, had not unlucky diſeaſe and death prevented; Shee was an Echo of her mothers name and vertues, and that as full as numerous. I may crave pardon of her ſoule, and you for writing thus raſhly and haſtily upon ſo pretious, ſo daintie, and ſacred a ſubject; my ſtudy muſt be to ſtop and containe my ſelfe, as others uſe to worke and labour their braine and fancie for invention. Shee neither was nor is as other women, death

that

that was ever gaſtly and hideous to me in others is to behold in her a piece of ſweetneſſe and excellence: Her memory and whatſoever repreſents it (except her ſad misfortune and *Cataſtrophe*) is all perfume, all rapture unto me; Were I not ſtrongly inſtructed in Religion, I could not forbeare a continued veneration, and addreſſe unto her as the Saint of my ſoule. Great griefes indeed are not allowed a tongue, nor can they at firſt finde one, nor ever a due adæquate and full one: But it were a kind of Sacriledge to rob the world in the due teſtimony of ſo divine a worthineſſe, and our ſorrowes tribute at leaſt in ſome proportion. This is the miſerable conſtitution of mortalitie, who will be indolent muſt be ſtupid and without affections; if we will love much (vertue or whatſoever) we muſt be contented to ſubject our ſerles to overflowing ſorrow, it never had a fairer, truer or juſter occaſion. But I will abruptly breake off at this time that ſenſe and proſecution, which ſhall otherwiſe neither fade nor expire in me. And to conclude with you to whom I began; The firſt paſſage of your Verſes, though I anſwer it not in kind, where you mention the crookedneſſe and unproportionable lowneſſe of one part of my houſe, that where that nobleſt of ſoules left this unſutable and unworthy world, I meane in monument and memory of her to raiſe, and grace the lower ſide thereof to ſuch a decoration, as (though nothing can become the occaſion) ſhall not be unworthy of the neighbouring Piles; And that (for all your farewell) I hope you will often become an eye-witneſſe unto. The lines I gave you yeſterday, you finde by their diſguiſe, were intended as a concealement, and ſo to bee kept (and therefore covered) Let this letter alſo remaine with you as under ſeale of

This morning of
Septem. 14. 1638.

Your moſt ſincerely affectioned
friend and ſervant.

I Have formerly wondred at *Montagne* (whom you lately inſtanced unto mee) that in his Eſſayes hee often takes a title and writes little upon it: I finde it now in my ſelfe, I propoſe to my ſelfe one thing, and other occurring matter and fancy poſſeſſe and carry mee away, my writings become Oleos, which, if like others you affect varietie, I hope you will the rather pardon: Even now the entrance to my letter hath been as well diverſion as matter unto mee; It is received that wee ſhould write as wee would ſpeake, my ſpeech to you would bee without formalitie, why ſhould I debate with my ſelfe how to entitle you at the beginning of my letter? to ſuperiours and perſonages of great reſpect and little familiaritie I grant it decent and neceſſary, to others

others there is a kind of odneſſe in it, which ſhowes not well, you were ne're the leſſe welcome unto mee as were my other friends in your company at our meales, though I ſaluted you not with my cup; It is to many eſpecially inferiours more trouble and interruption then gratification, there is meanes ſufficient otherwiſe to expreſſe our good affections, and I ſee not but why as well our kiſſing ſalutes as that might bee antiquated and left: kiſſing is a kind and degree of copulation, which ſhould bee and is ſo obſerved by the greateſt and wiſeſt nations more elective and private. A Lady of wit and qualitie whom you well knew, would never put her ſelfe to the chance of a Valentine, ſaying, that ſhee would never couple her ſelfe, but by choyce. The cuſtome and charge of Valentines is not ill left, with many other ſuch coſtly and idle cuſtomes, which by a tacit generall conſent wee lay downe as obſolete, onely with God wee grow more ceremonious, except in the Lords Prayer, where I know not why wee are growing to leave out the doxology, though St. *Matthew* the leading Evangeliſt hath it at large, and ſo have wee been brought up to it: What may the people conceive of our former ſtile in Prayers and Religion, if they ſhall bee occaſioned to thinke they have not till now enjoyed ſo much as the right uſe of our *Pater noſter?* Wee are alſo in our Creed growne more familiar with *Pontius Pilate*, hee muſt now be *Ponce*, and why not as well *Julius Cæſar* Iuly? *Quantulacunque eſtis, vos ego magna voco.* As I ſaid to ſome, none of the moſt obſcure of our Eccleſiaſtiques, who blamed the Puritans for troubling the people with abſtruſe points and novelties, that there was order enough to bee taken with them, ſo that themſelves upon whom wee have no coertion would let us bee quiet, and that my ſelfe who had been long learning the hard leſſon of Religion and conſcience would bee loath to bee ſet to ſeek in my older dayes. So can I not but ſtill continue it my prayer, as it is ſaid to have been once uſed at *Pauls* Croſſe, that it will pleaſe God to make our temporaltie more ſpirituall, and ſpiritualty leſſe temporall. God is a Spirit, and decency of worſhip is all that is required in Chriſtianitie. Abundance of ceremonies were a loade to the Jewes, and the exerciſe of Religion more by the outward ſenſes then the inward, is too much the way of Rome and a viſible object of adoration. The time was when my charitie led mee, to wiſh Churchmen might agree amongſt themſelves, and ſhine to us in their good * example, which would (ſans Ceremonie) beſt ſupply all wants that they finde in our devotion. But now they put me to pray and thinke it no ſmall happineſſe that my ſelf may be quiet in the wayes of God; There is a diſturbance in all changes though to the better, and often might better bee forborne. You ſee how prone I am to fall upon the Church, wee cannot travell but a Church will come in our way; are you not affraid it will prove to mee as is written of Chriſt, that hee is ſuch a ſtone, that who

* Ill living Preachers like evill Cowes, kick downe the milk they give.

falls upon him ſhall be broken, and whom hee falls upon, it will grinde him to pouder? I have, you know, of late been at ſome coſt with Churches within and without, I had ill fortune betwixt St. *Paul* and St. *Gregory*, I am yet as conformable as any, how long I ſhall continue ſo upon further alterations I know not, I love not to bee put to my bearing, I hope I ſhall not; The abundance of my heart will ſay ſomething, and I have often fallen upon ſome touches of this diſcourſe in the confuſed peeces which you obliged me to take into your view and conſideration. If Church-men will doe things ſcandalous and unwelcome to us, they muſt expect to heare ſomething unwelcome to themſelves; I profeſſe to honour nothing more then a good, and abhorre nothing more then a bad Chriſtian amongſt them. I have met with ſome friends who have preſt mee to the preſſe; over-flattering me that it were pitie my conceptions ſhould extinguiſh in a private Copy or two, and that I may otherwiſe be wronged either alive or dead by ſome falſe publication: I cannot become perſwaded therein, I ſuſpect fame and abhorre vulgar cenſure, I am conſcious of my precipitation and Crudities, and will not give the ſilly and malitious world a priviledge to arraigne me; Beſides, our Clergy preſide and over-rule Printing, and will diſallow all that conduceth not to their owne advantage; Be my intentions never ſo good, the Arke muſt * not bee touched with prophane hands, they will bee party and judge, *Unicuique in ſua Arte*, Religion and all that belongs to it is a *Noli me tangere* to the laity, more then to obey: The Tables of policy and government are bound up againſt ſuch ſtragling writers as I; let truth be what it will, I ſhall be contemned and condemned. They are our Paſtors, we the Pecus, yet is our conſcience too much accompanied with ſcience to go as every Clarke will drive. They have the keyes of the Church, they will in ſome ſenſe bee alone privatively and excluſively, the Church, * though it was not ſo in *Noahs* Arke, where the eight perſons cumulatively made it; they will now bee Church and Chancell, whatſoever our Saviour ſaid of Sabbath, wee muſt rather bee inſtituted for them, then they for us; yet in the time of the Patriarchs we reade of no ſuch Hierarchy: all we can ſay or write is Apocryphall, their ſayings are onely Canonicall; Let my zeale and charitie be what it will it is blind, it is indiſcreet farther then conformable to them, and their charitie begins at home, they cannot, they muſt not erre or bee in the wrong: Yet if you will rightly conſider, they ſhall finde that naturally the more they aſſume, the more wee ſhall examine and yeeld the leſſe unto them. I wiſh them all their due, and more then a competencie, but I finde nothing more frequent in the old and new Teſtament then invectives againſt their preachings more for themſelves and their owne bellies then God and his truth. I make too bold with them, I muſt either not come in print or paſſe their ſpunge, their Caſtrations, expungings and expurgatories. If I print not, I ſhall bee

* Yet divers paſſages of the New Teſtament give ſuch high priviledges to the child of faith as come little ſhort of the Prieſthood, whether for illumination or powers.

* Saint *Paul* gives the title of Church to a particular family, Saint *Peter* alſo, &c.

bee rob'd; Plagiaries will make me after a while come too late to call my owne, my owne, yet will *I* as willingly consent to my robbing, as guelding; Transcribings are most troublesome and injurious, but *I* will bee content with a few witnesses like your self to doe me right upon occasion, and keep me alive in your memory and affection. To you *I* submit my self, *I* give your pen as great power over me, as to my owne. *I* have been told since you left mee, that you found the concluding verse of my Lady *Riches* Epitaph (which like this letter was of a most sudden composition) somewhat flatter then the rest, my self judged no lesse, it first concluded thus,

Had Death had eyes hee had not been so Cruell.

But I thought it too light and licenciously Poeticall for such a subject; I love not excessive Hyberboles, much lesse over bold and prophane expressions. I deceive my self if I give not a temperament therein beyond the ordinary; though neatnesse, form, beauty and fancy work as sensibly upon me, as upon others; yet have I never willingly complyed farther with them, then as I finde them to comport with conveniency and other good respects. I affect to write more reason then conceit. I hope shortly to enjoy you farther, and refresh my self in your company this winter at *London*, indeavouring to avoid the sadnesse of this place, and the approaching season. What with the sight of my Sons extreamity, lying as I thought (and little lesse it was then) struggling with death; and what with the immediate preceding heavy losse of that incomparable Lady in the same my unhappy house, I am confident that since I was a child, so many teares have not been drawn from me. I want comfort and diversion; but I almost despaire to finde them. I have long since lost the best and dearest of my conversations, my fate hath been such, that I have seldome failed to finde distaste and discomfort from whatsoever I have most pretiously affected: such conversation as can give me contentment, is so rare, and out of my way to enjoy, that I can little flatter my self therein. You were a witnesse at your last being with mee of a most extravagant and undue distaste cast upon me; God in all my course hath blessed me with a great portion of charity to passe over offences, to construe and hope the best; my discretion may be something questioned in my patience, but I chose the better and more Christian part. If I once become lost, I am hardly recovered; who well considers humane frailty, will the better beare it: wee are little better then halfe witted; it is good to be circumspect, but we are not thorough sighted. I would the very texts of Scripture and Aphorisms of State were not too frequently taken by halfs, my writings are but parings and scrapings, (I mean in respect of matter, for I neither skim nor copy others) I dive not to the bottome of my selfe. I had need gather something, as I doe, whilest I write and scatter, for I lose much of my own fancy by the way. I take not time to consider

and digeſt, I hope you will as haſtily read me. Time and the pillow are excellent Counſellors. Sudden reſolutions are ſubject to imperfection and repentance. Serious, deep and iterated ruminations are troubleſome chiefly to impatient ſpirits, and the lighter ſort are incompetent and incapable to undergoe them; evenche moſt intent and ſolid minds ſhall be often occaſioned to ſay, Had I thought or knowne. Men addicted either to delights or much employment, have neither leiſure nor patience to give weighty and implicate deliberations their full and due examinations: how often have I toſt a conſideration, as I thought, on every ſide, and in all its aſpects, and yet found new and important diſcovery upon return! Though the *Spaniard* be often a loſer in not taking the advantage of preſent opportunities, yet his conſtancy and patience in timing, maturing, and purſuing his deliberations and deſignes makes much for them and their ends; their ſeverall bodies of Counſels, for ſeverall Kingdomes and affaires, are of great effect: Our late practiſed peculiarity of delegations and Committees, with a choice reſpect to the wits, capacities and experience of ſelected perſons and junto's, are greatly to be approved. Trades and profeſſions muſt of neceſſity be more exact in ſuch Countries, where as we find it written they are lineally continued. If the Art of Phyſick were diſtributed, as to Oculiſts one part, ſo other parts and diſeaſes had ſeverall profeſſors, particularly to attend them, their Anatomy and cure, though it ſavour of the Emperick, it might be much more happy unto us. But what make I then ſo buſie out of my Province? a Juſtice of Peace, as ſome will think, is the utmoſt of my calling: Yes, a Gentleman is a little of every thing, and peaceableneſſe in Gods ſervice concernes every man; Mountaines are as well ſurveyed and judged from below, as vallies from above, and an impartiall by-ſtander may often ſee more then the Gameſters. It is more then time that *I* untie your attention from my importunity and traſh: it is to me leſſe trouble to write as it were without thinking, then to think without writing; poſſibly an active life like yours would prove more eaſie and healthfull to mee, then either of both; but I muſt take my ſelf as I am, and as wee ſee little Birds in their Cages, and Apes and other Creatures force an exerciſe in their reſtraint, ſo, *Si fortuna negat facit indignatio.* I have both envied and emulated a Cat or Dog, in the tranquillity of their ſpirit: it ſhall ſtill bee my aime, and I hope to become no more troubleſome to you, my ſelf, or any other in this way of writing: But I muſt ſtay my time in all things. Farre better then my ſelf, have profeſt themſelves ſubject to doe the evill which they would not, and not the good they affected. As I am informed, you have wiſhed I would beſtow ſome further labour in poliſhing and better digeſting what I have written; but by that time you ſhall have read mee thorough, *I* hope you will bee otherwiſe ſatisfied: and *I* have, as you may find, beſtowed too much wit in excuſing the naturall deformity of my writings,

now

now to consent to lose, and cast it away. Though *I* know my Children as black as the Crow, yet they are mine, and *I* must like them never the worse for resembling me; they were not made for the market, and they are too frequent in devout conclusions for the vulgar. *I* presume better of you, and will conclude with you like the Letters of former and better times: Committing you to the protection of that Omnipotent God, whom *I* never cease to implore; and who hath from time to time, and even to this present miraculously supported me by his grace and favour, to him be all glory, to you all happinesse from

This morning of the 22
of September, 1638.

Your most unfeigned, though most
unfortunate affectionate Brother.

STill to omit formality and compellations unnecessary and superfluous, Since my last of the 22. it hath been intimated unto mee, that you are not so well satisfied as *I* would, in that *I* vary from my first taken measure and order of verse in some of my no long pieces. *I* doubt not but it will be disapproved by some of the most strict and formall Criticks; yet take *I* the boldnesse to like my self ne're the worse; it is for Novices to write by line and rule, words and lines are but the barke and cloathing of our minds: so decency be observed, my yeares and disposition have long dispensed with exactnesse of following the fashion, challenging some gratefull priviledge therein. Our modern fantasies in musick, & your Court masking tunes have taken up a change of aire and spirit, & are the better accepted: you condemn not, nor prove not offended with a beauty for want of precise symmetry, affected forms of speech and complement are dis-affected; and matter regarded; *Scribendi recte sapere est & principium & fons*; it is neither this, nor that manner, that makes it good in writing, or other things; good Judgement is the thing, and never failes of order: it hath an influence into all our thoughts, lookes, gesture, language and actions, and without it all will bee wilde and incomposed. *I*n my late dysastred entertainment, ostentation, and curiositie were so much avoided, that *I* forbad all extraordinary festivall Pageants, Aromatiques, and Quelquechoses. *I*f you are grown to choose a Horse for true strength and usefulnesse, accept of me in my mis-shapennesse, my writings

writings reſpect eaſe, duty, affection and profit, not affectation, fame, perfection, or delight; I hate fetters and circumſcriptions, more then Religion, government, and reaſon caſt them upon mee; *Magnas nugas magno conatu*, is a double fault. I am no wayes a Preciſian, yet in the Adiaphora according to the indulgence of our Church, I can and doe diſpence, ſo it bee not with contempt. Sometimes change of matter agrees to it; ſometimes, as we have a Chriſtian liberty, I will as well as my leaders make uſe of a Poeticall licence: VVhere is the law that reſtrains me? VVhy not conclude with a longer proportion of lines, as well as to intermingle a long and ſhort? I have ſometimes pitied a ſerious and pious Author needleſly and wantonly fall upon a Quadruplicity of rhyme or affected variety of meaſure and number in verſes. If there bee any harmony in rhymes, it is ſatisfied in two, and not without danger of fulſomneſſe, as well as certainty of trouble in exceeding. I have often wiſhed our Poetry like the Latine and Greeke might be exerciſed without ſuch ſubjection, if not barbariſm. There may bee a Rhetoricall ſweetneſſe in numbers, ſpirit, and proportion, charming enough without it. I little reſpect old rules further then reaſon. Reaſon is the rule of rules, they often abuſe us, and domineere in an uſurped authority, as if wee were, leſſe-men, and had inferiour or leſſe faculties of ſoule, then thoſe from whom wee received them. I could never find the ſound reaſon of ſubjecting Comicall repreſentations to the Compaſſe of a day: to tell mee that otherwiſe our conception becomes overſtrained, is nothing: I can as eaſily ſtretch my fancy to a yeare as a day; and to think my ſelfe at *Rome* in an inſtant from *London*, or *Paris*, as to imagine my ſelfe at *White-Hall*, being in *Black-Fryers*. I unwillingly loſe a good ſtory, or any thing that is good upon niceneſſe of form: *Non oportet deſtruere ſubſtantiam propter accidens*, was a good rule, I long ſince learnt of an honeſt Phyſitian, in caſe of beſtowing more time and paines in ſtudy then ſtood with health. Fame is the fartheſt from my thoughts, and yet you ſee how famous they prove in their production, *Creſcunt eundo*, like *Elias* his cloud they unmeaſurably ſpread. I intended but a word or two, I wonder I ſhould bee ſo tedious and talkative in Penne and Inke, who am nothing leſſe in ordinary buſineſſe and converſation. I hate a long Tale, eſpecially dramaticall in the way of Dialogue and Scene; yet if you take but a piece of mee, at once, I hope you may at leaſt, as well indure the reading, as I the writing; this and all my longeſt peeces are of one Boutade performed at a breath, part of a mornings exerciſe: My ſonnets of devotion, howſoever verſification bee of a more elaborate nature, inſomuch, that moſt miſerably it will ſometimes fall out (I beleeve with the beſt and moſt fluent) that the ſubjection of a rhyme or meaſure, ſhall coſt more time and toyle then writing a Page in Proſe, and in concluſion matter it ſelfe muſt yeeld, yet were they generally

generally of a ſuddain birth, they needed no Midwifery, but what they found from above. You finde alſo in them an irregularity of here and there a ſuperumerary couplet at the end, the peece is compleat without them; It alſo requires your indulgence to matter beyond forme. I naturally hate to bee clogd, yet hath fortune manacled mee from my youth, want of libertie in the free uſe, diſpoſing and ordering of my ſelfe and mine have infinitely prejudiced my contentment and fortune; I take the boldneſſe to ſay it in preſumption of ſuch a moderation to have ever accompanied mee, and ſo much diſcretion, as it may bee you will beare mee witneſſe that had I not beene check't in the maſtery of my ſelfe and mine I ſhould have done much better in the world. But I grow as well diffluent as tedious, and therefore with deſire of your pardon and conſtant profeſſion of moſt ſincere affection towards you I reſt

Septemb. the 24. 1638.

Your moſt faithfull Brother and ſervant.

MY really worthy friend, It is my unhappineſſe to miſſe your company at my returne to *London*, and that which aggravates is the heavineſſe of your occaſion, wherein I participate in the great loſſe of your moſt valuable brother; ſuch a gravitie, ſuch a ſoliditie, ſuch vertue and Pietie are too much wanting in men of your and his profeſſion; Pride, covetouſneſſe, licentiouſneſſe, ingratitude, hypocriſie, uſurpe the place of that ſweetneſſe, meekneſſe, hoſpitalitie and good affections to God and goodneſſe, which were wont to bee more frequent in your calling as moſt incident and proper unto it, and held before in coparcenere betwixt you, he hath now reſigned to your Primogeniture. Gods judgments are to be feared when the world is not found worthy of ſuch Inhabitants: So young, ſo ſuddainly dead under the practiſe of Phyſick, miniſters freſh occaſion to continue my Invectives againſt that Caball of colluſion, calamitous to mankind and nature. All the good wee uſually get by relying on Phyſick is the neglect of other better meanes to ſubſiſt, and preſumption in evill diet and diſorder. I feare I ſhall hardly ſee you before I leave the towne, and when I ſhall ſee it again I know not, wee are not fit for one another, *Mihi jam non Regia Roma, Sed vacuum Tibur placet æque imbelle Tarentum*, The civill *pretioſa fames*, the maligne fires, fitter for a Chafing-diſh then a Chimney, and yet as coſtly as a *Buſtum* for a great Roman carcaſſe or *Phœnix*, the Parrat heartleſſe complements, Goſſipping diſcourſe, Petty cenſures of this mans ſeate, houſe, habit, eſtate, and the others laſt action, Lawſuite, child, marriage, entertainment, purchaſe, ſale and bargaine, which the walking

walking ſpirits of *Stowes Chronicle*. Journaliſts and Commentators of the time carry from houſe to houſe, were I never ſo rich I could not now indure with patience; It is enough, if not too much, to bee by vaine experience made to bee no Gull of ignorance; The towne is for Profeſſors, Trades-men, Officers, Courtiers, and ſuch as feed on others tables to live in for pleaſure and profit; Others if they bee wiſe will not make themſelves a ſilly prey to the proud Shopkeeper, who playes the Spider in the Cobweb, and is now become as familiar as hee was wont to be humble and crouching. *Non tanti emo pœnitere, non tanti eſurio*, I will not buy ill ayre, ſtrait lodging, ill drinke, and little good company ſo deare. I could poſſibly finde as much pleaſure and eſteeme in the Towne as another if my mind were ſutable, but *Quid decet ac verum eſt* have long been my affectation; the vanities, idle viſits, Playes and paſtimes of young men become mee not, other mens tables appeare a kind of intruſion and importunitie, nor is a ſolitary retiredneſſe pleaſing unto mee; Serious men are too buſie, and I am too ſerious for the lighter ſort. I will wiſh plentie and goodneſſe of time, and howſoever it prove will helpe it by feeding on my owne paſture, and rather inrich then impoveriſh by dearth and high prices; for the more they grow, the more I will ſpare and contract, nor will I dwell at the mercy of exaction; with choice of place. *Tenues luxuriantur opes. I, cole nunc urbes, quicquid non præſtat amicus, Cum præſtare tibi poſſit Avite locus.* When the Citie had moſt of my affection, I conceived reaſon ſufficient why a Countrey Gentleman might, as I often found, grow ſoone weary, and diſtaſted; coſtly and ill lodging and dyet, enforced neatneſſe, importunate viſits, perpetuall cap, curteſie, and complements, ceremonious acquaintance, tedious and chargeable buſineſſe, paſtime to ſeeke, his wonted healthfull exerciſe, Ayre and command turn'd to a ſedentary and ſervile obſervance, and a ſootie Ayre, ſuch as the thickeſt rined vegetables rather pine then live in; this and much more may well occaſion him to thinke himſelfe out of his element, when hee is drawne to towne, where hee finds honeſty and goodneſſe accounted ſimplicitie, and that, Ruſticitie; where not to weare his Beard, Cap, Cloathes, and make his reverence in the modern Garb condemns him as much as to ſpeake falſe Latine in the Univerſitie, or goe naked in the Country; where to become every mans acquaintance is to bee none of his owne, civill and charitable to every ſtranger, every impudent unchriſtian Begger, incivill uncharitable to himſelfe, his fortune, plentie, health, eaſe, authoritie, pietie and naturall neighbours; where thoughts and actions are neither conſonant to religion or Philoſophy, nor language to the thoughts, innocency and vanitie are the prey of rapine and deceipt, the purſe falls into a dyſentery, good order and conſcience to a luxation, and the outſide of the Platter is all the buſineſſe. When I formerly lived in Towne I was at home in my place of birth and education with my Land cloſe by, my fortune hath now made it other with

mee

mee, and for my comfort, (if time which should improve my judgement, abuse me not, as it commonly doth the distastednesse of old men) the condition of the Towne is altered from what *I* have known it. Prizes continue double upon a sudden, and that which is most strange, without either scarcity of yeares, or plenty of mony; penury of wit & good œconomy with abundance of luxury work the effect. No ancient brave Romane was ever more free and prodigall of his blood in the way of honour and his Countreys defence, then our English gluttonous Gallant and Epicure is easily and insensibly parted with his money (another blood to the wise) for fashion and sensuality. He affects bravery, and yet contemns what feeds it. Hee seemes indulgent to his *Genius* and soule, yet thinks it base and superstitious to befriend them by looking into his reckonings with God and Man. The conscience of the seller prescribes no limits but what he can get, nor is the buyer restrained by any rule of discretion or price, broad Tables, large Diet, many courses and dainties, make slender fortunes, and narrow soules; gay houses and outsides, ill furnish't mindes: wee are *I* know not how become possest of late with a *malus pudor*, a slacknesse, a wretchlesnesse and shamefacednesse to doe what wee ought for our profit and good, with a confident glory in our ruine, and what we should avoid; till God, authorized example, and wholsome sumptuary laws reform us, we shall never mend: *Sed quis custodiet ipsos custodes?* vitious custome hath prevailed by the discountenance of wisdome and vertue, falsification and corruption have so invaded us, that we have forgotten and lost the very Arts and *Idea's*, as well as the habit of true working and living: To strength of my minde and authority all is easie, grosse impunity animates and confirmes offenders, and the great feare is we shall never grow wise but with a mischief; for my part, as I am without power, so am I worne out of fashion and acquaintance, and I find little new worth the seeking and imbracing; friendships are grown rare, dissimulation, cost and ceremony have extirpated them; Generosity is hardly to bee found; All distrust, cunning, pride, self-conceited, self-affected, and never lesse wit, judgement, courage or vertue to boast of: As the World is, I cannot blame such as frequent the society and conversation of women, they pretend not so much wit and knowledge, but have commonly more then men, *Plus sapiunt, quia quantum opus est sapiunt*; Their study and concernings lying in lesse room, they more strongly, certainly, and perfectly attain and comprehend; they exercise not such a falshood of Art, trade, and conversation as men, their Discourse is more free, friendly, and ingenuous, their intelligence none of the worst, for they command generally our secrets, and what from the pulpit, what from our open hearted conference communicate without booke the quintessence of our thoughts and studies; they study us as wee our bookes. They are the winning common-wealth and society of this our world, and like the Jesuites strongly combine and make it good by

wit. They are greater lovers of worth and valour. They are more innocent and leſſe dangerous to good men. Obſerve their waies and bargaines, and judge if they be not ordinarily more cautious and frugall then our ſelves, they grudge not to take paines and bee at ſome coſt with themſelves to pleaſe your eye: No *Confectio Alkermes* is ſo good againſt melancholy (ſo you ſurfeit not on their dainties) as the diverſion and pretty trivial lighter part of their entertainment, gratification is the very worſt of them; and you ſhall wrong your ſelfe and them, if you condemn them all for the worſt amongſt them; What was ever totally perfect? If ſome bee bad, the beſt are to bee the more eſteemed. There is I confeſſe a difference amongſt them, ſo alſo of us, therein is our choice and judgement to bee exerciſed: The company of the beſt men beſt at leiſure is to be enjoyed and found amongſt them; the very beſt things are often ſubject to abuſe, contain and make a Covenant with your eyes, and take but a preſervative of *ne quid nimis* along with you, and you are ſafe and happy: They are generally better affected to the times, and leſſe poſſeſt with baſe and prolling deſignes then we; Their power with us and over us, proves their wit to bee above ours, finer, clearer, ſtronger: They are not deſtitute of Art, but are more friends and inſtruments of nature, and ſhee theirs. Thus as I uſe, have I mingled leſſe with more ſerious matter; this latter part belongs rather to others then to you. I preſume of your friendſhip, whom I know indulgent to ingenuity, an honeſt free career, and

January the
10. 1638.

Your moſt faithfull Friend

to ſerve you.

Upon

Pathetically, if not too Prophetically Inſpired, upon the death of the late Noble and Brave Prince HENRY.

An imperfect, but true Inventory and Diſſection.

OH, how much happier had my fortune been,
To doe thee ſervice with my Sword then Pen!
And to have ſhed my bloud for thee then teares!
(Faire *Prince*) whoſe life, our hope; death, bred our feares;
Though thine own vertues have embalm'd thy Fame,
As farre as planted is the Chriſtian Name,
And are too beauteous well proportioned,
To bee by me unskilfull crayoned,
Yet duty bids me offer at thy hearſe,
The faithfull incenſe of this mournfull verſe,
Which contrary to common Monuments,
Is not made faire without, for foule contents;
But poore without ſuch riches doth poſſeſſe,
As budding youth did ne'r ſo faire expreſſe;
Nor feare I now ſuſpect of flattery,
For to the living ſuch their praiſe apply;
Greedy to turne ſweet poiſon to reward,
Carelesſe of duties, and of truths regard.
Thy freſh and well known worth that taxe doth free,
Which livelyer wee ſhall know by loſſe of thee:
Irreparable loſſe, where overthrown,
Lies our Great Britiſh worthy Champion,
Strong Bulwark of our Peace, ſteel point of warre,
Loadſtone of vertue, glorious Northern Starre,
The Muſes love, favourer of all good Arts,
Friend to all good deſignes and worthy parts,
Judicious, juſt, hardy, and temperate,
Splendide in well ruled managing thy State,
Too curious frame to laſt, Modell compact,
For future times a pattern moſt exact,
Faire Ship, moſt fairly fraught for VVar and Peace,
Untimely ſunk, ſcarce launcht into the ſeas,
Too glorious riſing Sunne ſoon overcaſt,
That ſhin'ſt in Heaven, for here thy beames were plac't
On mould too dull, cold, worthleſſe, to beget
An active fruitfulneſſe anſwering thy heat,
Thy flames of vertue were more pure and high,
Then our weake ſtate could foment with ſupply;
No vertue didſt thou want, or vice poſſeſſe
That could make great thy worth, or glory leſſe

Furnish't with all materials fit to raise
A high superlative of Princely praise,
A true Minervian issue sprung from *Jove*,
Visible vertue forcing us to love:
As true a vertuous *Cyrus* naturall,
As *Xenophons* fain'd artificiall,
Faire fire receiv'd as from our *Persian* King,
Dead vertue once againe to life to bring:
Heroick off-spring of that *English* blood,
VVhich anciently hath so celebrous stood,
As faire a splendor to thy Fathers stem,
As, or his Scepter, Throne or Diadem.
If *Troy* lamented *Hector*, *Grecians* scourge,
Farre greater grief thy death to us doth urge:
Troy miss'd no Captaines, though their *Hector* dead,
But whom hath now our *Priam* fit to lead
VVith union and alacrity the Bands,
Of *English*, *Scottish*, *Welsh*, and *Irish* Lands?
VVhose active well born spirits thirsted all
To follow such a hopefull Generall;
VVhose pattern set the coldest mindes on fire
VVith glorious thoughts and generous desire,
Sole able Engine t' have repair'd the fame
Of th'once illustrious wither'd English name;
Such vertue could not actionlesse remaine,
VVhich made him fly our dulnesse with disdain:
VVherefore brave Spirits that do inward burn,
Loving true glory, joine with me and mourn,
And with your flames make him a funerall fire,
And with him end each thought that did aspire;
Smother in his Ashes what began to flame,
And teach your thoughts to study peacefull fame,
Temper your most untimely ill tain heat,
VVhich may your ruine, not your glory get,
Except that idle glory you esteem,
Vying who most effeminate shall seem,
Most proud, affected, and like weeds of worth,
VVhich our best soyles uncultivate bring forth:
Mourn and lament him Patron of all truth;
Nay, him the soule, and glory of your youth,
Nor never hope an active time to see,
Except enforc't to act our miserie.
Happy our Fathers warlike spirits; we
Hapless; though fortunate our Sons may be,
To whom this seven yeare retrograde hath brought
A Prince with like faire promis'd vertues fraught,
To top his story with victorious bayes,
As *James* with sweet of Peace hath blest our dayes;

Ad-

Adding as many Crownes as *James* hath done,
To Crowne his titles with poſſeſſion.
Thus glorious Comet with more zeale then art,
In thy fames dirige I beare a part,
Which may it pardon finde, though hoarſly ſung,
And paſſe with favour 'mongſt th' Elegiack throng,
As writ by him, who having vow'd ſword-ſervice
Can ill performe a Poets ſacrifice.

Upon the death of *Anne* of *Denmarke* Queen of great Britaine, and the blazing Starre appearing neere her death, taken for the ſtellifyed ſpirit of Prince *Henry* dead not long before.

BRave ſoul! thou haſt prevail'd, God hath his owne,
And wee ill debters were, nor paid the loane
Of ſuch a Jewell, bee thou *Henries* Star
Pointing thy mothers way and not our war;
Heaven bee appeas'd, and grant our prayers, and teares
Prevent thy further anger and our feares.
Say that our falſe hearts to our ſelves, and thee,
Deriding goodneſſe and true pietie,
Led by our vaine affections as our God
Not charitie, ſay this deſerves thy rod,
Let not the Roman petty Gods ſurpaſſe
Thy rulers mercies; *Marcus Curtius* was
To them a ſacrifice their wrath to ſwage;
Our loſſe hath doubled his, then ſlack thy rage,
And grant againe, we feele no further paines,
But bleſſe our dayes with joy, in what remaines.

Epitaph.

HEre lies *James* his rich gem, the eyes delight,
The graces manſion, our faire dayes good night,
Glory of the Court, object no ſooner ſeene
But knowne the gracefull preſence of a Queene:
Rich Jewels ſhee is ſaid to leave, farre more
Rich was ſhee in her pretious vertues ſtore,
Heaven grant her royall vertues tranſportation
Breed not a dearth unto her ſex, our nation.

Upon

Vpon the death of my faire Couſin *Drury*.

SSay paſſenger, and for her ſake
Who while ſhee liv'd had power to make
All eyes that on her caſt their ſight
To fix with wonder and delight,
Daine that theſe lines one ſigh may borrow
Breathed from thy heart with generous ſorrow,
To ſee in this ſad Tombe now dwelling
The faireſt *Drury*, late excelling
In vertue, beautie, and all grace
That heaven in earthly mould can place:
And that which may your griefe increaſe
Is that ſhee did a maid deceaſe,
And all that wee in her admir'd
With her is periſht and expir'd.
Matchleſſe ſhee lived, unmatcht ſhee dide,
Druries ſole heire, and *Suffolks* pride.

Vpon the death of the ſupereminent Lady Haddington,
Delineated to the life.

IMperious ſoule, proud Quinteſſence of wit,
Union of natures beautie forcing love,
Faire *Haddington* farewell, here dead with thee
Lie Loves awe, ſweetneſſe, life, and majeſtie.

Manly ambitious ſpirits, hope poſſeſt,
By conqueſt of fierce beautie to be bleſt,
Change your deſires, for ſweare ambition,
The glorious ſubject of your hopes is gone.

Alas! nor verſe, nor picture can expreſſe,
The leaſt of her heart-winning lovelineſſe:
Happy who knew her, for he knew perfection,
Such as henceforth hath freed him from ſubjection.

Another.

MOunt up to heaven, free ſoul, with Larke-like joy
Scorning our earthly baſe condition,
Where no malitious envie can annoy
Thy faire ingenious diſpoſition.

There ſhew thy ſelfe in thy pure nakedneſſe,
Where all thoughts in their ſimple truth appeare

To

To ſpeake thy ſelfe with true borne ſimpleneſſe
Is vertues habit out of faſhion here.

To covet, flatter, lie, bee politique,
Hunt gaine with greedy falſhood and deceipt,
To bee a devill, ſo an hypocrite,
Are vertues to gaine this worlds good conceipt.

Thou wert not ſuch, and therefore happy now,
If faith and truth may happineſſe procure,
Thy life thy truth, death doth thy faith avow,
Theſe are the golden wings that mount thee ſure
To laſting glory; glory bee thy due
For being faithfull, noble, faire and true.

An Incentive to our Poets upon the death of the victorious King of Swedeland.

FIe flow *Boötes* brood! what, not a line,
To celebrate a vertue ſo divine?
See you not *Perſeus* mounted in the skie,
Outdoing all the antient Chivalry?
Expect you till his Steed daſh on your braines,
To make you flow into heroick ſtraines?
Can your Electrian facultie in wit,
Raiſe nothing but meere traſh and ſtrawes to it?
Is brave *Guſtavus* of too ſolid ſtuffe,
His great exploits, for your ſleight veine too tuffe?
That like poore falſifyers you deſpaire,
To profit from a peece ſo rich and faire:
Whilſt from more triviall ſubjects you will drive
A trade, ſhall make your reputation thrive,
By ranſacking the myſteries of Art
To ſet a luſter on ſome low deſert.
Rouze up at length your over ſtupid muſe,
Unite all in one quire, and bravely chuſe
No other rapture whereupon to ſing
Then the high Trophees of the *Swediſh* King.

The reaſon of a Gentlewomans wearing ſmall blacke patches.
Of another Author.

IKnow your heart cannot ſo guilty bee
That you ſhould weare thoſe ſpots for vanitie,

Or

Or as your beauties Trophies put one on
For every murther which your eyes have done:
No, they are your mourning weeds for hearts forlorne,
Which though you muſt not love you could not ſcorne,
To whom ſince cruell honour doth deny
Thoſe joyes could onely cure their miſery,
Yet you this noble way to grace them found,
When thus your griefe their martyrdome hath crown'd;
Of which take heed you prove not prodigall,
For if to every common funerall
Of your eyes Martyrs ſuch grace bee allow'd,
Your face will weare no patches, but a clowd.

The incomparable Lady Carlile.

Occaſioned partly by the Verſes above, partly by a faire Ladies keeping on her Maſk in the houſe on a hot day.

I Ne're till now thought patches ornaments,
Gentile and happy was your Authors muſe,
As gently cruell are her faire intents
Who kills and mournes: but why doe you refuſe
Their names, who ſo much wit and faireneſſe owne?
I met that very day you ſhew'd thoſe lines
A beautie ſuch as if it would have ſhone
Would have out pierc'd the parching'ſt Sun that ſhines:
But chamber maskt ſhee was, cloſe mourner to
The funerall ſolemnitie ſhee wore,
Innocent guilty, ſweetly ſad, as who
Reſolv'd to intombe her ſelfe to kill no more.
It may be alſo, ſhee did apprehend
Another ſcorching Summer would undoe us,
And ſo her ſelfe o'reclouded to befriend
Mortalitie; 'twas double favour to us.
But Sun-like beautie, know great miſchiefes flow
From great Eclipſes, well as blazing Stars,
Wee die as well, except your ſelfe you ſhow
As by your beames, or our inteſtine wars:
Shine then and triumph ſtill; better ſome die
Then this Sphere want its ſecond quickning eye.

Epigram.

VVEE cannot ſcape by masking of your face,
Wee finde our ſelves ſtill taken by your grace,
By your I know not what, meere careleſneſſe
Charmes more in you then others curious dreſſe;
Each ſtep and motion of your frame or mind
Conſiſts of a compoſure moſt refin'd,

Cheape

Cheape vertue is confin'd to face, yours lies
As well in your high ſpirit, as your eyes.

A Dunghill Cock untry'd will looke as brave,
So will a Curre, a Buzzard, Jade, or knave,
As the moſt vertuous in their ſeverall kind:
Value conſiſts in temper of the mind,
In judgement right, and reſolution ſtrong,
Ends brave and good, thinking nor doing wrong,
Conſulting truth and goodneſſe more then will,
Knowing, and daring all but baſe and ill:
Diamonds in ſhow are little more then glaſſe,
Triviall appearances make men to paſſe,
But thorough tryall proves an Aſſe an Aſſe:
Difference in women is no leſſe,
Their goodneſſe makes their pretiouſneſſe.

True Love and Honour.

THough you are gracefull, brave, and faire,
Beyond your Sexes rate, though wit
Enoble you as well as blood,
This, nor your fine exalted ayre,
And proſpect knowing all that's fit,
Nor that you are rich, great, but good
Subdues mee: theſe to cement well
Is that wherein you all excell;
And if to theſe you take in love,
The *India's* cannot equall prove:
For me, I muſt not ſo aſpire,
My part is onely to admire,
Your vertue, vertue to the world ſupplyes;
The Sun none ought thinke to monopolize:
Onely I'le ſtrive to bee as good as you,
And ſo part of your love will prove my due,
And mine, you being good, and good to mee
Muſt or be yours, or vertuous ceaſe to bee.

An Elegie upon the Death of the moſt faire and vertuous Lady Rich, *which moſt unhappily happened upon the 24. of Auguſt, 1638.*

HAd I leaſt hope complaints could reach our loſſe,
Could I the Stars or Sea ſand number,

I would embarque her vertues ſea to croſſe,
And to my griefes heighth raiſe your wonder.

Could or the world, or words ſuch truth receive,
As to her ſtory doth belong,
Could any but her ſelf, her vertues weave,
Or ſorrow find an equall Tongue;

Such Ship, ſo fraught, ſuch wrack I'de repreſent,
As would the Soveraigne neere ſurpaſſe,
And make you in a Sea of teares lament;
Shee is not now that Nymph ſhee was.

Within, without, ſo glorious was her trym,
Such awe of Ordinance ſhee carried,
Had ſhee not by dyſaſter taken been,
Neptune alone ſhee muſt have married.

But though her vertues circles juſt content,
And her ſquares juſt diagonall,
Numbers can ne're exactly repreſent:
Yet by our courſe Mechanicall,

Somewhat wee'l ſay in lame and ſhort account,
Our due oblations to diſcharge,
Which ſhall alone all other worth ſurmount;
Faithfully drawne, though not at large.

Free from all pride, though none but ſhee had cauſe,
Neglecting beautie, huſwifry to minde,
Wholly reſign'd to Gods and marriage Lawes,
Judicious farre beyond her yeares and kinde.

Outſide and vanitie, though moſt in faſhion,
Wrought not on her ſtrong fram'd and ſolid ſoul,
Shee liv'd by reaſon, as others by their paſſion,
And by her goodneſſe did all wrongs controul.

Her preſence was a chaſtiſement to ſinne,
Ill time could not corrupt her ſpotleſſe mind;
Had her pure body of like reſiſtance beene
Againſt the Ayre and ſeaſon too unkind,
Wee her ſad loſſe had not ſo deadly griev'd,
And ſhee to our ſoules joy might ſtill have liv'd.

Epitaph

Epitaph.

IN title *Rich*, in vertue all excelling,
Rare Daughter, Mother, Sister, Friend and Wife,
Piety seldome had so faire a dwelling,
Unparallel'd as well in death as life:

Here now she lies, glory of woman kinde,
Physitians shame, the wonder of her time,
In body faire, but fairer in her minde,
Fitted for heaven, and taken in her prime:
Few rightly knew to value such a Jewell,
Had death had eyes he had not been so cruell.

On the same.

FOule Grief and Death this yeere have play'd their parts,
And *Syrian*-like conspire against the best,
Ayming at one stroke to break all our hearts,
Their cruell spite ne're met with such a feast.

Such time as a most pestilent mortall small Pox seised and carryed many of eminent rank and vertue.

They threw and bore the faireſt Phœnix born,
As singular, as unique to her friends,
They never twin'd so strong a Cord to mourn,
Nor strook so home, at ours and their own ends.

My wound smarts double on the by; what, where
She suff'red, how exceeding all repaire;
How heavy to her friends and mine to beare,
This multiplies my grief with much despaire.

My treasure, rest, well-being, all my joy,
Except what duty and piety require
Perisht in her; fate can no more destroy
Henceforth but love of good, and good desire.
The good is gone, which if I cease to grieve,
Beyond my own death, let me cease to live.

Such life, such death, so constant, Christian brave
Never became the triumph of the Grave.
I erre: Triumph was only hers; may I
Contemplate her both whilst I live and die.

Her birth-day was her death-day, and her death
The birth to my diſcomfort, and ſad breath.

A Requiem at the Enterment.

WHo e're you are, Patron ſubordinate,
Unto this houſe of prayer, and doe extend
Your eare and care to what we pray and lend;
May this place ſtand for ever conſecrate:

And may this ground and you propitious be
To this once powerfull, now potentiall duſt,
Concredited to your fraternall truſt,
Till friends, ſoules, bodies meet eternallie.

And thou her tutelary Angel, who
Wer't happy Guardian to ſo faire a charge,
O leave not now part of thy care at large,
But tender it as thou wer't wont to doe.

Time common Father, join with Mother Earth,
And though you all confound, and ſhe convert,
Favour this Relique of divine deſert
Depoſited for a ne're dying birth.

Saint, Church, Earth, Angel, Time, prove truly kind
As ſhe to you, to this bequeſt conſign'd.

Groteſque.

AS often as we ſpeake we are cenſured, but much more ſeverely in our writings; againſt them men take not onely a priviledge of boldneſſe, but make a kind of neceſſity of exerciſing their wit and judgement, for feare of being concluded to want underſtanding if they diſcover it not in their exceptions; they are the evidence that wiſemen give in againſt themſelves for a common Jury of fooles to paſſe upon them, it muſt bee an extraordinary Coat of Mayle that hath no falſe and weake links, ſearching ſpirits howe-

ever

ver weake in themſelves will finde them out. I have often obſerved that the weakeſt Sex and abilities will as ſoone diſcover a flaw and infirmity as the ſtrongeſt, they bend their wits to finde faults, as doe the better ſort vertues. Noble and great Creatures ſeek not chinks and cranies; a blemiſh in a garment is eaſily ſeen, when the true web requires a judgement often as fine as it ſelfe. I am no Doctor, nor am I paid for cure of Soules, and I have ever affected privacy and retiredneſſe of my poore wit ſo farre as to have avoided all publike exhibitions more then neceſſary duty hath impoſed upon mee, yet that *I* wrap not my talent wholly in a Napkin, *I* am I know not how, fallen upon this ſally, rather in truth to Regiſter my ſelf to my ſelf then to the world; many good wits uſe to write down their occurring conceits, which chance uſeth to preſent better then any induſtry could extract. I have bin a great loſer for want of ſuch practice. I know the better ſort, ſuch as I would admit and converſe with, want none of my ſleight and pedling furniture; yet may *I* ſerve to figure and awake unto them ſome ſuch of their own ſtuffe as would poſſibly otherwiſe never have become elicit, but have ſlept in their Magazine and Chaos. My writing is rather to mend my ſelf then others: the world had long ſince been much better then it is, if writing would have effected it; finde fault with me who liſt, they ſhall hardly finde or more, or groſſer then I know by my ſelf. Spectators and Cenſurers of lives and action, exerciſe a Trade as eaſie as lazy, Scepticiſme, Criticiſme, and Satyriſm ſeldome miſcarry. It is as familiar to carpe as hard to write of the times and not to become Satyricall. Errors in pretended Science, errors in wit, faſhions, and manners, are ſo groſſe, that they ſeldome faile to meet with as juſt an invective and deriſion, as refutation. VVhat a buſineſſe we have made to our ſelves by impatience of our naturall condition, by our affectation of that flaſhy forbidden fruit of knowledge? what a deale of Art, building, furniſhing, dreſſing, policy and paſtime are grown upon it? nay, what a buſineſſe are our very paſtimes become unto us? how ſeriouſly wee cultivate our trifles, our frothy aery ambitions? nature made the ſupply of our mouth (proviſion) as well pleaſure and paſtime as neceſſity unto us; other creatures finde it ſo, and ſuffer as little hunger as men. Examine our own rules and definitions of * wiſdome, and judge whether they belong not more properly to other Animals then to our ſelves. Our fore-fathers were not unſophiſticated; but what a ſuper-ſophiſtication have wee brought upon our ſelves more then formerly, in plucking down our old often more convenient houſes for the fancy of newfabricks? then comes the endleſſe variation of proud and coſtly furniture: what a coaching, what a tyring of truly tyring Women and Taylors? what a curioſity of cookery, wines and ſawces, which young men were wont as much to ſcorne, as now they are curious to judge? Nature is loſt in us, our life is become an affected Pageant of ſhow, and we are nothing leſſe then our ſelves, we are drown'd in our own

* As right ends and wayes, or right reaſon of doing, chuſing, and refuſing, &c.

Arts

Arts and follies. True honour and vertue are not ſo much as Themes to diſcourſe of, we care not ſo much as to ſeeme vertuous, honeſty is a ſhamefull ſimplicity, and vertue a net to catch Woodcocks; but marke the end, and you ſhall ſeldome ſee ſhame faile to overtake folly, pride, and vice. For my part I abhorre baſeneſſe and degenerosity ſo much, that naturally I cannot well endure that an unworthy conceit of mee ſhould lodge ſafely in any breaſt; though faſhion be become a kind of ſuperſtitious Religion; and Religion taken up but for faſhion, and made ſuperſtition: God hath caſt mee in a better mould, and this advantage I finde in goodneſſe, that as vice hath two contraries, one of vertue, another of its oppoſite vice: ſo have vitious men as well the malignity of others, as the goodneſſe of the vertuous againſt them, where vertue hath only vice for enemy: And this benefit it hath, that as in a good conſtitution of body, it ſelfe and exerciſe will beare out ſome miſ-dyet and miſ-accident; ſo will a predominancy of vertue and good reputation maintaine its proprietary againſt much unhappineſſe and misfortune; whereas an evill name, you know of old, is halfe hanged, and ſerves for a milſtone to ſink an otherwiſe ſtrong ſwimmer. The ſtrength of a predominant vertuous ingredience appeared in *Manlius* againſt his otherwiſe diſtaſtefull auſterity, as in other Roman Captaines againſt their remiſſeneſſe; *Gonſalvaes* reputation not being made of Cobwebbe-Lawne bore him out againſt ſmall exceptions. There are infinite degrees of ſoules; witneſſe Oyſters and Plant-animals, inſomuch as it is to bee doubted whether there bee any ſuch ſubſtance as to be termed inanimate; every one hath more or leſſe its diſcourſe, or at leaſt affectations: But onely God is abſolutely perfect. Amongſt us, he is beſt who participates leaſt imperfection, and in whom vertue carries the greateſt ſway; ſuch deſerve an indulgencie, and ſhall finde it as well from God as man. I am all infirme and imperfect in minde, body, and fortune: yet this commodity grows even from ſuch diſcommodity, that as valetudinary bodies by a due care and temperance ſubſiſt often better, and outlive more ſtrong and preſumptuous Complexions; ſo doth a skanty yet competent fortune well ordered prove often more happy and leſſe wanting then a luxuriant plenty. The like may bee affirmed of a tenderneſſe of mind; as Parſimony is a great Revenue, ſo experience when it can, *Inane abſcindere ſol'do*, makes much of little: High minds, blouds and fortunes hardly moderate themſelves, and are moſt ſubject to inconvenience and ruine; ſuch ſeek to conquer all but themſelves, the want of which conqueſt expoſeth them to all aſſaults and ſpoiles: It is a task that few undertake, and fewer prevaile in, without it we are unfortified againſt our ſelves and others; it is often attained as well by flying as oppoſition

poſition, it is a maſter-peece to paſſe over anothers infirmitie, as it is to put by the aſſaults of our owne ſuggeſting fancy and concupiſence, which is yet many times ſo eaſie that who once hath learnt to repell firſt importunate motions ſhall finde them ſo farre from that importance and force which they pretend, that ſent away for the preſent, and another motion of the mind entertained, they will ſhew themſelves ſuch nullities and become ſo loſt, that if you would you can neither finde nor recall them; This till wee can doe wee ſhall not bee friends to our ſelves; Averſion and diverſion are neceſſary in fencing, cure, and life; Who cannot as well put by as make a thruſt hath little art; Hee ſteeres not well that cannot well decline and avoyd; It muſt bee an exorbitant force to carry all downe before it; Nothing is ſtrong or weake, * ſwift or ſlow, good or bad, but by compariſon and reſpectively to the Species and greatneſſe of the body and ſubject; To know our ſtrength, to know our ſelves, and God, is a height of knowledge to bee laboured for; without ſome meaſure of it there can bee no happineſſe, God is the Author, God is the circumference, God the Center of all exiſtence, to him bee all glory. *Amen, Amen. July* the 16. 1638.

* A Mathematicall *Radius* moving as upon a Center makes the motion of the Snu (if it move) no more then that of a watch in 24. houres, and what is ſlow in an Elephant is ſwift in an Emmet.

THree things have preſented themſelves this morning to my conſideration, of themſelves excellent, though in divers degrees; Religion, Policie, Arts: when Religion is not exerciſed in ſinceritie, policie to publick good, quiet and Juſtice, and Arts are employed in folly and errour, I cannot but deplore our humane corruption; they ſhould bee the perfecters of nature, but diſtorted and abuſed, prove to truth of judgement her miſchiefe, her deformitie; They leave her not to her ſelfe, and our ſuper and preter-naturall life ought to bee inſtituted and advantaged by them; if yet ſeeing they have undertaken to leade and helpe her, they would at leaſt be conſtantly true to themſelves and their owne pretences, it were well, better poſſibly were ſhee otherwiſe if in her own hands leſſe ſhould ſhee have of trouble and leſſe to anſwer for: But perverſeneſſe of diſpoſition which is too generally predominant will ever wreſt the beſt inſtitutions to its owne vanitie, pleaſure, fantaſie and commoditie, other is not to bee expected, ſo it hath beene, ſo it will bee, whilſt wee live in this world, the beſt of us abuſe our ſelves if wee finde it ſtrange; wee muſt doe herein as by the weather, pray for good and take it as it comes, uſe our endeavours, cultivate our ſelves to the beſt, and committing all to God, if wee finde our ſelves better affected then the common courſe, account at his bleſſing with a ſubmiſſe and thankfull heart.

June the 10. 1640.

With

VVIth whom ſhall I converſe? Where is the dwelling of wiſedome, or innocent ſimplicitie of heart? Happy Shepheards, whoſe converſation is with the heavens and the moſt innocent of creatures; Man generally is become a mongrell, neither good man nor beaſt: A Chriſtian in name, a Woolfe in nature, an Apoſtat to God and nature, and they have no leſſe forſaken him: Juſtice long ſince tooke her flight to heaven, Peace, wiſedome and integritie have followed, their ſhadowes onely remaine upon us; Who ſhould maintaine Chriſtian Religion, endanger and deſtroy it, who ſhould draw a bleſſing by ſtudying peace, draw a curſe of diſſention upon themſelves and us. It were brave if men durſt profeſſe what they are, or bee what they profeſſe: But from halfe-witted men there is nothing to bee expected but wholly folly and miſchiefe. Stormes ought to fall on their heads that breed them, and ſo commonly they doe; I will ſhelter my ſelfe as well as I may: naturally I love ſtirring, but the weather muſt bee fairer; wrong courſes may ſucceed for a time, but right wiſedome and juſtice will at length prevaile; That ſhall bee my hope, that my Prayer. Sublunary diſpoſitions are ſubject to various influence and viciſſitude; vertue as well as ignorance often labours *faſtidioſui*, Religion it ſelfe hath its Currents, its ebbes and floods, in entertaining things wee are taken with a contemplation of their perfections, in progreſſe wee grow weary, wee carp, wee cavill. Nature affects change and libertie, ordinarily to the worſe; This the Roman Clergy knowes, this they worke upon, our vitiouſneſſe affects an indulgent hand, that they preſent, like greedy Chirurgians they love ſores to feed upon their cure, ignorance and libertie are the way to, and in their Religion, wee are too much diſpoſed except God avert.

Suddaine

Suddaine Touches in the nature of Characters,

Written about the yeare, 1625.

A King

TO bee perfect muſt at the leaſt bee of the ſecond forme of wit, if not able to adviſe himſelfe to the beſt, yet to judge of and chuſe the beſt upon debate, as alſo to make election of Counſellors untainted in their wiſedome and integritie. Hee muſt bee ſeaſoned with the knowledge of that great God, from whom himſelfe and all things have their power and being: from thence will flow an affection aſcending to him, and deſcending upon his people, with a holy ambition to imitate him as well in his juſtice and goodneſſe, as power and greatneſſe. Hee is a publike perſon intended for common utilitie, and his affections muſt all concentrate to the publick good. Hee muſt eſteeme his happineſſe and ſafetie to depend on the love of his people, and therefore like a good Shepheard hee will chiefely be pleaſed in procuring their contentment and welfare. And if (as every Shepheard hath his Dog) hee will aſſiſt himſelfe with ſome perſon of eſpeciall confidence, hee muſt bee exceeding carefull that ſuch his favorite bee not choſen of a condition rather inclining to the falſhood and voracitie of the Woolfe, then that fidelitie and good induſtry which were requiſite to his and his peoples good. Hee ought to thinke it a part of his dutie to ſeeke the underſtanding of his office from the beſt writers, for them hee will finde the moſt faithfull and leaſt flattering Counſellors. Thence hee ſhall learne that the onely ſecuritie and honour of a government both for the preſent and to perpetuitie conſiſt in being zealous of Religion and reputation, in maintaining juſtice and the Lawes of the Country, which are the ſinews of his government, and the evidence of his Regalitie. The zeale and obſervation of theſe cannot faile to produce the love of his Subjects, without which hee would finde himſelfe being aſſaulted like a man without hands, which move but according to the heart. And howſoever craft, diſſimulation, and flexibilitie of conſcience are in the tenet of many men, qualifications neceſſary to Empire; yet true wiſedome of government will ſo order it ſelfe, as to bee ſeldome or never beholding unto them: for ſtrength needs no engine, and a good judgement will ſo reconcile the wiſedome of the Serpent to the innocency of the Dove, as to force the currents of vertue and ſtate both into one Channell. His gifts, preferments, and undertakings muſt bee governed more

by diſcretion then paſſion, elſe hee ſhall want, bee ill ſerved, and faile without pitie. Reward and puniſhment are the weapons wherein hee muſt bee cunning, for they are the Inſtruments of his honour and well being. It hath beene an ancient and conſtant policy to make all benefits to proceed from himſelfe, and matters of diſtaſt from his Officers, elſe doth hee hunt Counter, but ſo ſhall all the thankes bee his, and the blame theirs. A good and cheerefull countenance to well deſervers and ſuch as obſerve reſpect to him, will often ſpare his purſe, and make him a gainefull returne. To take notice of the worth and capacitie of his ſervants and moſt eminent Subjects, and to remember them in the diſtribution of his bountie and imployments, will much conduce to his honour and good ſervice. To cheriſh the good, and bee conſtant to his word, is not the leaſt reputation. As alſo to enter ſlowly and with full proviſion into a warre, and not to come off but with advantage. To give a free eare to diſcreet perſons about him that love him and his good, and to ſhew an affection to diſpence with his particular for the publike, is the way to know all and want nothing. Hee ought to bee compaſſionate to the poore, and affect the relieving of his people, elſe ſhall hee bee ſo far from goodneſſe as to bee voyd of common humanitie; To bee better content in a ſmall revenue with love, then in a great one with hate and groanes, for where the people loves, the King cannot want. Hee will by all meanes avoyd to ſupply a preſent want, by giving way to a perpetuall miſchiefe, eſpecially if not urged by the freeing himſelfe from ſome imminent ruine. Hee will delight in his people and the expreſſion of their good affections, and eſteeming the money raiſed from them, as their blood, make conſcience in the diſpending of it. Hee will conſider what is neceſſary in a way of conſtant expence for the good, ſafetie, and honour of a State, and before all things aſſigne an infallible certaintie of allowance thereunto. In gifts and payments hee will preferre the needy and well-deſerving, and crying debts before others, or matter of bountie. In caſe of defect of ordinary power for government hee will affect to ſupply it rather by aſſent of the State then by acts of Councell, for they will never deny what ſhall tend to good government, and it will ſtand more firme, and beget better obedience. To preſerve his juſt power and Prerogative as well over himſelf as his Subjects, and to uſe *motu proprio* as well in effect as in word, will maintaine his Majeſtie in due reſpect, not ſuffering it and himſelfe to bee made covers of private ends and paſſions, nor intereſſing it but upon neceſſary preſervation of his Soveraignitie according to the conſtitution of the State where hee governes. Hee will eſteeme it as himſelfe ordained for Common good, and thinke no ſmall Prerogative to be a King, though governing according to the rules of thoſe Lawes which make and keepe him ſo. To appoint and obſerve ſet times as well for his affaires, as recreation, will keepe him from becomming a ſtranger

ger to his office and intereſt, maintaine his ſervants in their care and duties, his Allies and Subjects in due reſpect, and will prevent infinite abuſes which might grow upon him, nor will it abridge but rather give a reliſh to his pleaſures. To conclude, hee will thinke that a choyce and great aſſembly, like a great ſtreame, can hardly be corrupt, and that their happineſſe being involved with their King they are likely to give him as good, honeſt, ſafe, and wiſe counſell as any three or foure heads in his Cabbinet.

Nec minus alienæ libertatis, quam ſuæ dignitatis memor.

A good Counſellor.

A Good Counſellor is one, whom nature, ſtudie, and experience, have fitted with abilitie duely to deliberate and reſolve upon occurrents of the greateſt importance, and needs no oath, for his conſcience, wiſedome, and ſinceritie will teach him ſecrecy and fidelitie. Hee will ſtudy his Maſters honour and benefit, and will bee more forward to give adviſe therein without asking, then to move for his owne advantage. Hee is a demi-god placed betweene King and People, and muſt ſteare a courſe of juſtice indifferently betwixt both. When feare, a temporizing humour, or private ends make him ſwerve from truth, hee betrayes his owne honour, his conſcience, and his Maſter. Hee muſt ever affect to bee a good inſtrument betweene the King, his Allies and Subjects, for their good affections are the Kings honour and ſafetie. Hee muſt direct his opinion by the examination of reaſon and truth, and neither by his owne nor other mens affections. His Maſter and the publike good muſt bee his object, farre beyond his private, wherewith hee muſt upon occaſion ſo farre diſpence, that rather then not to adhere to Juſtice, truth, and a good conſcience, hee muſt not feare any diſpleaſure or loſſe of office. The more hee hath beene raiſed by his Maſters favour and fortune, the more hee will cloath himſelfe with courteſie and modeſty; for that honour is onely true which is given to a man, not that which hee arrogates to himſelfe. Or if hee will exerciſe a haughtineſſe of courage, it ſhall bee onely that brave pride of neither doing nor ſuffering injury: for the other fooliſh one of ſelfe conceitedneſſe and diſdaine is ever the iſſue of folly, and parent of reflected contempt and ſcorne. Hee will bee apt to doe good offices, and affect diſpatch, for that will be his honour; as to undertake more then hee can performe, and delude thoſe that relie upon him, will prove an abuſe upon himſelfe and his owne reputation. Nothing

ſhall bee more prevalent with him, then to maintaine his Maſter in the love of his people: for that King that is beloved at home is feared abroad, poſſeſſeth a ſecure eſtate, a joyfull heart, and quiet ſleep with preſent and immortall fame: In which happy effects a good Counſellor reapes no ſmall applauſe and felicity.

A good Parliament Man

MUſt eſteem himſelf an Epitome of the three Eſtates, with a principall relation of duty to the King, the head; for in reſpect of Common duty all the members of a Parliament are Homogeneall. He is a Phyſitian of the State, and ſo muſt indeavour to rectifie all diſtempers and diſorders therein. And if like an evill Phyſitian, his ends bee either his own advantage, or that he comply with the diſeaſe or inordinate humour of his Patient, he betrayeth his Prince and Country; and is that murtherer, thief, or whatſoever of evill which is reproached to a Mountebanck Impoſtor. The writs of Summons teach him his calling; the King, the Church, and the Common-wealth, are his object; his own intereſt and allegiance will inſtruct him to affect to pleaſe the King, but his conſcience will lead him to aſſent only to what is wholſome; his ſincere judgement, and not implicit faith is to be his guide. He leaves all favour, ill will, and partiality at the entrance, and conſiders the good of the King combined with that of his people. He feareth nothing ſo much as to wound his conſcience, or to betray the truth, which above all things he ought to reverence. * Popular and Courtly applauſe are the leaſt of his aime. He is not ſo well pleaſed with any thing, as to ſee right ends propoſed, and right wayes obſerved towards them, which ſo they prevaile, he will gladly ſit in perpetuall ſilence, but rather then matters be carried againſt his conſcience, he will diſcharge it with whatſoever conſequence. His affections are to maintaine all things faire and even in the Church and State as hee findes them duly conſtituted, knowing that all innovations are dangerous; yet ſo, as gladly to imbrace ſuch propoſitions as apparently conduce to a bettering and reformation. And to that end hee will never doubt that things tending to the publike good can be unwelcome to the King and his knowledge, it being a chiefe uſe of Parliaments to foreſee, inform, and prevent. He will be no leſſe affected to a due relief of the Kings, then of the Countries griefes: for a neceſſitous Prince can hardly obſerve the laws of goodneſſe; and a good and loving people will never endure a good and loving King to be in want, or ſuffer the leaſt diſhonour. Hee will ſtudy to maintaine concord, and will not follow a multitude to doe evill. He will obſerve a becomming atten-

* Fame is too aery an object for a ſolid ſoul.

attention. He will make the beſt conſtruction, ever ſtudy moderation, and ſo, that right and Juſtice be obſerved. Hee will not feare any diſſolution; no not of the world it ſelf.

A good Courtier

MAintaines his Maſters ſupremacy in his heart above all earthly affections, and furniſhing himſelf with parts and diſcourſe moſt acceptable unto him, courts him more zealouſly and diligently then his Miſtris, knowing that as well his fortune as his duty requires it. His tenure is by curteſie, and he deſerves to forfeit his eſtate for non-performance. The leaſt incivility in him exceeds the greateſt in another man; for hee muſt reckon his example, next unto the Kings, of a diffuſive nature. His language, cloaths and faſhion will all be well ordered; but he will affect to win love, and eſteem, rather by his inward then his outward parts, and will value the good opinion of one well famed, more then of an hundred others. Goodneſſe will be his chief object, and reputation but a ſecond. He will expreſſe love to thoſe that are vertuous and ingenuous; for there cannot be a greater or more ſudden evidence of vertue & ingenuity in himſelf. He wil ſtudy the favour of the powerfull, and bee voluntary with diſcretion, as good a Counſellor to them, as they ought to be unto the King. He will love his Maſters honour, as much as his own profit, & ſeek it as induſtriouſly. He wil not eſteem that the Kings ſervice is a diſpenſation with him from Gods, but will ſo court it on earth, that he may hereafter be a Courtier in heaven. Though complement and neat attire be a badge of his profeſſion, yet will he avoid exceſſe in either, and his purſe and reputation will thrive never the worſe. He will judge nothing to become him ſo ill as ignorance, debauch and ill company, and therefore will ſtudy to avoid them. He will beare an open countenance, and a cloſe heart. Hee will bee juſt of his word, and ſlow, but ſure in contracting his friendſhip. Honeſt diſſimulation, and a diſſembling chearefull patience are a kinde of vertues neceſſary to his fortune and courſe. It will bee a misbecomming diſcountenance unto him to bee excluded by his defects from the faire performances of his companions, which often advance them to no ſmall grace and favour in their Maſters attendance. Wherefore if he come not to Court (as hee ought) furniſhed with perfections of Dancing, Horſemanſhip, Languages, and the like, he will induſtriouſly beſtow his idle and early houres, which will not be wanting unto him therein. Good parts may aſſure him of favour, and favour of fortune. To conclude, hee, or no man, is bound to be a compleat Gentleman.

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A Gentleman

BOth by deſcent and quality ſtands ever bound to his good behaviour, outwardly in a faire, civill, courteous, well ordered faſhion, and inwardly in Piety, Charity, Juſtice, Courage, Truth, Temperance and thoſe other vertues which the Schooles teach; for if outwardly he be incompoſed in his carriage and civill reſpect, he will appeare to men that underſtand good faſhion as full of ſoleciſm, and more abſurd then the arrenteſt Clown before a petty Juſtice of peace; and therefore he will make it a buſineſſe, ſo much to frequent companies of the beſt reſpect, and to ſeaſon himſelfe with their faſhions, as that thereby he may avoid in the leaſt ſort to become ridiculous, eſpecially *prima facie*. As for thoſe inward ſeaſonings which are to this, as the ſubſtance to the colour, hee will omit no occaſion to give proofe thereof, as fearing to belie his Parentage and title, and to prove himſelfe a wolfe and vermin in the eyes of good men, who ought to have doubled his luſtre by worth and goodneſſe. Hee will therefore be a ſtrict examiner of himſelf, and leaſt indulgent to his owne errors. Hee will make truth his guide, for lies are but the bolts of fooles that fall on their owne heads, and moderation his Governour, for it is the baſis of all vertues. Hee will avoid occaſions of expence and quarrell; but being ingaged to them, he will carry himſelfe nobly, and come off with honour; for to be caſt behinde hand in fame or fortune, is much more difficult to recover then to prevent. His gifts ſhall be according to reaſon, not in exceſſe, yet inclining rather to the moſt, for elſe they loſe their good acceptance; but being exceſſive he loſeth his thanks, as ſeeming to give what he eſteemeth not, and tainteth his judgement in not underſtanding proportion. VVhen he falleth to game, let him not think it only an idle paſtime; for to a good obſerver it is one of the moſt perſpicuous diſcoverers of our inward diſpoſition and affection. Hee will mingle pleaſure with profit, but will make recreation his ſervant, not his maſter. Honour and vertue ſhall bee his chief aime, nor will he draw a note upon himſelfe for any thing but tending thereunto. He will by his curteſie make continuall purchaſe of affection, but eſpecially in his owne houſe where he can hardly over-act it. Yet towards men of inſolent demand and carriage it were but unmannerly to imploy it. Civility is an important piece of Society, eſpecially amongſt the better ſort, and like other qualities, it is to be exerciſed with great diſcretion, and good temper. High and braving ſpirits unſeaſoned therewith, would like Cocks and Maſtiffes, impatient of the fierceneſſe of one anothers eyes, uncollected and unrecalled, aſſault each other with blowes inſtead of Salutes. There have been divers books written of the inſtitution of a Prince, of a Courtier, of ſeverall ridiculous and tedious kinde of complements, which ſome

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uſe as Saddles to all horſes, tyrannous oppreſſions to ſolid diſpoſitions, and ſuch as abound therein get nothing but the purchaſe of lyers, which is not to bee credited when they ſpeake truth; whereas an old faſhioned free-hearted word or two to the purpoſe are ever more ſignificant and effectuall. There hath alſo been ſome treatiſes framed to frame a good Ambaſſadour; but none that I know have deſcended to the formall and now morall part of civill and reſpective demeanor in giving and returning viſits, receptions, and convoyes, giving place at home, and at the Table, and ſuch like, ſome retired Ambaſſadour or Secretary might well performe ſuch a taske. Hee will affect more to heare then to ſpeake, but when hee unfoldeth himſelfe, hee will conſider what, and to whom, and ever containe himſelfe within the bounds of his knowledge and truth; otherwiſe hee ſhall bee a loſer by one of his beſt bleſſings, his language. Hee will not ſhew that brutiſh ſenſualitie to carry his mind in his belly, nor his ſoule upon his backe, much leſſe let it tranſmigrate into a horſe or dogge. Bookes and women hee will uſe with diſcretion and moderation, leſt they devoure and confound him, nor ſhall hee make right uſe of either who beareth not himſelfe above them; All theſe are to bee uſed for life, and not as if wee lived onely for them. Hee will educate his ſonne to be like himſelfe, and not infuſe Grammar and Philoſophie into him in ſuch ſort as if nothing elſe concerned him and his well-being. And therefore hee will bring him up to the true underſtanding of honour and true reputation, and make him no ſtranger to the managing of a houſe and fortune which as much importeth him; and the ſtrangeneſſe whereof to young mindes wholly ingaged to other ſtudies and delights, is one of the greateſt cauſes of ſo many ruins to private fortunes. What is moſt comely and right ſhall bee his ſtudy, and to diſcerne of truth and right requires a fulneſſe as well of acquiſite as naturall furniture. Judgement of comelineſſe comes the more eaſily upon common obſervation. That becomes us beſt which is moſt our owne, moſt proper and proportionable to the circumſtances of our fortune and condition. It is over incident to many to trouble themſelves, incurre contempt, and ruine their eſtates by an erroneous affectation of greater expenſe, curioſitie, and bravery, then would bee expected from them: ſuch breed and feed the Canker that conſumes them. What is obſerved and approved by the beſt, moſt ſober, and judicious, and neither to leade nor contemne to follow the faſhion is the beſt rule: to be outwardly too different is monſtrous, to be affected and curious, light and ridiculous. But I have paſt my hower and will not exceede, nor intend I either to write all or any thing formally or fully in this Subject, or if I did I know it were but loſt labour, for nature and preoccupate affection ſo poſſeſſe us that impreſſions may be renewed and confirmed, but hardly firſt wrought upon the mind by the pen, eſpecially without

out prediſpoſition of naturall parts, aſſiduity of meditation, and iteration, if not alſo the addition of frequent and authorized example. In effect much pen-labour might bee ſpared, at leaſt in matters of moralitie, for the beſt natures and judgements with experience need it not, and the worſt are incorrigible.

OBſerve and practiſe this confuſed heap,
And you may chance no ſmall advantage reap:
Nothing more fairely then diſcretion growes,
Yet wit not ever clad in beautie goes:
Some ſay that nature doth the mind neglect,
Whilſt ſhee the body doth too much affect;
'Tis beſt I grant, when both are richly joyn'd;
But if you love your ſelfe, love beſt the mind.
If you this Inventory rude deſpiſe,
You may, I doubt, more curious prove then wiſe.

A Supplement to the Gentleman at ſuch time as hee was out of my hands.

HEe will practiſe frugalitie not ſo much out of a baſe affection to the love of money, as out of a generall election which hee hath made in all things to order himſelfe by that which is the beſt, moſt comely and reaſonable; whereunto hee will ſubject all his affections, and thereby avoyd the ingageing himſelfe upon a preſent heate and humour to infinite inconveniences and repentance, which hee might incurre (as men daily doe) by rejecting a due regard to the diſtant future, and the true uſe of that diſcourſe and reaſon which God hath given him, wherewith to governe his actions and reſolutions, and which differenceth him from the beaſts of the fields. Nay, it is ordinarily ſeene, that even the brute beaſts themſelves in their courſes doe leſſe digreſſe from ſuch reaſon as concerneth them, then many an inordinate and wilfull man. His courſe and demeanour ſhall bee ever conſtant, equable, and correſpondent to his faireſt ends and pretences, as flowing from the ſame fountaine, all of a tenure, all of a peece, avoyding that juſt reprehenſion which falls often upon none of the leaſt eminent, of being one in publick, other in private; now brave and generous, and preſently unworthy and ſordid; unweaving their owne web, and unadviſedly clothing themſelves in ſuch motley as they would otherwiſe diſdaine to put on. Hee will not bee a Libertine in his jeſts towards men, much leſſe towards God, and therefore will kill ſuch itch in his tongue as moſt odious in Religion

ligion, and moſt pernicious to himſelfe and others. All diſcoveries of an affected humour detract from him in the cenſure of the moſt judicious. Wherefore hee will decline them, eſpecially in his cloathing, for it argues too great levitie to bee imployed therein, and too poore a diffidence of his proper worth to ſeeke eſteeme and valuation from it. I will little eſteeme the reſpect of man or woman who ſhall reſpect outward more then inward bravery, or rich apparell more then a rich mind, though both doe well with women, the beſt of them are not carried with ſhowes. He will not eaſily upon argument enter into paſſion, which but argues his owne doubt and weakeneſſe, for a cleare underſtanding will pitie or endeavour to rectifie, but not bee troubled at others ignorance; and calmeneſſe maintained with a friend is better then to prevaile in the cavills of diſpute. He will examine his owne ſufficiencie and goodneſſe by the beſt Authors, and the wiſeſt and beſt men, and approve of himſelfe onely ſo farre as hee proveth conformable unto them, and finding himſelfe fit to doe ſervice to God, his King or Country, hee will put off all reſtineſſe and ſloath, and ſet himſelfe forward to the imployment of his beſt induſtrie and abilities for the common good, yet ever ſo that hee regard due opportunitie, and modeſty, and make uſe of meanes juſt and honorable towards his advancement and imployment: for though audacitie prevaile often upon others weakeneſſe, yet it is more ſecure from diſgrace to bee overmodeſt and conſiderate, then overbold and preſumptuous; nor will preferment unduely attained bee valued and reſpected by mindes truely worthy and noble. There are amongſt us a barbarous kind of gallants who conceive it great bravery to looke big and contemptuouſly eſpecially upon ſtrangers, towards whom in truth a formalitie and curteſie of faſhion is moſt requiſite; and many women are not free from taxe, who commonly have neither freedome nor civilitie in ſtore but for their ſervants, they thinke to endeare and ſet themſelves off by ſuch carriage, though often voyd of other worth; wee become acceſſary to their rudeneſſe by terming it rather pride then ruſticitie, which it truely is: They are proud to be thought proud, but ſhould be taught better manners by a juſt and outdoing ſcorne and cenſure; we nouriſh it in them by ſinking under it, and blame what wee breed, as wee doe Children whom we firſt teach to be liquoriſh by giving them what they otherwiſe had not affected. It is alſo no ſmall fault in great ones not to be courteous to their inferiours, or not to countenance worth in place of their advantage, they expoſe themſelves often rather to ſuffer (a preſumptuous obtruding) familiaritie then fairely to invite it, whereby they open the doore to ſawcy boldneſſe, and ſhut it upon the better and more modeſt diſpoſitions. Though it bee true that there is nothing whereon worthily to fix our affections in this world, nor valuable to the fleeting and uncertaine life of man, yet hee will a-

bove all earthly things esteeme of true honour and goodnesse, as of that which will make him the most respected by the wisest and best of men, most advantagious to perpetuate unto him a faire and happy reputation (which the most worthy and magnanimous spirits have ever laboured for) and most acceptable to God who cannot be pleased in any thing incompatible and unlike to himselfe. If therefore hee either value to bee well regarded by vertuous men, to leave a good reputation and name to descend upon his posteritie, to bee secure from the ruines, scornes, and punishments that evill men daily undergoe, or to bee well accepted with God, whereby to provide to himselfe a welbeing as well after as in this present life, let him labour for the true understanding of vertue, as the onely rich habit of a faire soule; the knowledge whereof cannot faile to render him like unto it selfe: nor is it any thing but a wilfull and stupid blindnesse to the discerning thereof that causeth the defect and contempt of it in those many weake and uncultivated spirits that these and all times produce.

A Favorite.

NAming a Favorite, I intend not a Minion, the creature of Fancy that holds by the face, suddenly exhaled to such an height as is against nature for an unprepared braine to containe it selfe from giddinesse, whose proper Spheare is that of pleasure and not of businesse, (especially of State) him I leave to his Prince like his garden to please his eye, and terme him a Favorite whose tenure is in *Capite*, and whose good fortune hath made his worth and abilities knowne to his Master, fit to have the secrets of his bosome and his most important affaires communicated unto him for his Counsell and guidance therein. This is the man whom neither birth nor industry (wherein he hath many equalls) hath called to the reliſh of a Kingly power, yet fortunately finding himselfe in that most happy height and condition of meanes to doe good, and glad the hearts of good men, is as well in gratitude to his Master as thankfulnesse to God bound to exercise the uttermost of his endeavours by making himselfe a blessed instrument of all welfare to the State wherein he is potent, which will ever be most easie to him who is armed with place and authority; and if he accompany them with vertue, modesty, and goodnesse, he shall be an Armour of proofe against such spight and envy as is incident to his greatnesse from the tongues of malignant persons. Circumstance of place, favour, and fortune, shall not transport his constant and well prepared heart

heart, nor will hee discover in himselfe, any such uncomely vanitie and lightnesse, as to seeme to set his mind upon magnificence of buildings, furniture, apparell, feasts, and titles, but will rather affect the high glory which growes to good minds out of their disposition to moderation and solid goodnesse from the tongue and pens of good and vertuous men. And howsoever wealth, greatnesse of title, and the chiefe honours of the Kingdome where hee moves, are not more due to any then to himselfe, yet hee will observe such a slow and graduall accesse unto them, that his investing himselfe therewith shall rather appeare an unaffected or unlooked for favour of his Master, or a seisin and livery after a due purchase made by his vertue and merit, then a sudden, affected, and unproportionable elevation; which will so bee his advantage as it is seene in nature, that high objects, bee they never so loftie, doe not yet appeare so much to the eye, as such as are much inferiour and of a suddain ascent. Hee will recommend to the favour of his Master, and cherish such as are vertuous or excell in any commendable perfections, and such onely himselfe will bee noted to have about him. For wee ordinarily conster great men by such as enjoy their company and good affection, and according as they shall entertaine the good advise, at least the persons of such neere unto them, their ends may be calculated. Evill men and flatterers like Sirens will presse upon them, and it hath ever beene hard for men in great place to discover them, nay such will obtrude upon them, as will gladly worke advantage to themselves or their cause through their destruction. No small caution will bee required therein, but hee is an able man, and my abilities may bee remembrancers, but not Informers unto him. Wherefore I will leave with this Character upon him, that he is either the happiest, or most unfortunate man in the Kingdome: If hee order himselfe well, and put not on pride, presumption, precipitation, and passion with his greatnesse, but runne a course of meeknesse, moderation and goodnesse, his reputation and memory are like to bee blessed and applauded; but if otherwise hee misguide himselfe, and contemne the good opinion and affection of the better part of the world, it is to bee feared lest himselfe in his end prove odious and contemptible, and bee condemned as unworthy of that faire fortune, and favour which have shined upon him.

A Divine.

A Divine is Gods ordinary Ambaſſadour reſiding with us, not to exerciſe the pompe and ſtate of one, nor to repreſent Gods Majeſty and glory, but to uſe the order, care, vigilance and diligence of an Ambaſſador, by being a faithfull Miniſter in his function and charge. Though he be termed *Theologus*, he will be *Theophilus*, a zealous lover, as well as a verball Preacher of God; and he may be defined with a good Oratour, *Vir bonus dicendi peritus*: for if he preach not firſt to himſelf, and that his life be not anſwerable to his exhortations, his one day Sermon in a week wanting true life and ſpirit will not ſo much animate his Auditory to holineſſe, as will his ſix dayes example (the Book that the people better underſtand) lead them to diſſolution and wickedneſſe. God hath required that he be not outwardly, much leſſe inwardly imperfect and deformed, and it is he who muſt make vertue viſible, and the viſibility that will inflame our affection. Scandall in others is error, in him a monſter, no corruption being ſo bad as what proceeds from the beſt. He cannot be fit for the charge of others Soules who is careleſſe of his own; and who will beget affection in others, muſt firſt put it on himſelfe. Wee would hiſſe him from the Stage, whoſe action were groſſely diſſonant from his words and part; nor is he better then a cheater of God and the World, who accepts of a ſpirituall living, without performing the duties of the Spirit. It is queſtionable whether an evill Miniſter be not inferiour to the holineſſe of his Bels, and much more miſerable, for he is like them in calling men to Religious performances, in ſounding to pleaſe their eares, and in flattering, and ſolemnizing the times; but queſtioned upon a due accompt, in this world, or the next, hee will finde himſelfe much more unhappy. But a truly Religious profeſſor will abhorre the indecorum of being unſuitable to his Doctrine, fearing leſt thereby as much as in him lyeth, he render both it and himſelf ſo ſeeming unprofitable, that men if it were poſſible would become diſtaſted of his calling, and Religion it ſelf. He will rather ſhew himſelf Gods Miniſter in godlineſſe and humility, then the Devils Chaplaine in his firſt ſin and impiety; and therefore caſting off all pride, vanity, ambition, covetouſneſſe, and the corrupt inventions of men; he will conform himſelf to the purity and ſimplicity of the Primitive Church, and become as awfull to wicked men in his preſence, as a Magiſtrate or Commiſſioner of God, ſent to take vengeance on their obliquities. Hee will Preach God in ſincere Devotion, and not himſelf in vain affectation, and will ſeek the advancement of Religion, more then of his own order and Hierarchy; for it is the ſplendor of the good and

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ſincere lives of the Clergy, and not their pompe and ſtate that muſt work upon our conſciences. He will be an obedient Child unto his Mother Church, for ſhe cannot think him worthy to live upon and ſerve at the Altar, if he ſhall think unworthily of it to be obſerved by him. He will feed his flock more with plain and ſound Doctrine, then with abſtruſe points of Divinity, and janglings of controverſies, or the empty ſound of language and conceipts, (which become not the gravity of the Pulpit) and will value the peace of the Church, before any particular conceited fancy of his own or others. Subtilties and niceties, he will confine to the Schooles and Aſſemblies of his own profeſſion: The myſteries of Religion once received, being rather matter for faith, then to be controverted and diſputed, eſpecially among the vulgar, who in no ſort ought to be taught or acquainted to ſubject the tranſcendency of their Religion to the groſſeneſſe of their reaſon. He will not, if he preach before the King, ingratiate himſelf by an invective incenſing him againſt his People, much leſſe in a popular Aſſembly be Satyricall againſt Magiſtrates, but will better diſcharge his duty by inſtructing ſuch as are preſent in theirs, and forbeare his Caſtigation upon the abſent. He will be cautious of alledging in the Pulpit out of whatſoever Author, their over bold and profane conceits of Religion, as alſo of uſing (eſpecially inſiſting upon) the plain and naked expreſſions which are found in the Scriptures concerning women: for all that becommeth the Bible becommeth not the Pulpit, and there is danger of leaving ill impreſſions in corrupt minds. He will uſe his beſt judgement in tempering his Sermons to the beſt profit and health of our ſoules: And conſidering it is naturall for the ſweeteſt and pleaſanteſt things to be the moſt nouriſhing, he will diſcreetly ſeaſon and order them, as well to the good reliſh of attention, as helpe of memory: and remembring that the yoake of the Goſpel is eaſie, conſiſting of comfort and glad tydings, and that a tender and wounded ſoule hath never leiſure to heale with the continuall application of Cauteries and Corroſives; he will feare to bruiſe the broken reed, and beget more diſcomfort and deſpaire then faith and true conſolation in the beſt and moſt attentive ſoules. Briefly it is only ſuch a good man that deſerves preferment, but he will rather goe without it, then to buy it corruptly, with the price of his Soule. We expect no miracles from him, nor can he expect good life, and godlines from us, except according to his profeſſion, he ſhew us the way. Religion was planted, and muſt be maintained by the Teachers holineſſe and humility.

Si vis me flere, dolendum eſt prius ipſi tibi.

They

They have, I thank them, done much good upon me; I would gladly make ſome requitall.

A Phyſitian.

A Good Phyſitian, (if any ſuch there be) for bad enough is the beſt, in reſpect of the Arts uncertainty, will more affect the life and health of his Patient, then his own gain and living, and will not miniſter Phyſick to him to do good to himſelfe. He will be ſorry, that by a ſurprize of his over-deeming election, he findes himſelf imbarqued in a profeſſion, where it is hard to thrive and be honeſt, in giving Phyſick only where there is reall need, and a good confidence in himſelf, that it ſhall doe good to his Patient; for he will have diſcovered that his title is but as of a Mountaine from not moving, and that nature is the true Phyſitian placed by God in every man for his preſervation, and himſelf but a Profeſſor of a moſt conjecturall Art: ſo that who commits himſelf from nature to him, takes himſelf from a ſeeing to a blind guide. Though it be incident to his Colledge to be over peremptory, as being uſed to the authority of preſcriptions, and proſtrate ſick Patients, yet he will avoid it; for a diſcreet, plauſible, and winning carriage upon the Patients good opinion and affection is the one halfe of the Cure. He will not contemn an honeſt Emperick, knowing that his own Art grew but from experience often caſuall, and that Gods bleſſings are not reſtrained to their Colledge and old Books. He will not bee ſparing of his interrogatories, nor of his attention to his Patients relation, who being ſick, and paying, ought to bee born with and humoured; But an humorous Phyſitian is a moſt intolerable diſeaſe, for all is but too little to effect a true information, and to doe well, he will often ſuſpect, that the diſeaſe may grow from the minde. In caſe of which diſcovery he will no leſſe induſtriouſly indeavour the Cure of the body by it, and his good precepts and inſtructions thoroughly urged to that purpoſe, then by any other means, it being often the onely way of Cure, but nothing more ordinarily neglected by ſuch as only affect to ſay ſomething to draw a Fee, but wil be ſure not to trouble their own mindes to cure their Patients: But from ſuch God deliver me, who will as little admit them to the tryall of my diſeaſe and conſtitution, as the Law doth a Butcher to be a Juror. Purging Medicines ſhall bee his laſt refuge, after preſcription of convenient exerciſe, order, and dyet, which by ſome of the beſt are affirmed to bee ſufficient to cure any diſeaſe curable. Hee will affect chearefulneſſe of countenance

nance and fashion, for it is a Cordiall to the sick, but he will take heed of an unseasonable merriment, which is often as absurd as unwelcome to the seriousnesse of a sick man. A thousand things have been, and might be said to his instruction, for no art more requires it, but this in summe shall serve my turn, who mean only to say something of a good, but not to work a cure upou a bad Physitian. I conclude that Physick had need have a God as well to the practice, as to the invention of it, for errors are so grosse, and ordinary diseases and symptomes so complicate, Indications so crosse, nature and constitutions so diversly affected in Crisis and evacuation, nor doth she ever powerfully shew her self, till she be put to it for life; Purging and blood-letting, prove so ordinarily diverters, impediments and weakners, in stead of helpers to nature, and seeing by a mistaking we call those our diseases, which are in truth the working of nature towards our cure, and the discharge of her self, as in fits of Agues, Collicks, the Stone, and the like; for my part, I chuse rather with *David*, to put my self into the hands of God then man, whose endeavours of cure and errors make us ordinarily more misreable then our disease it self. I end to my goood Doctor, with that Counsell of the Scripture, whereupon it is to bee hoped that hee will guide his practice, namely, that hee and his Art are to bee employed upon necessity, which I think to be (for the sense is ambiguous) in such Cases where nature and dyet have ever appeared defective to work a Cure, and that his art upon infallible and cleare grounds hath ever been found successefull.

A Lawyer.

A Good Lawyer is so fallen in love with my Lady Justice, that there is no greater Antipathy in the world, then betwixt him and injury, nor hateth he any thing more then an undue course of proceeding. He will make his Science compatible with conscience, and so runne her course, that at the length he may bee thought a fit Judge to preside her high Court of Chancery. Hee will have a greater feeling of the cause and interest of his Client then of his Fee, and entertaining the defence of it for just, will affect more the gaining of it to him, then to himself reputation. His carriage shall not bee onely perfunctory, neither in the taking notice, nor in the pleading of the Cause, but hee will both search and pleade it home without tendernesse either of his paines, or of the Judge his displeasure. Hee will

will not ſo much frame his practiſe to corru t cuſtome as to honeſty, nor beare his eyes on the papers of his preſent Client, and his mind on the Fee that preſſeth at his Cloſet doore. Hee will eſteeme his taking no better then theft, without the induſtry of deſerving, and of himſelf worſe then of a theefe if his Client relying upon him hee appeare not in his defence, yet goe away with his money. Wherefore hee will entertaine no other cauſes then hee can honeſtly goe through, nor take Fees without a reſolution to diſcharge his dutie for them. Though the Law bee an imperious Lady and unſociable, yet hee will endeavour to accompany her with the ſtudy of other literature, whereby to breed her better reſpect and his owne prevalence: and indeed the ſtudy being ſomewhat dry and dull requires other learning, wherewith to lard and grace it. Hee will rather faſt from Imployment then become patron of an unjuſt cauſe, eſpecially without having firſt delivered to his Client his opinion of the nature thereof, and the probability of the ſucceſſe. Hee will not make a jeſt of his profeſſion (as ſome of them doe) affirming their practiſe a pretty tricke to get money, a contention of wits and purſes, a politick paſtime to entertaine buſie braines, an a duell where the greateſt ſtroakes are given underhand; but will ſo defend right and Juſtice, as hee would wiſh to be defended by them in his beſt tides and innocencie.

A Souldier.

TO bee a good Souldier and Commander hee muſt know well how to obey, and command himſelfe. Hee muſt temper his judgement with courage, and valour with diſcretion, he will not bee greedy of other imployment then ſuch whoſe iſſue is likely to breed his honour: and though he owe obedience to his King or ſuperiour, yet if any ſuch execution ſhall be impoſed upon him as appeares not feazable unto him, he will firſt diſcharge his duty in diſcovering the improbability, but being preſſed by their authority will undergo the charge with all alacritie and forwardneſſe. Hee is conſtituted a Corrector of vice and diſorder in others, and therefore muſt in no ſort admit them in himſelfe, eſpecially that of drinking which is too ordinarily incident to his profeſſion; for if it were poſſible, hee ſhould bee more then a man, but that makes him leſſe, and it is to bee admired how ſuch as profeſſe and are generally in love with honour and reputation ſo farre as they will venture their lives upon ſmall puntilio's to the maintayning thereof can conſent to overwhelme themſelves with ſuch a vice as drawes an undervaluing contempt and ſcorne upon them, even from the meaneſt

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ſort of people. Though it bee moſt unfit for a good Commander to bee prodigall of his owne life or his Souldiers upon an undue hazard, yet their condition being ſuch as to have ſold themſelves to mortall adventure, hee will bee ambitious of nothing more then to meet with a faire occaſion of dying in the bed of honour; and who feareth death will never bee fitting for that profeſſion, and therefore will maintaine himſelfe prepared for it. Hee muſt in the exerciſe of his calling bee an enemy to ſloth and idleneſſe, and keepe them from creeping upon him as hee would doe his blade from ruſt. A continuall vigilance muſt bee the Sentinell of ſafetie to himſelfe and the Troopes under him: his taking notice of well deſervers, his good example, and faire promiſes will animate his Souldiers, and he will ever prove himſelfe juſt of his word, both to them and the enemy: for if he often deceive and forfeit the truſt and confidence that ought to be repoſed therein, he muſt impute others diffidence to his owne fault, and will finde it a perpetuall prejudice unto him. He will make it a principall care to well diſcipline his men before hee bring them into ſervice; for that makes the difference between a rable of Clownes and Souldiers, and what can be expected from ſuch as are ſtrangers to good order, and the uſe of their Armes? He will aſſiſt himſelfe with good Commanders and officers, for what is it elſe if their men bee *Biſonians* then for the blind to lead the blind? It concernes him to know all things neceſſary to his expedition, and to make ſure that they bee fully ſupplyed; for as the greateſt honour in good ſucceſſe, ſo the greateſt blame on the contrary will fall upon him that commands in chiefe. As want of courage will bee one of the greateſt imputations unto him, ſo a ſordid avarice and parſimony would bee none of the leaſt; for there is nothing more unanſwerable to a publike exerciſe of an Honorable profeſſion, nor nothing more deprives a Commander of that affection and eſteeme which are moſt conducible unto him in all his actions and exploits. But the warre is an Art by it ſelfe, Commands in warre are of ſeverall natures, occaſions infinitely vary, and they require a well experienced pen; wherefore, though I have ſaid ſomething to anſwer a requeſt, yet I forbeare to proceed further, for I know it misbecomes mee: and in truth were my abilities the greateſt that ever any man poſſeſſed, yet I finde the world ſo full of writing, and ſo little effect from it, every man flattering himſelfe upon his owne braine, and partially carried away with the undivertible torrent of nature, which ſuffers nothing to appeare good unto him but what is ſutable to it ſelfe, that they muſt either bee more in love then I am with the exhibiting the unſatisfactory fruite of their conceits, and better natur'd in beſtowing much labour to little purpoſe, or elſe they will (as my ſelfe intend) finde out a more healthfull paſtime for idle houres.

An houres Meditation upon goodneſſe and improbitie.

GOOD God! what, and where is the good uſe of Religion? juſt men have the Character of thee and thy goodneſſe, ingenerate in their hearts, whoſe vertue alone produceth reverence towards thee, and charitie to their neighbour, the Sum of Religion: but they are few, the wicked abound and prevaile, ſuch as make a Stalking horſe of thy word, and a ſcorne of ſuch as make vertue and pietie their direction. Good men are a prey unto them, and they ſacrifice to their owne nets, falſhood is their levell, private advantage their marke, and like the Fowler they applaud themſelves in their deceitfulneſſe. They proſper in their evill and crooked Arts whilſt uprightneſſe is an unthrift. How little wit there goes to the wayes and language of infidelitie? and how little commoditie to the exerciſe of truth? Shall I therefore abandon the good leſſons of my ſoule and habit of vertue? ſmother that fire of grace and charitie which hath enlightned and warmed my ſpirit? Shall I in a baſe applauſe of the proſperitie of ſuch perverſe ſpirits, like unto them ſell my ſelfe to worke iniquitie, and eſteeme the practiſe of Religion a Melancholy ſuperſtition, Hell but a ſcarecrow, and vertue a politique fancy? No, I humbly thanke God I conſiſt of a metall and ſtampe more refined and divine. The double-hearted man cannot more delight in his craft and cunning gaine, then I joy in my ſimplicitie and truth; nor can hee more deride my integritie, then I ſcorne and deteſt his falſe turpitude and impietie. Let him eſteeme of wit and diſcourſe as an engine beſtowed upon him to advantage himſelfe as well over the more innocent ſort of men, as over other creatures; concentrate his goodneſſe within himſelfe; become his owne idoll, a voluptuous and barbarous beaſt of rapine and prey; emancipate himſelfe from all Lawes, civill, morall, and divine; ſhake off the bridles of fame and Religion, or elude them by Hypocriſie; whilſt I acknowledge my great Creator the author of all benefits and goodneſſe (as I doe the devill of all falſhood and uncharitableneſſe) whilſt I reſt inflamed with the heavenly love of that bleſſed fountaine of joy and beneficence, and for his ſake love the affections of charitie and goodneſſe, and extend their value where I find them, as I prove them more or leſſe extenſive and communicable in their Subject & activitie. Let the ignoble minded man conclude knavery for wiſedome, ſordid gaine a diſcreet policie, and if he will, let him account cowardiſe a warineſſe for ſelf-preſervation, and valour a fooliſh prodigality of life: I am no ſuch wittall. I have been trained to take

my

my measure a nobler way,* and will censure as vilely of him, as his baseneſſe demerits howſoever diſguiſed. I will poſſeſſe my ſoule as the ſoule of a man educated and inſtituted to conſcience, honour, civilitie and faire ſocietie; and rather chuſe to periſh a noble honeſt way, then to advance my ſelfe by unworthineſſe and fraud, becomming vile and abominable to ſuch as are truely generous and religious. I will reverence God and righteous men, bee true and zealous in ſeeking the honour and peace of my King and Country, bee aſhamed of nothing honeſt, nor pleaſed in any thing diſhoneſt, bee more indulgent to the errors of a good, then ſeeming vertues of a maligne nature, nor will affect longer to breath, then I ſhall endeavour to deſerve the good opinion of ſuch as are moſt juſtly worthy and communicatively good.

* *Rectum judex ſui & obliqui,* So rectitude of affections.

Juſtitiæ cultor, rigidi ſervator honeſti,
In commune bonus.

VVHat pitie it is that it may bee ſaid of many as it was of *Naaman* the Syrian, they are great, they are honorable, they are mightie and ſuch like, but they are Lepers in a ſpirituall ſenſe? which is the worſt, for *Naaman* was cured by waſhing, ſo will not, nor deſire not they, no more then Moores or Leopards.

SOme ſcorne to bee term'd honeſt, but let mee
Be honeſt deem'd as I would honeſt bee:
For ſuch to be, and firmely to remaine,
Require no little ſtrength of heart and braine.

Of Death.

TO fill up this empty vacant ſpace it is high time that I conclude my Characters with a word of the Philoſophers common Theame, I meane our generall long Vacation, Death, the concluder and deſtroyer of all worldly Characters, and filler up of all eternity, the period of conſiſtence. To ſpeake much of it as others have done were to ſay much of nothing, and to aggravate that by diſcourſe which but by apprehenſion is indolent: beaſts feele it

not, Boyes make it no buſineſſe, reſolute and ſtupid men regard it not, and to a good Chriſtian it is rather an object of hope then feare: onely ſuch as abhorre to bee alone and in the darke, and the overbuſy Philoſopher confound themſelves in conceiving and digeſting it. Things neceſſary and irremediable are rather to bee borne then expoſtulated, ſwallowed then chawed; neceſſity is the *Unum magnum*, and ſaith the *Unum neceſſarium* in paſſing it over: Whilſt wee live it hath no being in us, when wee die it is in an inſtant, and no ſooner come then wee are gone: Nothing ſeemes more againſt nature, nor is any thing more naturall; but as I ſaid I will not enter into the common paraphraſe of that nothing, or if any thing, rather a returne to, then a forſaking our home: Nor will I Pathetically end with the exaltation and flattery of that great univerſall Imaginary Monarch; let wit and Philoſophy fleſh him, cloath and paint him as they can, his Sceleton Poſture and dart will ſtill appeare terrible to weake Spirits; To mee, by the grace of God and my Saviour, hee ſhall bee an indifferent gueſt, hee ſhall not find mee unprovided, the continuall feaſt of a good conſcience ſhall not, I hope, bee wanting unto mee; it ſhall in deſpight of his all devouring bee my *viaticum*, and goe along with mee. *Amen.*

June the 6. 1640.

An Eſſay concerning Muſick.

LEt him that taſts not Muſick beware of the Tarantula's ſting, which is cured by an affectation of ſome Geniall point therein. And ſurely hee is ſo farre from a perfect quinteſſentiall conſtitution of the mind, that I doubt whether in ſuch minds ſome undigeſted lump of the Chaos bee not yet predominant. It is to me an Argument of a ſoule well in tune, to bee underſtandingly affected therewith, nor is any one affectation more likely to be accompanied with a deteſtation of ſuch vices as diſcord with the Law of nature and received vertue. For a diſpoſition once habituated in a delight of harmonious proportion, muſt conſequently diſtaſt ſuch uncomely diſſonance. If earth afford any reſemblance of the incomparable joyes of heaven, it is not improbable to be in muſick. For I cannot name an earthly delight, where the mind is ſo disjoyned from groſſe and terrene objects, nor ſo ſublimed (as it were) to an upward center, which ſurely is God, the Center of the heavens and heavenly-ſpirits. No ſmall teſtimony thereof is exhibited

exhibited in divine ſervice, where Muſick hath been ever thought fit to elate and prepare the mind to celeſtiall contemplations. But whatſoever it is to divinitie it hath ever beene a child of the moſt civill nations and times, and they that like it not, are in that point Brothers to the Savages. It hath beene blamed to effeminate and over-ſoften mens minds, which whence it is gathered, my ſelfe could never conceive, except in that ſubſtraction which it makes from inhumane, barbarous, and uncivill inclinations. For it certainly heates, cleareth, ſharpneth and erecteth the ſpirits, making them dance in the veines, with ſuch diſpoſition of activitie, as when the Muſick ceaſeth the heat thereof yet remaines, not much unlike that of wine, in a Dutchman, which Alarums him to be doing and fight, though hee know not with what. Allow it to heate, and you can hardly make it ſeeme to quench courage, whereunto heate is even the forme. *Alexander* might bee a proofe, or the ſeverall ſorts of Muſick, whereof ſome definitively exempt it from that Tax. But Muſitians are knowne generally fantaſticall and light. This indeed is a fault, but in the Muſitians, not in the ſcience, which doubtleſſe is often lodged in moſt judicious and grave ſpirits: Of *David* you will not deny it. Nor is it verely more to bee accuſed, then the beſt wine, for infatuating weake braines. Divine Inſpirations have beene generally ſeene accompanied with a tranſportation of the weaker ſpirit that received them. They who leaſt love it muſt at leaſt allow it to bee a pleaſing dreame, and an innocent paſtime, wherein if the body and ſpirits receive no nouriſhment, they may be yet after other defatigations be delightfully entertained without waſt or expence, in freſhneſſe and alacritie, for the embracing imployment in either. It is commonly as of women, the worſt are to bee had for money, and often the pleaſure ſcarce worth the tuning. The haters of it thinke it but a noiſe, who are the more brutiſh, being uncapable of beautie, whereto the intellectuall with the inſtrumentall part is requiſite. The Scripture hath affigned a great property and delight hereof to the time of banqueting, for it is indeed a kind of banquet, and like wine, a moderation whereof pleaſeth, recreates, and is allowed to the moſt auſtere; but long ſet at, and made too frequent, deſtroyes both the receivers reliſh and good eſteeme. Nor are all banquets (no more then Muſick) ordained for merry humors, ſome being uſed even at Funeralls.

Aire.

So full of Courtly reverence,
So full of formall faire reſpect,
Carries a pretty double ſence,
Little more pleaſing then neglect:

It is not friendly, 'tis not free,
It holds a distance halfe unkind:
Such distance between you and mee
May suite with yours, not with my mind.
Oblige mee in a more obliging way,
Or know, such over-acting spoyles the play.

Song.

I Thought it much to be so fine,
So curious fitted every way,
Little suspecting the designe
Of competition for the day:
Most amiable faire contest,
Song of three parts it should have been,
When you resolved of the best,
Spar'd your reserve and kept it in;
It was a confident deny
To huswife your perfections so,
As not to win by overvy
When all seem'd on your side to goe;
Yet not so cleare but each made good
A faire retrait of Forces brought,
Though they had something hovering stood
By yours in danger to be caught:
Each had her willing captive, I
Unto your triumph whole resign'd
Will to no other Law comply
But what shall flow from your faire mind;
No flattering beautie hath the powre
To aliene me a day or houre.

AMbitious Love, farewell,
You are too troublesome a guest,
T'affect what doth excell
And to be ever at a feast
Is not the cheapest freest diet,
Lesse in joy and lesse in quiet.

Ile take such as I find,
So it bee good and handsome drest;
Pretty looking, freely kind,
To a good appetite is best.
If your usage doth not please you,
Change is neare you, change will ease you.

Seeke not the highest place,
The lowest commonly is more free,

Lesse

Leſſe ſubject to diſgrace,
Others eyes or your jealouſie:
Bold freedome will improve your taſt
Where awe embitters a repaſt.
A doting fancy is a fooliſh gueſt,
The freeſt welcome makes the ſweeteſt feaſt.

It is not natures way,
Shee made love no ſuch buſy thing,
Shee meant it a ſhort play,
A Commun-weal without a King,
Her love on every hedge doth grow,
Her fruits are beſt in taſte and ſhow;
Her ſweets extend unto the meaneſt clown,
Often moſt faire, though in a ruſſet gown.

Aut virtus nomen inane eſt, Aut decus & pretium recte petit experiens vir.

DOth vertue then depend on time and* chance? it ſeemes it doth, but God is the author of time and experience, chance is not chance to him, goodneſſe growes not but where hee plants and waters it: Pretious experience, how much I have wanted thee? how deerely art thou bought? how ſlow thou groweſt? with thee wee have enough to doe to finde and keepe our way, but without thee wee are giddy, wee are blind, wee walke, wee ſtumble, wee fall as in the darke, thou art called the mother of fooles; they ſhould have ſaid of wiſedome, for wee are ſilly fooles without thee, thence is ſaid that every one is either a foole or Phyſitian: without thee wee are ſtrangers to the world, wee are ſtrangers to our ſelves; the beſt husbandman underſtands not to manage his ground, nor wee our ſelves but from thee. Thou under God art the giver and preſerver of health and riches, rules of health and thrift are little acknowledged but upon infirmitie and ſufferance; Nature makes us paſſionate, but thou compaſſionate. A man that knowes the bearing of his beaſt will not overload him; had I enjoyed thee I had enjoyed my ſelfe, I had made thee and nature my Phyſitians; they pretend to be her props and helpers, but they rather confound and ruine her; they are her Apes, her Zanyes, deformed and miſchievous; inexperience, impatience, lazineſſe, opinion, and cuſtome maintaine their credit, and make us their Patients; the Spaniſh proverbe is a good one, that God cures the diſeaſe and the Phyſitian takes the money. If men will uſe them, let it bee yet as it was that no man ſhould draw water at the common well till hee had

* *Per varios caſus artem experientiæ fecit.*

had made thorough triall at home; the Art is uncertaine, but their ordinary ignorance and careleſneſſe makes it worſe; if they did not love our money better then our health, they would not neglect their ancient breakfaſt. By exerciſe and agitation to ſtirre up naturall heat to worke digeſtion and expulſion is Phyſick farre beyond them. As *Archimedes* ſaid, that if hee had other ground to place an Inſtrument hee could remove the earth: ſo could I as well and ſafely worke upon the parts within the Ribs as below, I would not doubt to doe wonders in cure, and without it there may be ſo much wrought as ſhall hardly faile to maintaine a body right built, in cleereneſſe, breath, ſtrength, and health, and ſo to cure, where other drugs weaken and ſhorten youth and life. The very thought and conſideration what Phyſick and Phyſitians to uſe, is alone a diſeaſe, *à nocentibus & juvantibus*: obſervation of what helpes and hurts, with the ordinary benefit and communication of others expeperience upon free coſt, is Phyſick often more then enough: for as truth is ſaid to bee often loſt by much altercation, ſo health by being too ſuperſtitiouſly ſollicitous. A medicinall life is a miſerable life, I deſire as much not to live as to live by Phyſick, and when nature is ſo weake that it cannot beare or worke out a little diſorder, let her take her courſe, it is at the worſt but giving over a game that muſt be loſt, and going to bed a little before the houre. There may be meanes to temper the blood without drawing it, and many make faſting their cure againſt repletion: diſeaſes of Inanition are more difficult, yet they may have and find their reſtoratives without a Doctor. As exerciſe is the beſt Phyſitian, ſo is reſt the beſt reſtorer; my complexion is active, and I have ſuffered much in want of ſutable employment: waters corrupt, and Iron gathers ruſt, and the Moth is bred by want of uſe and ſtirring: yet motion without moderation and a proper ſubject is often pernicious, as to milſtones, which grind out themſelves for want of Griſt, and the beſt metall weares out with much whetting. A diſcreet ordering and alternation of motion and reſt is a great preſervative; Nature hath inſtructed other creatures in their ſtrength, and the uſe thereof beyond what we finde for ours, in our Arts and practiſe. Their undefaced inſtinct outgoes our outfacing inventions and conceits; Beaſts have much of man in them, and man too much of (nay often worſe then) the Beaſts. It hath beene obſerved that moſt men have in their aſpect a reſemblance of ſome Beaſt or Bird; conformitie of ſoule depends much upon the conformation of the bodily parts, complexions are not ſo various as ſoules; crueltie and fallehood are invincible in ſome, ignorance in others, choler in ſome, flegme and melancholy in others: I may bee incorrigibly melancholy, but it is not of the Aſinine kind. Strange is the difference of the temperament of ſeverall mens bodies and mindes, but more ſtrange the difference of the ſame man from himſelfe at one and another time, now all dull and heavy, then all rapid, active, and aery; now quick and ſharpe, then ſlow and blunt of underſtanding;

now

now apprehenſive and timorous, then all daring and feareleſſe: I verily beleeve there may bee or are Spirits and tempers ſo fiery and bold as to bee incapable of feare, howſoever it may bee conceived a paſſion as neceſſary as naturall to ſelfe-preſervation, the unconſidering and undaunted fierceneſſe of ſome creatures witneſſe as much: Thus for want of other entertainment I am put to ranſack nature, Art and my ſelfe, and like *Diogenes* buſie my ſelfe in my particular and with my tub, I write wildly, I write the wild-gooſe chaſe, if you like it not let it alone, yet doe you not contemne the Stars of heaven or plants and face of the earth for their ſeeming immethodicall confuſion. To ſay ſomething of experience which hath thruſt mee on this peece; Here you have that at an eaſie rate, which growes not on every ground, varietie uſeth to pleaſe, let it not diſpleaſe you, if it profit not, and the miſchiefe is that I feare it will little profit you if you much need it if you bee not already in ſome meaſure proportionable to what I write, it will but paſſe by you like clouds, ſhadowes, and dreames, of little impreſſion and leſſe improvement: What a number of notions there are in the world of realitie to ſome, nullities to others? ſuch as Witches, Apparitions, prodigious advertiſements, divine admonitions, inſtant and ſodaine relievings and aſſiſtances, &c. Many carry their faith no farther then their ſenſe and experience Some are ſo irreligiouſly prereſolved to decline ſuperſtition, that God ſhall bee the laſt to whom they will attribute any ſupereminent production, they will rather ſtand confounded and loſt, then abandon ſecond cauſes, or acknowledge any ſupernaturall effect. Yet extraordinary truths howſoever ſleighted want not extraordinary teſtimony, and God in all times leaves not himſelfe without witneſſe, there would elſe bee, if manifeſtation ſhould bee equall to every mans ſenſe, no place to exerciſe faith, and little extent to knowledge if wee were reſtrained to our particular experiments, though upon the difference of materialls the Print take not in all alike; wee are caſt as it were in one mould, what concernes you not to day may to morrow, whatſoever is written of man, *de te narratur fabula*, endeavour and be favourable.

Auguſt the 14. 1638.

Unhappineſſe of Phyſicke.

SInce I writ the preceding piece, it hath fallen out to my extreme ſorrow and affliction, that one of the faireſt, moſt noble and vertuous of Ladies, is dead in my unhappy houſe under the hands of the Phyſitians. Shee was ſuch, that as it was ſaid of one (none of the beſt) of our Princes, that if vices had been loſt in the world

they might have been recovered and found in him; much more truely may it bee affirmed of her for all ſuch vertues as either ever were or can bee Ornaments and bring a valuation to her Sex. As ſhee neither loved nor needed flattery, ſo was her worth ſo farre beyond it, that what had beene ſuch to the beſt of others, applyed to her was but lame abatement and defalcation; not onely they who knew her with any happy intereſt and relation, but the very frame of vertue and the world that wants it ſuffer in her loſſe; it hath been long ſicke of a conſumption of vertue. Shee was of ſo ſweet, ſo winning, ſo powerfull example, ſo ſerene and temperate an Ayre, that vice and venome were never ſo maligne, and contagious, as her admirable vertue and goodneſſe would have proved cordiall and reſtorative to the worlds recovery; But ſhee who was in a way of being the worlds Phyſitian, is loſt under the hand of Phyſick; her memory is not more happy in her deſervings, then her loſſe ſad and indigeſtible; yet let us, as there is juſt cauſe, feele it to the quick, to the heighth, there is a kind of ſweetneſſe to ſorrow to the death, but more in the memory of her ſweetneſſe, let that ever flouriſh, never die in thoſe that had the happineſſe to know her, let us continue our ſelves a kind of ſacrifice unto her, as well dead as alive; As wee water her memory with our teares, let us keepe it alive with our breath, and ſtill ſerve her in loving and ſerving whatſoever and whoſoever hath relation unto her; her worth and contemplation are infinite, I ſhould never finde a way to leave ſo full, ſo pathetique a ſubject, but by breaking off to fall upon her Phyſitians; Shee is an object ſo excelling as confounds and oppreſſeth mee, I would you could like mee as much as I love my ſelfe better for ſuch confuſion, I hope I ſhall be clearer ſighted upon my doctors, I would for the ſakes of the credulous that they could ſee as well into diſeaſes and conſtitutions as I ſee into them and their common courſe and practiſe; I would there were not as much miſchiefe and murder as vanitie and blindneſſe in their ſcience and profeſſion; the *Aruſpices* were not more fraught with impoſture and deluſion: they applaud themſelves and may juſtly deride us, they muſt get and live though we loſe and die for it, they muſt bee ſtill the ſame or nothing; but ſhall the world and we grow ſtill older, never wiſer? The better ſort ſhould be the wiſeſt, ſhall wee ſtill turne our wealth to our bane in feeding and feeing them to ſtarve, deſtroy and make us miſerable? ſhall wee never reſent what hath beene long time ſaid, how there is more danger of the Phyſitian then of the diſeaſe? doe we not daily ſee the poorer people fall ſick and recover, whilſt the richer make themſelves a ſacrifice to the Phyſitians Art and tyranny?

Heu quam perfaciæ ſunt tibi Roma togæ?

Need we any other evidence then what they daily give in againſt themſelves, in their groſſe detected miſtakings, and contradictions

the

the one to the other; Is any man who hath experience of their proceedings ignorant of the almoſt infallible fallibilitie of their Art and conjectures? I have found it ſo frequent, that excepting ſome few ſymptomes of death, which they get by being about thoſe whom they kill, I might almoſt (as in Kalender predictions and Prognoſticks) take more truely the contrary of whatſoever they affirme. I have often paid for their counſell and aſſiſtance, when my owne judgement and confidence hath proved farre truer then their threatnings, and my feares, then their hopes and comforts. They may bee aſhamed to bee ſo inſolent and peremptory, finding their errors and acknowledging their Art to bee ſo conjecturall as they doe. What is more ordinary then for nature in ſuch a diſeaſe and ſuch a body to affect her diſcharge downeward when their operation is upward, and ſo contrary, ſhee to incline to a criticall ſweat when they in ſtead of our diſeaſe draw out our beſt Spirits with our our blood, and ſo forth; what a diſtraction, what an oppreſſion, what a diſturbance and diſeaſe doth poore nature our ſure and ſeeing Phyſitian ſuffer from them? Falſe friends, true enemies they are unto us; It hath been no ill Dilemma framed in natures behalfe, that either ſhee is too ſtrong for the diſeaſe, or it for her: in the firſt ſhee ever prevailes, if the Doctor doe not hinder; in the laſt, have wee not howerly experience of the Phyſitian cal'd in time, the Patient young and ſtrong, the diſeaſe common and knowne, and yet death enſues? where is the ſaving, where the benefit, where the advantage that their Art and they pretend? even in their owne purſes impaſſible incompaſſionate as they are. How many have they antiently deſtroyed by cruell denying coole drinke in burning fits, conſpiring with the fire and malignitie of the ſickneſſe, to poſſeſſe the ſpirits and vitall parts which might thereby have beene prevented, intercepted, allayed, and temper'd? They pretend to ſtarve the diſeaſe when they ſtarve the Patient; How is it poſſible for nature to worke for her owne ſuſtentation either by medicine or otherwiſe, when you allow her not the leaſt ſupply? It were a miracle for her to ſubſiſt, weakned by malady, by blood-letting, by purges, and by ſubſtraction of nouriſhment, ſhee is wiſer then our Art and diſcourſe, and will refuſe meate and drinke when ſhee cannot beare them, and hold in, her treaſure of bloud many times in ſpite of the Chirurgion, and give convenient effuſion of blood without the Phyſitian. If ſometimes ſhee erre in her demands it is by accident, and that leſſe dangerous to ſatisfie then the Horſeleech Doctor. Experience hath taught them againſt their owne method, that to give way to the violent appetite of Patients is ordinarily ſucceſſefull contrary to rules; nature never requires any thing but is reſpectively and in ſome ſort good and fit for her, howſoever otherwiſe bad, where the Doctor runnes a courſe ſimply and abſolutely deſtructive. We are all borne with a Phyſitian in our belly, *Adam* had no other, if God

had judged them as neceſſary helpes as a woman, he would alſo have created one for him. I have otherwhere with much leſſe cauſe diſcourſed of this ſubject; their Impatient I juſtly am, their Patient I will never be, I hold my life by Gods mercy, and deſire no longer to enjoy it then he ſhall pleaſe to give it, and maintaine it in mee, without becomming their Tenant. They who will give themſelves up to their conceited uſurped authoritie, *Stultos jubeo eſſe libenter*, let them live as miſerably, according to the ſaying, as medicinally. It hath been obſerved of ſome Countries that ſickneſſe and complaint in that kind were never frequent amongſt them till the profeſſion of Phyſick brought it: wee are gulled with their golden promiſes of health, as *Alchymiſts* abuſe many with the hopes of the Philoſophers ſtone, whereby like *Æſops* Dog they loſe the ſubſtance for the ſhadow, true gold for falſe hope, and health and life by revolting from nature and relying upon falſe impoſterous pretences.

Tuta frequenſque via eſt ſub amici fallere nomen;
Tuta frequenſque licet ſit via, crimen habet:

is too true betweene nature and the Doctor; he kills *cum privilegio*. Yet ſome there are whoſe Art hath not extinguiſhed in them Religion and humanitie, who will diſſwade the ſelfe-abuſing complainer from the cuſtome of Phyſick, as conſcionable concerning their unhappy profeſſion, nor will they without extraordinary caution give the leaſt diſturbance or abatement to nature, but will move with care and feare as in the darke; others there are of an inferior ſort to the former, none of the worſt, who if they meet a Patient whom common courſe hath brought to have recourſe in conſultation unto them, yet ſcrupulous and declaring a diſaffection to their nauſeous drugs, filthy and cruell violation, and tortures to nature, they will as ingenuouſly comply as preferre the forbearance of their Arts employment, confeſſing with *Bellarmine* a *Tutiſſimum* differing from their ordinary wayes: and even the moſt feculent and virulent amongſt them, preſt by a knowing and experienced oppoſer, will ſufficiently acknowledge the danger and uncertaintie of their Art, not to be maintained but upon *poſtulata* and an implicit faith in their Rabbins; whereupon, as alſo in humoring their Patient, and preventing his recourſe to their enemy Emperick, they thinke to ſtand excuſed in all events, conceiving him to be brought to a faire end who dies according to their ſentence and method. Preſſe and obſerve them neerely, and you ſhall not faile of matter enough from them to aliene as well your affections as good opinion of their ſcience: I too lately had occaſion to heare one of them diſcourſing of giving his Patient a ſweat, diſallow of forced and unnaturall ſweats as ineffectuall,

from

from which assertion may wee not naturally and strongly deduce a generall consequence as well against their unnaturall and forced proceedings?

My selfe long since following the fashion and common rode did to my small reliefe and comfort, and no little exhaustion to my purse and body enthrall my selfe unto them, who Viper-like where once they fasten their heads are not easily shaken off, custome their fellow Tyrant engageth us unto them.

Nec missura cutem nisi plena cruoris Hirudo.

But the little helpe and great hurt I found from them, their as grosse as peremptory mistakings, their as false as dire Prognostiques, and nothing more new from them then from my disease, besides what I met by puddering in their writings, how the Melancholy cure commonly begins where the Physitian is forsaken and makes an end, made mee withdraw my selfe from relying on them and their Art, since which time by Gods grace and other familiar meanes I finde my selfe renewed in vigor and health of body and mind. Oppressed, debilitated, exanimated, fettered, caged, and enlazied nature, where they have left her any reliques of her selfe, proud of her libertie, free from oppression mounts and playes upon her owne wings, disdaining their poore and imped feathers. To conclude with them who will never conclude with us till they have brought us to our finall conclusion. Tinkers they are that make more holes then they mend; and wonder not that they doe not ever affect nor speed our cure, for as common Chirurgians professe our paine to be their best friend, the like doe they find in your complaint and disease, they protract, and draw your body that they may draine your purse, they confine you from company, ayre, common exercise, and dyet, which would all prove your better Physick; they forbid you all that pleaseth, and feed you with distast, Take heed of fruits, for many times if you eate the other bunch of Grapes or couple of Peaches it would prove your better purge; they worke by natures expulsion of their poysons, who would better have wrought for her selfe, had you used the patience of putting her to her strength upon a fuller charge in the malignitie and excesse of your peccant humors. Like the Ivie to the wall, or play to a consumed Gamester, they miserably uphold what they had undermined: like the Impresse of enjewelling the Diamant, they at the best consume whilst they fashion you, nor are you so sure of any thing as to come weaker out of their hands. They seduce and controll nature, they silence and insult over all assistants who are not allowed to kill; and be their advise, Cordialls, Receits, never so safe, never so good, they must bee scornefully and insolently rejected and become tolerating miserable spectators of the tragedy, torture, execution, and death of

of their deareſt friends. They are often as buſie and cruell over their poore Patient as Hawkes upon their prey, or Ravens over a carcaſſe, and as little troubled (nay poſſibly as proud) as hunters over a great Quarry. If they like not this, let the *Galeniſts* reade *Paracelſus*, and the generalitie of them *Cornelius Agrippa*, and they will thinke themſelves favourably dealt with. Onely thus much to you my honoured Lady *Sav.* who were a ſuffering witneſſe of that matchleſſe Ladies loſſe; It is ſingular and irreparable to her Noble neereſt friends, and your ſelfe who knew and enjoyed the ſweetneſſe of her converſation and vertue can find it no leſſe. You make often uſe of Phyſick, my prayer is that you may ſeldome or never need it; I confeſſe you are thus happy therein that God hath bleſt you to rely upon one of the beſt and ſafeſt in that profeſſion; Hee was the laſt that I uſed, and would I have recourſe to them hee ſhould bee one of the firſt; It is their common practiſe, and neither their perſons nor Art that I abhorre: I thought not amiſſe to communicate to your view my conceptions herein; If I have uſed more paſſion then reaſon, or any evill and unproper Ingredient, your better judgement can as well correct as uſe. I humbly take my leave, but will never leave to grieve, and reſt

Your Lap^s. moſt faithfully humble ſervant.

Sept. the 10. 1638.

EXONERATIONS.

Second Part.

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EXONERATIONS

OR

An Inquiſition taken upon my particular, and humane Frailty, Blindneſſe, Preſumption, Unquietneſſe, and Vanity.

THUS much for precaution: if you deſire to loyter by looking into my unpleaſant ſtory and late expence of time, cloath your minde in its Holyday and Church apparell, expect not an oſtentation of wit and Language, but rather a perplexed narrative, a ſolemne, ſad and ſerious exerciſe of Devotion, ſuch indeed as becomes the next holy weeke, penitentiall and mourning. Otherwiſe I adviſe you to forbeare, for you will finde all too unpleaſant and unſutable to your diſpoſition: Nothing is here pretended but private diſcharge and ſatisfaction. All haſty, dyſaſtrous, cloudy, tumultuous, incorrect, incompoſed, precipitate, over-ſubject to repetitions, for want of looking back and re-examination in the Courſe. Eſpecially I perſwade the paſſing over many of the firſt following peeces as too much concerning my particular, after which the ſtreames begin to run more cleer and free.

March the 15. 1637.

HEre ſee ſecurely what a troubled ſoule
May ſuffer in a laſting ſtorme, here ſee
Thoughts ſtagg'ring reel (whilſt the poore bark doth rowle)
Cling to the Maſt, Pray, Labor * to the Lee,
Throw out their lading, wraſtle with the waves
Sink down their ſayles, now lifted up on high,

* Or from.

Now almoſt ſwallow'd in th'Abyſſe of graves;
Now a cleer heaven, and ſtraight a diſmall sky:
Here learn how faireſt daies may overcaſt,
Confounding all your quiet with a blaſt:
What maſters me to day, may you to morrow,
But for our comfort, God can maſter ſorrow.

HEre ſee, how in a ſanguine complection, when Gods grace begins powerfully to ſhine and work, as in the month of *March*, and turning of the year, ſtorms upon ſtorms: and

Frigida pugnabant calidis, humentia ſiccis,
Mollia cum duris, ſine pondere habentia pondus,

Till --- *Deus hanc litem (& melior natura) diremit.*

MY perverſe fortune from my youth, with my melancholy diſeaſe, (fruitfull in nothing but thoughts, and thoſe not ever the moſt neceſſary or naturall:) have often occaſioned me with reflection upon my ſelf, to write ſomething, not ſo much to apologize (for alas, it is vaine where there might have bin prevention) as to give ſome eaſe to my ſelf, and extenuation in what I may miſappeare to the world; but I have often bin diverted from ſuch diſcourſe, by the overgrown wilderneſſe, which long time and confuſion have brought upon me. Yet thus much let me ſay for my ſelf, (and wonder at my ſelfe in that I may truely ſay ſo,) that neither careleſnes, prodigality, nor an humor diſpoſed to riot or luxury, have bred my harme. Nay, (if there be any truth in me) nothing hath more procured it, then a miſguided ſobriety of diet, with ſuch an inordinate care for the ordering of my fortune in my beginnings, finding my ſelf pent and ingaged to wife and children, as (whatſoever may bee conceived I dare affirme) no man of riper yeares and judgement, but might have falne into, and will, whenſoever it ſhall pleaſe God to entangle him in divers and ſtrong incumbrances, inward and outward, which in the circumſtances of my condition ſo malignly concurred, that being ſomething by nature, and more by accident, miſ-diet, over apprehenſion and ſtudiouſneſſe, diſpoſed to a ſtrong melancholy, it was impoſſible to extricate my ſelf, without ſuch an aggravation as rendred it incurable, and me moſt miſerable, in the Shipwrack of all joy and contentment. Wherein finding my ſelf thus plunged, one while my refuge was to the helpleſſe Phyſitian, and another at laſt to ſtrong diverſions; ſuch as * building, Court, company, travaile, and the like, which all proved but ſuch miſerable helpers as melancholy men uſe to finde, full of expence, which till then, (about my age of 25. from 18. when I was married) I had avoided. Building, (as troubleſome both to my fancy and purſe) I ſoon left, and the loſſe of the brave Prince *Henry*, on whom I had laid my grounds, with much

* I choſe to entertaine my mind to build in dividing my *London* houſe where (in al events) there would be leaſt loſſe, and then lived many years in the leſſer part.

much ſickneſſe ſoon after caſting me down, and increaſing my diſeaſe, I became unable to make uſe either of my naturall parts, or time and expence beſtowed in Court: thoughts beget melancholy, and that, * thoughts alternatively. It is queſtionable whether I did more hurt my ſelf with my thoughts, (which many years together long ſince, brought me often, even to an utter exhauſtion) or whether with Gods aſſiſtance, in a ſtrong conſtitution of body and minde, (for had not God furniſhed me with as ſtrong and preſent ſupply of extrications as intrications, I muſt often have periſhed) I more extraordinarily relieved and ſupported my ſelf to ſubſiſt againſt the impetuous * curioſity of my diſeaſe and nature; but my unhappineſſe hath alſo bin ſuch, as in criticall times of my life, to have met with ſuch unluckie croſſes and connexions of fate, to put me out of my courſe, that the conſideration thereof would make any man (not otherwiſe ſuperſtitious) take knowledge of an overruling hand therein; whereunto (I humbly thank God) I ſo ſubmit my ſelf, as that for my ſpirituall good, I acknowledge there ought to have gone no leſſe, to work a total converſion in me, ſo hard is ſanctification to be wrought even in men of religious inclinations. For my poſterity, I muſt crave their pardon: hoping they will with me ſubmit to the Almighty hand, which can at its good pleaſure as well raiſe as ruine. Worldly confidence illudes, nor can any thing confirm proſperity in this and the better world, but a firm faith, and reſolved obedience to God and his Son, in whom alone is ſalvation. That, that alone can reconcile and calme the contrarieties of our complections in the diſtractions of pleaſure, profit, conſcience, honor, decency, authority over others, or a ſelf-injoying: making true Religion the only ſtarre of our courſe, whilſt others for want of it, ſometimes wildly flote, and ſometimes ſink in the confuſion of their paſſions. Good intentions without firm reſolutions are inſufficient. No man hath meant more thriftily then my ſelf; but alaſſe! in what a miſt of contrary indications and contingencies doe we live? when I concluded againſt houſ-keeping, I have bin indulgently over-ruled by others to the contrary. And this I have found a great error in my nature, to have bin more apt to gratifie others then my ſelf, and to beleeve them often more wiſe and truſty, * then there was due cauſe; a miſerable condition of the better natures: Engagement to wife, and ſervants made over-neceſſary take away the liberty of our reſolutions; to intend thrift is commonly enough to enrich, but woful experience teacheth me that diſeaſes and croſſes ſuch may come, as ſhall turne the ſtrongeſt out of his way. No man more abhorred debt, ſelling, and ſelling, then my ſelfe: yet few have more incurred them. No man almoſt hath allowed himſelfe leſſe coſt or ſenſuality then I: yet the diverſions my diſeaſe hath urged me unto, have ſet another face upon mee, towards ſuch as were not acquainted with my inſide and native affections. Few have more affected the ſervice of King, Country, and Freinds: nor have by accident

* As, *Mater me genuit, eadem mox gignitur ex me.*

* I meane not a curioſity of oſtentation or daintineſſe, for ſuch never poſſeſſed mee: but only of ſedulous conſideration and reſtitude.

* To judge others by our ſelves may be a rule of charity, but not of wiſdome.

cident bin more unſerviceable. I ever extreamely fancyed my chief ſeat; yet fear of coſt in fitting the houſe, and heighth of charge in living there by occaſion of ſuch an eminent ſeat, with other accidentall conſiderations, kept me thence, till ſuch time as my fortune was moſt unfit for that, and it for me: and yet againſt much reaſon and intereſt of my own, I was drawn with relation to my predeceſſors and poſterity to ſettle my ſelf there, with ſo much coſt and * trouble, as (but by the grace of God) it is a wonder how in ſuch indiſpoſition and lowneſſe, I have undergone. This the good God can doe, and howſoever it ſhall pleaſe him to diſpoſe of me, (whoſe preſerving hand I confeſſe I have wonderfully found) may it pleaſe him to make my life and death to his glory, it is all my ambition, Many unluckie circumſtances, like that of a free minde entered into Court with a pent fortune, I omit, partly in reſpect of others, and partly as fit to be confined to my ſelf, who have ſuffered their perplexities and contrarieties. Gods grace is all in all, for the beſt of us is ſubject to be carryed away, both againſt what we know, and what we would. Such a blindneſſe ſteales us from our ſelves.

* In truth, falſ-hood of materials and workmen, their miſtakings, and loytering, make building much more vexatious then formerly.

This Diſcourſe which I have theſe many yeares at times bin inclined unto, and have forborn, in reſpect of the little credit or uſe which it might beare, and the confuſed nature of it, ill befitting my health and condition, wrapping my ſelf in an honeſt conſcience to my ſelf, and having long ſince put off the world and worldly cenſure: yet have I at laſt thus tumultuarily adventured upon it; having not coſt me much above two houres in one afternoon: wherein though I cannot vindicate my ſelf (for alas! who can againſt errors ſo ſeeming eaſy to have bin avoided?) yet I can be content that ſuch of mine as love me and truth, ſhould find me here ſuch as I have bin, and not ſuch as I may be traduced.

June the firſt, 1637.

I Muſt not forget to thank God that my fortune is not utterly ruin'd, conſidering how all helpes and hopes have failed me, in my cure and otherwiſe, how coſtly diverſions have bin unto me, wherby to ſupport my ſelf, and how unfit I have bin in the mean time to look to my eſtate: Debauch and gluttony have ſpoyled many a body and fortune; ſcrupulous abſtinence and care mine.

Though I acknowledge my fortune and eſtate left me was ſuch, as by this time I could in likelihood have ſo improved, as that my quality ſhould not require a better, yet this give me leave to make appear, that being engaged to mariage before eighteen yeares of age, I had my quality left unto me with an eſtate of revenew not above

above six hundred pounds *per Annum de claro*, little improvement to be made of a long time, by reason of long leases and Joyntures: Parkes and Houses I had to betray me, and I was left so barely as my Predecessor dying at *Michaelmas*, I had nothing to sustain me till the next rent dayes.

This would trouble a tender spirit to know which way to turn, especially with other crosse circumstances in fortune.

I must insert one vow made by me which cost me a great part of my estate, having against my intentions intangled my conscience thereby, upon an unhappy accident of the greater house at turned into my hands, at such time when I was throughly resolved for thrift in a most private course, a quite other way.

Though I have made alienations for great summes, yet know, that many thousands I laid out in building at *London*, and buying in Lease, and the wood, which did but return to me in the sale, and many thousands of the sale remained beyond the debts, wherewith my sonne hath been enabled to make some purchases, and by Gods grace will make more reparation with the monies remaining. I thank God, with all my necessities, I have left my Sonne both his freedom of choice, and Wives portion. Whosoever shall take notice of great possessions passed through, and away from our Family, let them know, that the most of them were but in *Transitu*, by the way of Mart, never intended to be kept; I must be content to appeare the only unthrift, howsoever my unthriftinesse had not its root from my self, but rather from fatall mis-accident, and Predecessors undue consideration.

The good God be pleased to blesse my Sonne, and make him as happy, as I have been unhappy. For my whole life (since I have been a man) hath been but a conflict with the worst of diseases, and a wearisom seeking for contentment, plunged in an inextricable gulf of all misery; another man possibly would not have come off so well in fortune, body, or minde.

Good God, how vaine and miserable a thing is man without thy good Spirit to direct him? by nature corrupt, by Art Sophisticate and confounded: how lost in the ignorance, and inexperience of youth? how short of the tranquillitie of other creatures? how often ruin'd by accident, by mistaken courses; I, by that which men call good nature? yet happy (in worldly account) are they whose natures lead them, not only to affect thrift, (which many by reason of other, not bad affections, imperfectly doe) but to make it their pleasure, their felicity, which humor throughly possessing them, pleaseth, profiteth, and advanceth them in fortune and reputation: whilst others bred to more ingenuous and faire appearing waies and studies unthriftily miscarry. How ill, & unadvisedly do Parents provide for their young Heires, giving them Tutors for Learning, and Arts, neglecting

lecting their instruction in true Vertue, and use of the world and their fortunes? How lamentable it is to see many (who if left to themselves would doe well enough in the world) over-swaied by others, and so turned out of their way, as that they cannot recover themselves. But alas! why suppose I, it would goe well with us, if left to our selves? who know nothing more assuredly then this, that all humane wit and resolution are vaine, without the powerfull Grace of God to assist us. That I implore, that alone is my comfort and support, that sweetens all the bitternesse of fortune unto me, and but for that I would a thousand times as resolutely and constantly have left this life, as others fondly and dotingly imbrace it; Christian Religion had need be maintained in our hearts by a strong hand from above, seeing it abridgeth us not only of our generall liberty of this worlds delights, but even of the freedome of leaving the world, when it affordeth no delight unto us.

June the seventh, 1637.

MAny things concurred to make me melancholy, as a Complection Sanguine, inclined to delight and pleasure. Yet withall a naturall scrupulosity of election, sensible of faire reputation and thrift, affected with knowledge, and at length a consciencious tendernes of Faith and Religion, working me the greatest happinesse, but not without great perplexity. I was young entred at Court, and by accident quickly dis-heartned for that course. The use of my fortune in the Country was by want of meanes to keepe a comely house, and other many crosse respects, not free unto me; and though afterwards I was drawn to house-keeping against my will and Discourse, yet both in my estate and disease (by the care & retirednesse incident thereunto, especially in a short fortune) it proved most pernicious unto me. My disease likewise was much, if not originally occasioned in my body by an over-using of new Treakle against a danger of the Plague, which I fell into by Mr. *Sanders* his death thereof neere to me in his travell with me, at his return from *London*, the first of King *James*. As also by an over-spare and evill diet, who for long together fed on little meate of good nourishment but only fat, dredgings, Skinnes, and such like, and in truth, scarce ever man of my strong constitution and health gave lesse way to himself in pleasing his appetite. This, and much more wrought an alteration upon my minde, and made me seek a supply of former pleasures, by entertaining my self with studies, and my importunate thoughts, which (by my ignorance how the minde might over-presse and wrong the body) I made most mischievous unto me. These oppressions cast me upon costly diversions, and with disease and expence of spirits brought me so low, as I could never recover. So that all the effects of melancholy, as weak-

weakneſſe of memory, countenance, and faculties, with oppreſſion of minde, which long and miſerably afflicted me, proceeded from nothing more then the waſte of my ſpirits, loſſe of blood, and over-thinking, with extraordinary obſtructions of all my inward parts. I confeſſe I have been a moſt intemperate man, but it hath been only in the exceſſe of my thoughts, elſe I think no man can charge me that any vain inordinate humour hath tranſported mee. And ſo my minde (as I have often been charged) and that dangerous Maſter, fancy, and a naturall doubtfulneſſe (eſpecially upon hard and queſtionable termes) have afflicted me. Thus may contraries breed the ſame effects, ruine as well from undue care as careleſneſſe. I could (in probability) have preſerved my ſelf from much harme of any other diſorder.

June the ſeventh, 1637.

OH God, how great and juſt are thy judgements, how wonderfull thy mercies, how extraordinarily canſt thou humble us by the one, and relieve us by ſpirituall graces in the other? how great a work it is, and how many degrees are required to effect a firm converſion upon us? I moſt humbly thank thee for the gracious effects I have found thereby; ſuch, as hadſt thou not ſent mee temporall afflictions, I muſt have been eternally miſerable. Let no man rely upon his own ſtrength, reſolutions, and precautions; for when God hath a work in hand, and leaveth us to our ſelves, we ſhall finde our ſelves ſo dementated, as that we ſhall bee able to make no uſe thereof to our good. Wee ſhall finde our ſelves ſo impriſoned, ſo way-laid, againſt what we would or ſhould do for our help, that it will become impoſſible for us to make uſe of our ſelves and ordinary meanes, &c.

It proveth (as I apprehended) that once entered in, I ſhould hardly finde the way out of this deep, thorny thicket. My health and life have been lately ſo deſperate, as it is little adventure to undergoe any thing; and indeed my nature hath been too prone to put many things to the hazard. The rule of *quod dubitas ne feceris*, had been much better obſerved; but alas! what rules can be ſtrong enough, not to be overborn by our blinded precipitate paſſions and fate, &c.

I neither muſt, nor will ſpecifie the numerous particularities of my miſ-fortunes. Only thus much I will ſay, that from my comming from under the rod to this preſent, I have ſucceſſively met, firſt with dangerous diſeaſes in the Univerſity, then with ingagements and accidents of conſequence to my whole fortune and

course: then with such a melancholy as dasht all my spirits and countenance, otherwise strong and bold: then with extremity of divers sicknesses, which more dejected me: then with a ruinous vow: then with losse of children, and other heavy disgraces, the effect of my disease: then with desperate effects of mistaken powder * and course of Physick: and after all this and much more, &c. Though generally I so despaired of life, as not to dare to venture any thing upon it, to buy some place to support me in my fortune and against my disease by diversion, yet I once attempted that course, and was most strangely and causlessely put by. Sometimes I have resolved for a course in the Warres (as against the Turk) and then came Peace and Truce. In truth, imployment (in likely-hood) would have prevented the weight of my disease.

*Which over-kept in a small Dose and having lost its due operation, lay in my body till the next spring & with a burning & corrosion then for three moneths space deprived me almost wholly of sleep which to an inveterate melancholy, was no little sufferance.

Many things which appeared in mee affected courses of pleasure and vanity, were in truth laid hold on by mee for diversions and supports of my oppressed spirits, against the violence of my disease.

June the ninth, 1637.

WHen I think what my fortune hath been, and how long and continuall the afflictions which I have indured, as well in minde and body, as in my estate, I make question whether many yeares (if not ages) doe not passe in the whole world, without paralleling my sufferings. None but an extream melancholy man can conceive them, which yet have been aggravated in me by a contrary and most sensible complection; no body, but of an extraordinary strong constitution, could have undergone them. How often have I thought my self at my end? How often wished it? and yet hath it pleased God miraculously to preserve me. Oh that it might please him thereby to worke his glory and service! Otherwise how long have I been, and now am, from desiring it? I confesse my self infinitely faulty, both towards God, Man, and my self, but withall strangely unhappy in the occasionall circumstances and concurrencies of my mischiefes; I have evidently discerned an extraordinary and high hand therein, and I most humbly thank God, who hath by degrees brought mee home unto him. I have long subsisted only under the shelter of his wings, and desire nothing but his favour to my end. Nothing else hath supported me, nor could, nor can; my minde and fancy were naturally active, and for want of outward imployment befitting them and mee, turned and wrought upon my spirits. If I had, notwithstanding all objections, settled at at the first, I had found that center and

and quiet, the want whereof infinitely hurt me by giving way to my fancy to be over-much working upon it, before I put such course in execution. I at last gave way to prevent the like inconvenience of trouble of minde and cost, which might befall my Son in a just affection of setling there. I confesse that in projecting what concerneth us, it is not unnecessary to be possessed of a summary disposition therein, but to descend to an exact punctuality of perticulars (in a precautious speculation) before time and opportunity of acting and execution, is commonly as vain as troublesome. Fancy may please and infatuate it self therein, but the present view and circumstance of things to be presently acted, is that which gives the finall order and determination, with a contradicting and retracting nullity, to our prepensed conceits and resolutions.

June 11. 1637.

S*Apiens dominabitur Astris*, is a pretty saying, but if not applyed and restrained to godly and divine wisdome, as farre from truth, as the Starres are short of God. It is extraordinary, that in all my course of a long life, I should ever meet with hinderances and crosses, even when I have most strived to avoid them, and never with any thing of help and ease; yet this for my comfort, and to exempt me from envying others, if I would but in an ordinary measure have digressed from my austerer wayes, to my Sonne and mee, there might have been a larger proportion of honor, authority, and fortune. God knows what is best for us, and I affect nothing, but according to the faireſt meanes, and his good pleasure. That noble friend of mine, who upon consideration of the naturall strength of my body and minde, wondering at my infirmity and disabling in my fortune, in conclusion imputed it to my having been put out of my way, upon what ground, I know not, but I am sure he was not mistaken. For first, my early mariage in a short fortune abated the edge and alacrity of my spirits; next the course and conversation of the Court by accident made unfit and unfavourable to me, having entered upon it, was no small dejection; my self also by the examination and test of discourse, contradicting * and restraining my naturall and youthfull inclinations (which other young men use with a full saile to give way to and uncontrolledly please themselves) amated and contristated my minde. But above all the good Spirit of God, (whose wayes and religion are opposit to flesh and blood, and consequently to me and mine in nature) brought such a conflict upon me as proves at first to corrupt nature ever harsh and perplexed, with many reluctations, winnings and losings of ground, but by degrees and successions of grace, sweetly recompenseth all our conflicts, all our sufferings.

* They who wrestle not against their appetites, nor are over solicitous of avoiding all inconveniences, are they who often succeed best, and saying in the common chanell, enjoy the commodities & delights of this world. Many inconveniences are easier born then avoided, easier admitted to bee subsequently rectified, then industriously and curiously eschewed.

Good God, how ſweet and admirable are thy mercies, which never faile to relieve and deliver them who perſevere to call and rely upon thee! Oh the tumultuous condition of a melancholy tainted minde! Oh the *Herculean* labour to oppoſe and repreſſe it! How thoughts impetuouſly like *Hydra's* heads grow upon us as faſt as we allay and cut them off? *Juno* ſhould have ſet *Hercules* to that taſk, to have plagued him more then all his Monſters, all his labors. It was truly ſaid of it, that it is *Hoſpitium calamitatis, & quamcunque rem malam quæres, illic invenies.* It inſinuates it ſelf at firſt as a flattering friend, but in the trecherous ſweetneſſe of it we drown and loſe our ſelves like unluckie flies, &c.

Proh Jupiter, quantum mortalia pectora cæcæ noctis habent! how many wayes there are for us to loſe our ſelves in this worlds Labyrinth? and how many miſcarry before they underſtand where they are, why they came, & what they have to doe? ſome loſe themſelves in their pleaſures, others in their troubles, ſome finde unfortunate and ſodain, ſome a lingring ruine, ſome are born to faire, ſome to ſtormie daies, ſome to journey with the winde in their backs, ſome in their faces. If fate be but a dreame, the world hath been much deceived, the conſtancy of it in ſome mens fortunes ſpeaketh it more, to the Chriſtian all is the providence of God: And there is no true plaiſter for the cure of a broken heart, a broken fortune, but the contemplation and application of his goodneſſe and mercies by a lively Faith, that muſt be his gift, and will diſpell all clouds, ſtormes, and diſcomforts. It little imports what weather we finde in a ſhort journey, ſo we attain at our journeys end, a place of perdurable joy and comfort.

How full of darkneſſe is the minde of man? how little doe we underſtand? and how little are we able to make uſe (without Gods grace) of what we know? how often and violently are we tranſported as it were againſt our wills, againſt our knowledge? how obvious and neere unto us are things ordinarily moſt uſefull and affected, which yet we are moſt blind to diſcern at our need? ſuch is our frailty, ſuch our blindneſſe; ſo that neither eares, eyes, knowledge, will, or underſtanding, are farther availeable, then it ſhall pleaſe God to bleſſe them: Hee alone it is, that gives the will and the deed, and without him the will is uneffectuall. Hee hath ſmall experience of the world, or hath little obſerved himſelf, who hath not this experience. It hath pleaſed God to have bleſſed mee with ſome underſtanding, ſome induſtry, and ſome holy affections towards him. All have failed mee, and in all I have been failing to my ſelf, yet through many falls and frailties, I am confident at laſt, by his great mercy to have attained ſuch Grace, as will abide with mee to my eternall comfort.

God

God grant mee to my end, the antidote of Faith, and confidence of his mercies in Christ, &c.

August 8. 1637.

IT is good to referre our selves to God, who best knows what is good for us. In the discourse of death, I fell in my first manhood to affect that * kinde which was least long and languishing, (supposing ever a constant preparation) but it hath pleased God contrariwise, that I have spent a great part of my time, facing and struggling with seeming imminent death, so farre have I been from injoying the pleasures and contentments that this world affordeth to others. I humbly thank God, who hath given me patience, and without his grace and respect to him, my resolution could never have undergone it. Melancholy, the taint and canker of our mindes, bodies, and fortunes, how many wayes, and easily art thou contracted? how almost impossible to be cured? how inevitably incident to many; yea, the strongest mindes, especially when many perplexities, and crosse accidents doe at once assault them?

* As did the first *Cæsar*.

For my part, besides my mischievous disease bred in my body, which naturally working upon the mind, made all more sowre and difficult. I met with crosse ambiguities, and judications in almost all that concerned me, or that I affected: I confesse (that which now more tormenteth me) a resolution and course might have been taken to have prevented (in reason) the unhappinesse which I have found and bred, but alasse, I was nipt in my bud, destitute of experience and good advise, met with times opposite, and such a disposition of my own, as could neither abandon it self to pleasure, nor rigid enough to * profit, though ever so sensible therein, as never to allow my self a ruinous delight. My expences had never the ground of pleasing my self; though our artificiall humane condition be full of ambiguity, and some mindes more then others, of various complection. Yet had I mist my disease, I might (with Gods grace) as well as another, have extricated my self; a soule hard to please, and a pregnant fancy, are of the most troublesome guests a man can lodge. I have at length learnt so to disaffect this world and worldly pleasure, that by Gods grace, I am onely pleased in him. It was a hard conquest, &c.

* In truth my estate was so scantie that my endeavours could intertain no further aim then to be able to subsist.

August 8. 1637.

Man

MAn, certainely in his naturals, as more abounding in fancy, is more variable then other creatures, yet more Sophisticated, by * Art, and policy, by Religion crossing his nature, cast into further ambiguities and perplexities, difficulties, and disproportions in his condition and fortune, with respect to his quality and ingagements, aggravate and intricate him often more, but when a rooted Melancholy once seizeth him (as by many accidents as well as naturally it often doth) then to dis-intangle from the crosse considerations incident to a perverse fortune, will trouble a strong minde. Nay, so hard is it to reconcile the inconveniencies, to finde and take the best in the courses of the world, that the stronger and larger the minde is which is to choose, the harder it findes it to please it selfe, and the more it plungeth it self to incombrance and disease.

* Religion or artificial reason taken to heart, check our *Pleraphoria*, in natural pleasures.

How easie are conveniencies to be found? how hard it is to find them? how easie it seems to please our selves? how hard to please God and our selves? how often have I opposed my fancy and affection by a way of abstinence and frugality, which yet hath proved most improsperous unto me? how often have I by Gods grace preferred him before all worldly delights, and yet wanted the grace of constancy? What shall I say? if ever man plaid a long heavy unhappy part upon the stage of this world, it is my self, &c.

August 21. 1637.

NO care is more naturall or necessary, then for Parents to enter their young ones into a proportionable fortune, and faire course, to be able to live in the world, the direction of a Father to his Childe therein is of main importance. I was left young and greatly wanted it, had I been left single, young as I was, I was resolved never to have marryed, but so as to have set my self at ease for house-keeping, and other charges which attend it, according to my quality.

My minde was not so loose, but that I could have contained my self in expence, for till I was lost in my disease, I gave many yeares proofe thereof. That error hath been verifyed upon me, which is said of fooles, that they ever begin to live.

Time and necessity, the great rectifiers of our courses, have made me see my faults, and accommodate that which I thought impossible.

August 22. 1637.

Miserable

Miſerable condition of my fortune and the melancholy humor: how one while for an evaſion, it diverts it ſelf by a working imagination, how there may be a bettering? other-while it aggravates it ſelf upon conſideration how incurred miſ-fortune might have been avoided? both fruitleſſe and perplexing.

September 26. 1637.

THere is little commiſeration due to ſuch as entering upon a faire and full accommodation of houſe and fortune, waſtfully conſume and abuſe it: With me it was farre otherwiſe, yet young as I was, had I been left with money in my hands, or had raiſed moneys to my ſelf by what I had, I was not ſo looſe fingred, as not to have kept or imploy'd it to my advantage. I am confident that many an Heire ruineth his fortune; who, did he enter upon Monies, as well as Lands, would thrive and do well.

To a nature not fooliſhly diſſolute and prodigall, money ſets rather an edge of increaſe then diſſipation: *Ignoti nulla cupido.* It was a rationall way to reclaim that prodigall which is recorded, by ſhewing him thoſe maſſie heaps that were to goe to diſcharge his waſtefull debts; the eye makes the moſt effectuall impreſſion. I have known a Prince, who was inſenſible of giving great ſummes by word, yet was tenacious of what once came into his hands: as the hand naturally, ſo money politically, is the inſtrument of inſtruments; without it, like Ships without water, the wiſeſt and moſt active can make little uſe of themſelves. Gods bleſſing I ever imply, for without that the builder buildes, and watchman watches but in vaine.

How unhappy is the condition of an unquiet minde? and how hard it is for a ſpirit ſharpe ſighted, and ſenſible to inconveniencies and advantages, to maintain a tranquillity amidſt the unſound and humorous incidents of this life? ſo little is the reality, and ſo various the apparitions of humane contentment. Fortune is to ſome a mother, to others a ſtepdame, ſome ſhe humours, ſome ſhe croſſes from their infancy; and whatſoever is ſaid of every mans forgeing his own fortune, he knows little who findes not greater abilities miſcarry, when inferiour ſucceed. We made not our ſelves, nor the times, and other circumſtances we live in, whoſe correſpondencies (ſhall in deſpight of us) import us; Good Mariners are often ſunk at Sea, when ill ones arrive at good Harbour: for me, I acknowledge in my ſelf (through my whole courſe) many errors, yet have I found ſuch an unhappy conſtellation of fatality over-rule me, that what courſe ſoever I had taken, I can hardly per-

perſwade my ſelf, I could have had any better iſſue: moderation, ſobriety, care, Religion it ſelf, (preſervatives to others) have been to my fortune, body, and minde, flayles and rocks, yet all conducible and neceſſary to a better life, &c. I thank God for all, and deſire no more but his Grace, in granting me either patience, or a faire deliverance from this worlds miſeries and corruption; I have long hated and deſpiſed the world, and all the fraile vanities that others dote upon; I finde every day more and more the nullities, the wickedneſſe of its pleaſures, &c.

September 27. 1637.

HAd I my full ſtrength, and cleareneſſe of ſpirits, had I much more knowledge, and would and could conveniently beſtow much more time in working, theſe over-flowings of my heart and brain, yet ſuch is the obſcure confuſion of this ſophiſticated world and my naturall curioſity (by melancholy, much more hard to pleaſe) that I ſhould never ſatisfie my ſelf, in writing what belongs to this or any other Subject: I would willingly by theſe evaporations impart, with eaſe to my ſelf, ſome impreſſions to my friends, how there hath gone as much fate as fault to effect my miſery, and to occaſion them to reſent and compaſſionate the wretchedneſſe of humane condition, by repreſenting my ſelf none of the worſt-endowed with parts of body, minde, and eſtate, thriftily and temperately affected, become nevertheleſſe moſt tediouſly miſerable in them all; ſuch hath been Gods will, and ſuch in deſpight of nature and reaſon ſhal be his condition, whom accident and circumſtance conſpire to afflict. A Doctor of Phyſick told me long ſince, that I had too much minde for my body, but never adviſed me the moderation of the one, and naturall improvement of the other. I thank God, towards him who is the chiefe good, it is the better for me, and good for me that I have been troubled; I confeſſe I had naturally a ſtrong, active, and ſenſible minde, yet not ſuch, but if I had eſcaped accidentall melancholy, I might well have tempered it, but when that ſeizeth upon us, things otherwiſe eaſily to be paſſed over, become full of ſcruple and perplexity. My * over uſing of Treakle, hot and dry, in my youth, firſt bred the alteration in my body and minde. I knew not what I ayled, nor whence it proceeded, but enforcedly yeelded to melancholy effects, ſuch as retiredneſſe, over-reading, and over-thinking, little as then conceiving how the body ſhould become oppreſſed by ſo abſtracted a thing as the mind.

* The ſmalleſt ſeeming inconſiderable cauſes are often inductions to the greateſt concluſions of this world.

My firſt ſtudies in the way of morality and Scepticiſme, took off my edge from worldly delights. Gods good Spirit afterwards was a check to me againſt them, by whoſe mercy I was never free from

from perplexity till of late, I will by his grace fix my ſelf upon him, and leave off to ruminate upon, much more to enumerate my infinite paſt miſgovernments and misfortunes. God be praiſed, my Sonnes beginnings are as well, if not better, then ever yet were any of our Family.

Croſſe tydes, they ſay, make the *Iriſh* Seas ſo troubleſome and dangerous; there is a proportion of bearing beyond which wee ſink. I was in my prime youth encountered with many unfavourable dyſaſters, &c.

The great change of the Court, and long greatneſſe of them whom accident, &c. My * abſence in travaile hindering my falling in with thoſe times, my retiredneſſe by that courſe and over-exact ſtudy of language, which certainly is proper only to children, to whom it comes inſenſibly, and is moſt troubleſome to curious ſpirits, theſe and much more conſpired againſt me.

* Great evils are truely obſerved to take advantage by ſeconding one the other.

I would when my fortune was whole, have matched my Sonne then very young, and have aſſured my Lands upon him for a reaſonable portion; it could not bee. My Predeceſſor after a long and deſperate ſickneſſe lived juſt enough to marry me, and many ſtranger things then theſe have befaln me in the Article of a Cataſtrophe to my fortune.

November 2. 1637.

TO ſay ſomething ſtill of diverſe ambiguities and perplexities incident to my condition and fortune, which beſides the accidentall melancholy bred in my body, could hardly faile to work an alteration, and diſeaſe, upon a minde curious of avoiding inconveniencies and chooſing the beſt, my nature was bent to ordinary pleaſures, yet morally withdrawn to an obſervation of decency, vertue, moderation, and improvement of knowledge, with an acquiſite affectation of Philoſophicall, Morall, Civill, and Chriſtian perfection, wherein as well for vogue, faſhion, and reputation, as truth, I could not willingly conſent to come ſhort of the beſt. When I grew towards manhood, being of my ſelf diſpoſed to forbeare marriage, untill I ſhould be thirty yeares old, and then not to marry without great choyce, in fitting my ſelf, and obtaining a fulneſſe of fortune, to ſet my ſelf at eaſe in my quality and that eſtate, &c.

I ſaw the inconvenience, but Wife, Children, and my diſeaſe, made me unfit for another mans houſe; and though I wiſhed, yet I could not reſolve a change, which to me, who could never eaſily admit a reſolution with inconveniencies attending it, was ever

abhorrent, my naturall curiosity (whose minde was never quiet till all circumstances and conveniencies were run over and over, and accommodated by me) made all things, (especially in a seat of my own) most troublesome.

To the melancholy tainted spirit nothing is more unfit then idlenesse, nothing more troublesome then its curious discoursing upon resolutions, nothing more unfit then confinement to one place, yet nothing more hard, then to resolve and digest change and alteration.

Once marryed, I was set to seek how to live, where to live; my birth and breeding was in the City, my affection and chiefe seat in *Cambridgeshire*, but many strong considerations diverting mee from it. The Court where I was young entred, followed, might have kept me from that depth of melancholy; whereunto travaile, study, and retirednesse in care and fancy of what belonged to a house drowned mee; but that also by accident was unfit for me, yet at length for a strong diversion, and under so brave a patronage as that of Prince *Henry*, I readventured upon it, but his immature death, and much sickneſſe of my own, following upon it, with other disproportions finally aliened me from that course.

Thus and much more hath my life been a conflict with disease and fortune, I have formerly touched many more particulars, yet not all, nor the worst. It is one of the greatest insatisfactions of writing to an ingenuous spirit, in most important matters to have least freedome, there are many *Noli me tangere's*. The contraſt of Gods grace and Religion against the impetuosity of naturall affections, hath been many yeares my greatest combat, I have fought resolutely, but received many foiles, yet by the infinite goodnesse of my Saviour, I have received such most unexpected succour, that to my unvaluable comfort I triumph, &c. I have dedicated my self (next to God) wholly to my Son, and have many years endevoured his good beyond my own. I have now made my self his Pensioner, and I wish no worldly happinesse more then his prosperity: thus with a running pen I ease my minde, which though with no serious exactneſſe, yet with little prejudice to my health, for otherwise the strength of my disease would not suffer me to beare the strength and curiosity of my own discourse.

He who is subject to melancholy, let him shun as a Rock at Sea, over-studying, or tyring of his thoughts, and when he finds conclusions come not off cleerly, and that a restinesse of discourse grows upon him, let him give over for the present (not admitting the least tumultuation) till such a good and fit time after, as he may return new and fresh to work: by this meanes shall hee avoid much hurt of his spirits, and attain better to his ends.

In

In reading alſo, little and little at once ſhall diſpatch more, and that without inconvenience of health, then much together to the oppreſſion of the ſoule; *Ne quid nimis*, in all things is an excellent inſtruction: How many a man hath tyred his horſe by riding a little too faſt, who might otherwiſe have come well to his journies end? The like is ſeen in expence, a very little contracting would often have given eaſe and thrift, where a very ſmall over-ſpending hath bred continuall want and ruine.

By my miſerable experience, I could give many rules upon this worlds courſe and melancholy. Moderation is good, but Gods grace is above all, and without it nothing can proſper.

How luſtily doth the root feed a tree, whoſe branches are few and ſmall in reſpect?

To the all-ſeeing God be glory, for with us (but through him) dwels nothing, but darkneſſe, errour, frailty, and ignorance.

November 4. 1637.

MY gracious God, the ſupport and guide of us and all our actions, ſince thou haſt vouchſafed to grant mee a firme and happy faith in Chriſt, and love of thee, with a contempt of all earthly and carnall joyes; confirm unto me, I moſt humbly beſeech thee, thy heavenly graces, and the comfort of thy good Spirit, for I abhorre my ſelf whenſoever that joy faileth me, or any worldly affections aſſault me: none more then I, knows their vanity, their unſoundneſſe, their emptineſſe of all true and perfect ſatisfaction, ſuch as left mee ever to ſeek, ever unquiet, till ſuch time as I wholly reſigned my ſelf unto thee. The world is a wilderneſſe of ravenous beaſts, there is no path, no ſafety, no contentment or protection, but through thy favour: Sweet Lord, impart it unto me, and I ſhall finde that quiet and joy of heart which I have ever wanted. Helpe me, for *I* ſhall hate my ſelf, if through the infirmity of my fleſh and blood, I reap not more joy and complacence in my ſurrender to thee, and in thy grace, then ever *I* did or could finde in the moſt full and flattering pleaſures, which this inſtable world affords. *I* have often found thy moſt mercifull and miraculous reliefe and ſupport, beyond expectation, beyond naturall conceit.

Let thy mercy and grace continue with mee to my end, and at thy good pleaſure ſet a period to that life, which *I* only hold in expectation of a happy diſcharge and diſſolution by thee, *Amen*, *Amen*.

November 5. 1637.

A Phyſitian once told me upon repaire to him for my diſeaſe, that I was to reſort to God, call upon him for his grace, and guide my ſelf by him, or to like effect. I thought it then ſtrange and improper in his profeſſion, but I have found it ſpoken like my good Angell, for there is no ſuch anchor, nor ſuch receipt to a troubled, to an agitated ſoule. The melancholy humour once predominant, in deſpite of judgement and reſolution, will obtrude importunate thoughts and fancies, take occaſion from almoſt every object, to make a troubleſome and diſcourſing impreſſion, make things otherwiſe of eaſie reſolution anxious, and vexing, repreſenting difficulties as faſt as deſignes; whereunto free ſpirits are not in the leaſt ſort obnoxious, they are in a cleare light and alacrity, delighted in themſelves, entertained and diverted with ordinary converſation, buſineſſe, and paſtime, whileſt the other droope, and howſoever often naturally quick, would play upon the wing, the melancholy clog checks and pulls them to the ground. God alone is the *Hercules*, that can purge that *Augean* ſtable, the *Æſculapius* who can give reliefe, ordinary Phyſick is but a palliation, nay often an aggravation of the diſeaſe. The powder called *Kellowayes* powder, with Gods bleſſing is to bee prized, for it goes to the root, it workes at length, and ſo as the patient may ſleep, play, goe on in an ordinary diet and courſe, a common and long courſe, which urgeth keeping in, weakens, and makes tender, is miſchievous, and incompatible: if ſuch powder breed inconvenience, *Epſam** waters, though but a draught in a day at morning, wonderfully allay and rectifie, as alſo the uſe of new and good Sider; theſe with Gods grace, conſtant exerciſe, and a moderation of the minde are incomparable. *Probatum.*

* The uſe of *Tunbridge* and *Epſam* waters, for health and cure, I firſt made known to *London*, and the Kings people; the *Spaw* is a chargeable & inconvenient journey to ſick bodies, beſides the money it caries out of the Kingdome, & inconvenience to Religion.

God hath given mee ſo ſtrong a body and minde to beare the injuries I have received from my ſelf, accident, and courſe of Phyſicke, that I admire. May it pleaſe him to make my life and death to his glory.

November 6. 1637.

GOod God, of thy great goodneſſe continue thy mercy upon me, and as I have hitherto proved the truth of all worldly things to bee nothing but vanity and vexation of ſpirit, ſo be thou to me joy and comfort. It is true that my nature, education, courſe of life, and diſeaſe require ſociety and diverſion, the conſideration of my paſt and preſent fortune is full of ſadneſſe, but thou canſt raiſe light out of darkneſſe, and joy from ſorrow, thy good ſpirit is the ſpirit of comfort, and without thee there is truely none, thou haſt bleſſed me ſo farre, as to have allayed, ſatisfyed, and expelled all

all my worldly fancies. I have fitted my houſe and fortune to my Son, in as much as I affected and was capable: bleſſe it unto him, and by thy grace exempt him from theſe unquietneſſes which I have found; there is no perfect, no ſolid happineſſe in this world; teach him to beare ſuch inconveniencies as may be better born then ſought (with an unquiet unſetling) to be avoided; it hath bin to me a great diſeaſe to over-humour my ſelf therein, there will in all conditions be ſomething amiſſe, a minde curious and impatient is a great miſchief.

Thus appeareth that which hath been obſerved, that men ſeldom or never betake themſelves to good and right courſes till ſuch time as a preſſing neceſſity (I might rather ſay God) compelleth and enforceth them. Neceſſity (I have ever ſaid) is the ſure reformer, then and not till then, and, often after ſmart, we contract our ſelves, and contain and refrain our extravagancies, preſumption, diſſolution, and luxuriant fancies.

November 6. 1637.

A Searching ſpirit faine amongſt the crudities and cavills of this worlds Sophiſtry and imperfections, is a great oppreſſor; it were well if contentions lay only, as ſome affirme, in the brink, and not in the depth of Sciences, ſearch ſhews it farre otherwiſe. It is a happy ſpirit that can paſſe lightly over the things of this world, and even in matters and myſteries of Faith Curioſity is neither ſafe, nor allowable. I am ſomething of the nature of thoſe dogges, which comming into a ſtrange place, reſt not till they have ferited every corner.

It is likewiſe a naturall importunity with me, in any thing that concernes me in minde, body, or fortune, not to take full reſt, till ſuch time as to my capacity, I have run over all that ſeemeth to belong to ſuch reſolution, willingly I ſit not down ſhort of other men, (I mean in honeſty, decency and knowledge) much leſſe ſhort of my ſelf.* Yet if we ſeriouſly and curiouſly minde theſe earthly things, they are full of ſcruple and vexation, if we ſlight them, a deliberating nature wants much of ſatisfaction and contentment, and doth as it were, brutifie (and ſin againſt) it ſelf, yet ſo ſhall it as well *Minus dolere*, as *gaudere*.

* Ingennous mindes affect to give a due & juſt accommodation to all things and perſons, and to themſelves no more, which is hard to doe in this various fantaſticall world.

It is that which I have long ſince found and affirmed, that if we ſet our hearts on theſe worldly matters, they prove fooliſhneſſe and perturbation, if we be cold and dull in them, all things are alike, but it is the miſery of a hot complection, that it requires entertainment, hot, full, and ſtirring, &c.

Where

Where grace once infuſeth it ſelf, all earthly troubles are evacuated, that alone is friends, pleaſure, and advantage enough, it is all-ſufficient, all conſolation: perfect then, good God, the inеſtimable gift of Faith, which thou haſt given me, it is truely thy gift, fleſh and blood cannot afford, nor reliſh it, thy wayes to it are wonderfull, often ſharp, but moſt ſweet in the concluſion; I kiſſe thy rod, I rejoyce in my afflictions, and feele that I had periſhed, if I had not periſhed.

Thou who haſt rebuked the winds, and they have obeyed thee, rectifie my ſpirit, and calm all ſuggeſtions, all ſtormes within me. Then may melancholy be infectious, but not mortall: then ſhall I live and die to thee and thy glory, which is all my ambition, all my prayer.

November 7. 1637.

I Have not found any thing more ſtrange, nor been more abuſed in any thing, then that conſtitution of ſoule which is frequent, and more or leſſe incident to us all, ſo mixt, ſo Heterogene, ſo pregnant, and right of underſtanding in ſome things, and ſo dull and wrong in others (ſuch commonly are they which moſt diſturb the world, as diſſonant from weakneſſe as true ſtrength of judgement, exhibiting according to the ſaying ſuch productions as a fool could not, and perfection would not) ſo appearing docile and capable of reaſon and improvement, and yet in effect ſo inſenſate, incorrigible, and unalterable, as it is hard to conceive how ſuch incongruities and inconſequences ſhould conſiſt in the ſame ſubject, or in truth how they can quadrate with a ſoule rationall and inſtructible, but there is aſſigned to us all a naturall ſtature in all things, which no Art, food, or induſtry can inable us to exceed.

The ordering of my fortune and courſe, where to dwell, what to ſell, or keep, what to diſparke, what and how to build at or to forbeare, which to a neere conſideration made no little anxiety, whether to keep houſe or not, finding my wife and ſelf unfit for it, and yet as unfit to ſojourn, what Phyſitian to uſe, and courſe to take to recover health; whether I ſhould adventure to buy imployment, which ſeemed neceſſary to my active ſpirits, though my life in my conceit was deſperate; whether to adventure upon a ſtrong diverſion by a courſe in Court, and how farre to comply with the times, which little complyed with my diſcourſe; whether to keep or break a raſh vow of importance, that coſt me deare.

This

This and much more might well oppreſſe a melancholy minde; my diverſions appeared as fruites of a vaine and prodigall diſpoſition, but alaſſe they were nothing leſſe: I hoped ſtill to have recovered my ſelf, and then I could have thriven well enough, I was not unknown, nor wanted an eaſie way to preferment, but it pleaſed God by weakning me, by confounding me, to bring me to him, bleſſed be his name. I reckon it a ſupreame happineſſe, &c.

November 8. 1637.

TRuth, exactneſſe, and perfection, are Oare of a rich Mine; but lye ſo deep, that they often hardly recompence the labour of their extraction: my end is not ſo much to vindicate, as to give ſome true knowledge of my ſelf, and ſhake off the burthen of my minde to my pen and paper; it is unfit for me, and I for it, and yet I cannot avoid it: and this is one of the unreconcileable properties of my condition, I write not to pleaſe, I write not for oſtentation, and if I did,

Prætulerim ſcriptor delirus inerſque videri,
Quam ſapere & ringi.

It is too true that the fine curious affected ſhooe often wrings the foot, High ſeats * are brave and Aiery, but low ones quiet. *Romæ Tibur amo ventoſus, Tibure Romam,* was a production of a fine, but windy melancholy ſpirit. Would I be an idolater, I would ſacrifice to quiet and dulneſſe. I will affect wit and curioſity in nothing, but to repent my ſinnes and pleaſe my God. Gracious God it is thy infinite power and ſpirit, that worketh in all things vegetable, and ſenſible creatures, in, and at their firſt production, without any diſcourſe of theirs, teaching them their nouriſhment, their ſuſtentation: thou art omni-preſent, omniſcient, omnipotent, aſſiſt me good God, in my diſcourſe, in my reſolution of dedicating my ſelf wholly unto thee, &c.

* So of minds.

November 9. 1637.

GOe now preſumptuous and over-weening man, boaſt in thy prerogative of reaſon and nature, confound thy ſelf in thy own wayes and inventions; nature may lead thee to pleaſure, and profit, and ſo commonly it doth the moſt baſe and vulgar ſpirits, but it muſt bee an extraordinary ſupernaturall ſpirit, that can make thee thrive to this and a better world.

This the naturall man diſcerneth not, and the foole cannot underſtand,

derſtand, but this the Schoole of experience, as well as of Faith, teacheth us.

Thou, Oh God, art the God of nature, but the wayes of nature, and Religion are ſo diverſe, that it is a kinde of irreligion to ſeek or meaſure thee in natures courſe, the courſe of thy Spirit and judgement run another way, they, thy decrees, thy graces, are all ſupernaturall and wonderfull, to thee be aſcribed all wiſedome, juſtice, power, and Majeſty.

And here my moſt gracious God, I humbly thank thee for thy mercifull and wonderfull ſupport through my whole courſe, to my body, to my minde, to my fortune; for it equals any thing that I can call ſtrange, that I have ſubſiſted through all my ſtormes and ſufferings, without having incurred utter ſcorn and ruine: ſhipwrack is not ill eſcaped with loſſe, and a good haven at laſt is not a little joy, though thy ſtorms have all paſt over me: and ſeeing I have uſed this term of the *Pſalmes*, I cannot let paſſe how moſt appoſit and accommodate, I have found many of them to my condition, as the 88. and divers others, in my friends being removed farre from mee, and ſundry other paſſages. Lord I humbly thank thee, that thou haſt ſo made my face aſhamed, as that I have got and found thee, and found that of thy very mercy and faithfulneſſe I have been troubled; I can now call thee the God of my Salvation, my countenance, and confidence, for I have found the beames of thy mercy, ſo to comfort me in darkneſſe and miſery, as that I doubt not to apply to my ſelf, as well the *Pſalmes* of conſolation, as I have done thoſe of complaint and diſtreſſe.

I can now look upon all this worlds glories, pleaſures, and vanities, with contempt and pity: continue thy mercies, and I have heaven upon earth, thou art perfection of Philoſophy, thou art the true *Summum bonum*, in thee is all fulneſſe, all joy.

Humane diſcourſe and reſolution can doe much, but firſt motions and ſurpriſes upon the minde, diſturb nature, concoction, and the ſpirits, even in meere nullities of conceit, in deſpight of a firm faith and reaſon, it is from God alone to prevent them, to allay them.

Tentations are often above the power of fleſh and blood to reſiſt: the melancholy humour is moſt violent in hot and active ſpirits and conſtitutions. There it eſtuates, there it ferments and boyles, how it ſuggeſts, confounds, reſolves, and then again forgets the circumſtances of a former reſolution, and by forgetfulneſſe, or a new predominancy of humour, relapſes to a freſh rumination, and confuſion upon the ſame ſubject. Melancholy at the firſt is a querulous humor, but in extremity it wraps it ſelf in ſilence, and exceeds

ceeds expreſſion, it dwels in inward conflicts, hopes by Gods grace the beſt, prepares for the worſt.

November 9. 1637.

HOw gracious and good (O God) art thou, that wilt be found in trouble, and become the relief of that calamitous Soule, which had neglected thee in the times of ſeeming proſperity! Thy wonders appeare in the deep, and out of the deep thou art called upon; the deep of diſtreſſe, the deep of Melancholy diſcover the wonders of thy Judgements, of thy power and mercy, even as the Starres and glory of the heavens is diſcerned out of a deep well, not otherwiſe appearing.

Lord, with what a fulneſſe doe I labour to expreſſe thy glory and my comfort! even in that, temper me, or I ſhall be confounded. *Ipſa fælicitas ſe niſi temperat premit.* Vouchſafe to demonſtrate in mee by my life and actions, what my pen cannot expreſſe.

What was ſaid of Fortune is true of God, *Occæcat hominum animos cum vim ſuam ingruentem refringi non vult.* According to Gods determinate counſell, wee diſcern, or are blind, we judge, reſolve and execute aright, or loſe and confound our ſelves in errour and folly. Thy decrees, O Lord, are irreſiſtible.

November 11. 1637.

HAd I been left a freedom in my ſelf, or been conſtant to my own Diſcourſe and inclination in the ordering of my wayes, it might have been wordly fortune enough unto me, but I found my ſelf pent, fettered, and intricated in all my courſe, many changes, inconveniences and incongruities brought upon me, little fair way to a fair minde, betrayed to worſe, though older counſell then my own, which in ſome things to my prejudice, I followed, though not in all.

Æſtuat, & rerum diſconvenit ordine toto,

Is truely mine; happy for this world are they, who fall upon an equability of minde and fortune, fitted and ſutable to the times, and their condition: now to me, *Ut placeas, debes immemor eſſe tui*, is not ſufficient, I have contracted infirmity, decay, and age: knowledge, reſolution, * precepts, Philoſophy, all earthly advantages without God, are of little effect, and as little comfort, they all

* Rules are ſo variable in their application, that without ſtrength of experience & diſcretion to over-rule them, they as much miſlead as direct: they ſerve to good notions & diſcourſe but *little* to practiſe: I mean not ſuch as are Mechanicall.

all ſtand aloofe, like falſe friends at a time of need, when the ſurpriſes, and precipitations of nature and fortune carry us away in deſpight of them, in deſpight of our ſelves.

Thou my God, canſt reconcile all ſtrifes and diſcordances, and wilt at laſt (though not till the laſt) refine us from all our droſſe, all our corruptions, wholly perfect, wholly ſanctifie, wholly fit us for the ſerene peace and joy of thy Kingdome, &c.

November 13. 1637.

MAny have been the evill conſequences of my diſeaſe, yet ſuch *quæ cadere poſſunt in virum probum*, if not *fortem*, and ſuch as (God be thanked) have not made me in worldly wayes, do things falſe, ſordid, baſe, or diſhonorable, by his grace as rigid and inſuperable to the world, as humble and ſubmiſſe to him, contrite and broken to him, in morall vertue inflexible and entire.

Sir *Edward Coke* was wont to ſay, that let his Son order matters as he would, he ſhould never take more pleaſure in ſpending, then hee had done in getting: and I may ſay, that never man ſuffered more in getting, then I have done in my conſumption. Gods will muſt have effect, *Cæſar* alone in ſobriety was the overthrow of his mother Common-wealth. I was ever farre from being Epicure, or Riotous; God at his good pleaſure can permit ſome men to proſper by their prodigality and Luxury, whileſt others ruine themſelves with their thrifty intentions.

A conſtant courſe is the way of thrift, as not to be diverted by ambition, nor over-ſtudying for the improvement of the minde, *Alias res agendo*, with a neglect of domeſtique fortune, in an œconomicall way, but without Gods good influence, even that often does and ſhall miſcarry. I and many others by an over-affecting of melioration, have ſpoiled all, like him that darkned his roomes by much inſcribing [*Fiat Lux*] in his windowes.

Theſe papers I know may appeare imperfect, I would the beſt of us in Chriſtianity were not ſuch: It was a right obſervation, that it is hard to be throughly good or bad; we are conſtituted of contrary Elements in our bodies, in our mindes. It were happy if Religion it ſelf were maintained in its purity, it runs through the conduits of humane diſcourſe, and it is to be feared, that it often carries with it too much tincture of humane conceit, and policy, yea often to our own abuſe and miſchiefe. Marriage is a holy thing.

I wiſh

I wish Gods institution were rightly understood, and observed therein, in the undertaking, in the pressing, in the course, in the dissolution: certainly there can bee nothing more unchristian, then for man and woman to come together, and live together, as ordinarily they doe; and possibly a great part of the world might at this day have been Christian, more then is, if man had not cast more constraint and restraint upon it then God.

I am perswaded, no Treatise could prove more Christian and usefull, then if some able man would exhort people in generall, not to rush into mariage so rashly and corruptly, Parents to leave their Children full freedome with their consent in so important a case, and Princes to take into further consideration that *Norman Gottish* Law, which occasions precipitate, unsutable, and immature Mariages, and proves the ruine of infinite good Families.

The *Romish* Priesthood saw something, when it exempted it self; I hate a falle, politique, and hypocriticall Christian, better bee without all knowledge, then due observance in Religion. Ignorance is a better plea with God, then halting.

As I have formerly said upon perusing of these my writings, I finde many confused repetitions, which could not otherwise happen, considering how cursorily they passed my pen, without examination, without deliberation, without method, they are raptures, they are ruptures of a loaded spirit, I have affected thereby to disburthen my self, but my perturbations and notions lye so deep, and pestered, that I have still rested unsatisfied in giving them their full and due light and birth. I doe like the dogge at the River of *Nile*, a lap and away for feare of the Crocodile.

The Melancholy humour is indeed like the *Nile*, the originall hardly known, the overflowing breeds infinite venemous strange creatures, and monsters, yet by Gods grace a * happy fertility may be raised from it: Melancholy, and retiredness, one of its children, work us either too much good or evill, it affects exactness, and sits not down in a mean; Gods saving grace ordinarily draws good out of evill, and where it works leaves not, till it habituates us in as much perfection as humane frailty can beare. Religion and piety are of those meats, that are better wholly refrained, then to eat but a little; but the Melancholy humour, as it is the sauce of the body to stirre an appetite, so moderately used, it is like a sauce or salt to season all things, but in abundance it is both most unpleasant and hurtfull.

* A predominancy of any of the four humours is pernicious, and so of Melancholy in excesse. Ambition is condemned of many who would be glad to resemble it in its concomitancies of vertues: that and Melancholy with their right correctives may prove as happy as witty. They are often mishapen and bad in the roote, but faire and good in the fruit; like Wardens, choaky and harsh in their crudities, but of generous and excellent juyce and relish, seasoned and concocted with the soft and gentle fire of Gods good grace and spirit.

Few men have more tempered, and resisted the importunities

and ſtrong impreſſions which it breeds, then my ſelf, which though I have not performed without much frailty, yet but by Gods moſt gracious aſſiſtance, I could never have done ſo well.

The Melancholy ſoule dwels in ſo tainted a cask upon ſuch a dunghill, the body is full of ſuch mud and dregges, that it muſt not be over-much ſtirred, and preſt upon by any courſe, or diſcourſe; for like the ſea, it works and ſwels a long time after.

November 28. 1637.

THis artificiall world, or rather ſecond Chaos of mans making, hath been to me, and is to many, an inſtrument whoſe Muſick is not worth the tuning, nor the tuning worth the ſtrings that are ſtretched and broken about it. Many a good man makes here ſuch a voyage, as many have done in the diſcovery of the North-weſt paſſage. Much induſtry and patience, wreſtling with mountaines of ſeas, ice, and rigour of weather, and in the end glad to recover their Country, with their victuals ſpent, and their Veſſell weather-beaten, having found little but the vanity of their voyage, and that what they ſought, is not at all, or hardly to bee found.

Here the ingenuous and ingenious nature findes it ſelf intricated, here it toyles and ſpends it ſelf, and by that time it hath made diſcovery of this worlds vanities, and in any good ſort ſurmounted them, by that time it underſtands what nature * and what grace will beare and comport with, it becomes ſo infeebled in health and fortune, that there remaines nothing but to wiſh a happy return to our heavenly Country: And as thoſe Northern climates are found onely inhabited by wilde, crafty, and ravenous beaſts, ſo is the world incompatible to an honeſt ſincere Religious diſpoſition, heaven is the proper ſpheare of goodneſſe and perfect ſanctification.

* Politique engagements, humane inventions, and unnaturall ſophiſtications raiſe ſuch a miſt and confuſion, eſpecially upon the moſt ingenuous well affected ſpirits, that the beſt of our ſhort day is paſt, by that time wee can cleare and free our ſelves.

I am contented not to deſtroy theſe papers, becauſe they carry in them many great graces and good motions of Gods Spirit upon me, and will or may, like ſo many pictures, hereafter ſerve to ſhew and witneſſe me, as well to my ſelf, as to others, what then I was, even through their crude, unpremeditate, unreviewed confuſion, which with the imployment of ſome more accurate labour and diligence, *I* confeſſe *I* might correct, but having ſatisfyed my ſelf in their private production, I am contented to let them paſſe lame and diſordered as they are: ſome alſo may make happy uſe of my unhappy obſervations and errors.

December 7. 1637.

As

AS he that travelleth towards a mountainous Country, climing one hill discovers still more and farther, both in prospect, and to be ascended, or like *Sisyphus* his stone, still begetting new labour; so is there no end of writing. Infinite have been the writings, and might be, upon the melancholy Subject, and innumerable have been my sufferings, and conflicts in it, more then are fit to be revolved, or related, wherefore *I* must desist; no humour is more eagerly set upon entertainment, diversions, and delight, none more necessarily require and urgeth it, but thus incident is it unto it, to trouble and infest it self in its entertainments, hardly moderated, hardly contained, and satisfyed; they had need to be such, as are of a nature to entertain the minde without over-busying the fancie, idleness is pernicious, and busines cumbersome. Gods good assistance and spirit must be the best and only support and guide.

How subtle and witty in farre fetcht and strained apprehensions and impressions, is the melancholy tainted spirit to its own hurt and disturbance? without Gods help, and a firm faith and resolution to oppose it, it were incapable to maintain it self.

There were no end in setting down incidences and conceits, as they obtrude themselves. It is best in this case to be abrupt, crushing of this root affords inexhaustible juice, but of importune, malign and venemous effect; Mans spirit is infinite, and so our discourses.

November 29. 1637.

AND now most gracious God, I render unto thy divine Majesty most humble thanks for thy wonderfull preservation to this day, for as I have discerned thy extraordinary, supereminent hand in humbling me, *I* have no lesse participated of thy mercies in my relief, even then when I have been brought so low, that both in body and minde I have conceived my self incapable of all humane help, or evasion; this hath often transported me to an extasie, and admiration of thy infinite goodnesse. It hath taught me to be other, then such as resent not thy wayes and judgements, how thou art all in all the Author of all, but especially good motion; many who feel not the motion of their heart in ordinary, doe yet in an extraordinary trouble and distemper of the spirits, take notice how then it beateth within them, and how by the motion of it they move, and are glad to comfort and strengthen it; so fareth it with men neglecting the motions of thy Spirit within them, by which in their best prosperities they ought to move, in tribulation they resent it, they are glad to comfort it, and seek their supream comfort from it. Thy providence is the current, in which wee all insensi-

insensibly move, all our sailes and oares cannot carry us out of it, he is an ignorant Navigator who knows not this.

Thou, Oh God, art the Starre, the Loadstone, the *Neptune* of our voyage in this world, be thou my current, my guide, and to thee be all my Sacrifice. Flexanimity is thine alone, and but for the favour of thy good spirit, I had been shipwrackt upon a thousand Rocks. I have been put to encounter crosse winds, and waves, the Leviathan of diseases, and that like a Vessell without Mast, Sailes, Oares, or Stern, or at least tottered and disabled in all my naturall furniture, my spirits wasted, my blood consumed, &c. Yet through all these defects, all these stormes, thou hast appeared my mighty deliverer, redeemed mee from the swallow of infinite threatning gulfes, &c.

The Plant may attribute growth to its own vertue, but what were it without the Sun? or what motion hath the heart of man but by Gods grace? &c.

December 2. 1637.

THe Melancholy humour is of the nature of what is written of the Hectique Feaver, in the beginning hardly discerned, and easie of cure, but in processe of time too manifestly discovering it self, and hard to bee remedied: From the upper regions of the Aire, proceed the inundations and corruptions of the lowest: It fareth so in the body of man; the Head, Heart, and Stomach (I might say principally the Minde) breed the crudities, impurities, and obstructions of Liver, Spleen, Miseraiques, and the lower belly, which by their evill noxious vapours and effects, revenge themselves upon their superiors, offending and infesting them with great trouble and mischiefe, insomuch as some have made a superstition in the bowelling of dead bodies for a perpetuall purity.

I have had experience of the truth of such discourse, and have by Gods grace, and great agitation of my inward parts, wonderfully preserved my selfe; it may be all in vain, but whilest wee live we are to doe the uttermost and best we can for our selves.

OH the lameneſſe, oh the misery of mankinde! having attained some principles and elements, we presently presume we know all things; then we doubt, then we question, and in conclusion our humane knowledge proves ignorance and cavill: To know God is the onely true knowledge, all else is vanity and confusion.

Good

Good God, teach me to ſubſiſt as well in thee as by thee, and I am happy, do thou ſupport me, and it is alacrity ſufficient; moderate my working ſpirit in my petty imployments, and I will eſteem it no ſmall matter to ſpend my time well in Piety, Charity, and ſome worldly trifles; I never affected any thing more, then to doe good, and be uſefull in good wayes, but to be imployed without power and freedome, or in matters unſuitable and unpleaſing to my affections and diſcourſe, I have ever preferred a private quiet, and exemption, affecting rather to exercise a power of compoſing homebred inconveniencies within my ſelf, then to undergoe their impoſition from others, I could as well as another, have been a buſie man, &c.

1637.

HAppy are they who according to this world deſire little, or moderate their deſires, even in the way of perfection, knowledge, and happineſſe it ſelf: for our portion here is ignorance, imperfection, and loſſe of happineſſe by over-ſeeking it; in the true knowledge of God, and his favour, conſiſts the onely true tranquillity and felicity, and nothing but the perfect joyes of Heaven can ſatisfie the perfection and *Summum bonum* affecting ſoule.

When wee have ſaid and done what we can, we are in ſuch a miſt and confuſion of things, ſo ſhort ſighted through our falſe Perſpective, that there is much chance in diſcerning the truth and right way, even of things within our reach and capacity, in deſpight of all our ſearch and circumſpection, God is all in all without him, ſeeing we ſhall not ſee, and underſtanding wee ſhall not underſtand, who referres to nature and our naturall univerſality of faculties, and not to his extraordinary influence, is blinde to his grace and operation. By him we live, move, and have our being, and no thing or faculty workes, but through his grace and providence.

FAntaſie in us is like the ſaile of a Ship, without it we want much of ornament and motion, with a predominancy of it, we are in danger of over-ſetting; without it many things otherwiſe delightfull, are dull and inſipid, and if it be over pregnant, it ordinarily ruins and befooles us. It is our Soules Perſpective, multiplying objects at one end, and leſſening them at the other; it is a better ſervant then Maſter. Happy they whoſe Steer and Balaſt can rule and command it. It is a Horſe that muſt be born with a hard hand, if

if it get head, it transports us to much inconvenience, and hardly containes it self within any limits of judgement and reason. All things take their tincture from it; It is to be lesse then man, to want it, and more to bridle and over-rule it; God alone can temper and moderate our inordinate fancies * and affections, he alone is commensurable to our vast desires.

* In our naturals they had bin easily contained, & within a small compasse, when nothing but faith can now circumscribe and quiet them.

Moderation hath ever been a hard vertue, the most conscientious spirits have ever been subject to superstition and Idolatry, strength of fantasie is apt to multiply it self beyond measure, irreligious hearts cut the Gordian knot which they cannot unty: to distinguish betwixt God and man, must be from God and not from man; Man may endevour and concurre, but God alone can cleare and confirme. My good God, I will (with thy good grace) let my heart loose to no other object, then thy self, and what is pleasing unto thee, so shall I have fulnesse of joy, nor shall I regret or envy the most splendid employments, or fantasticall delights, wherewith this world Syren-like enchants the mindes of such as dote upon it; smile thou upon me, and let the world frown or scorn, the worlds kisses are poyson, the embraces confusion, they carry their sting with them, but thy favour is present and eternall felicity.

If the very enjoying of our fancies, and feeding them, be a kind of surfeit and oppression, what is it to faile, be crossed and miscarry in them? Little saile and little fancy make the best and safest voyage.

To conclude these shreds and ejaculations, which may weary, but never satisfie either my self or any other: (for there is evermore and better to be said) our artificiall, infirme, and perplexed condition, is to a curious strong minde, a naturall and strong distraction, a large and various prospect works upon, and divides the fancy, and with a divulsion breeds a kinde of convulsion in the spirits, and a solution of that sweet continuity and harmony which God hath ordained naturall unto us. Originall and actuall sin inhabiting in us, deserve that and much other punishment. If God of his great grace and indulgence give us not a clew of his thred to guide us, we are confounded and lost in this worlds Labyrinth, he is ours and the worlds prop, and if it had not pleased him wonderfully to assist and support me with extraordinary strength of resolution, and his good Spirit, I had a thousand times perished in my errors, and confusion. Wilde affections, which lead grave reason by the nose, had undone me; a vertiginous spirit, and my own weight and strength had oppressed me: and well might I miscarry, seeing the strongest spirits are in the multiformity of their discourse most obnoxious to finde reason to fortifie themselves in the grossest obliquities, to us in propriety is all sensuality, vanity, foolish

foolish presumption, Sophistication, and corruption of truth, with innumerable exorbitancies and follies.

But to God, only good, onely wise, just, mercifull, and omnipotent, be ascribed all honour, and glory for evermore, *Amen, Amen.*

Good God, I am the work of thy hands, and now happily of thy good Spirit, let thy mercy work with me, and upon me to the end and Eternity.

Tot contra unum caput conspirantibus, quis potuisset resistere, nisi Dei optimi maximi speciali gratia aspirante?

There had need in truth be an extraordinary supply and support of reason and grace, against the strange and strong fond impressions of the Melancholy humour.

November 25. 1637.

IT is said, that if a horse could be equally placed to provender on each side of him, he would sooner starve, then resolve.

I was ambiguously constituted, balanced in disposition, betwixt contemplation and action, thrift and comlinesse, pleasures of the body, and minde; vice, and vertue; Country, Town, and Court; private, or publique course of life; and no wonder, if *Dubia torquent*, the world is a Riddle, an entangled skaine, vexatious to extricate; to intend our mindes and affections much upon it, is as well misery as vanity, it payes us with a Cloud in stead of *Juno*; torment, in stead of contentment; we often lose substances for shadows, and felicity by over-searching it. There is a proportion of wit, most conducible to this worlds resolutions and happinesse, if we exceed or come short of that element, either the heighth and fineneſſe of the Aire agrees not with our Lungs and subsistence, or we are dampt and suffocated in an over earthly and flegmatique dulnesse. As in squared paving stone, such onely endure the earth and open weather as are neither over-hard nor soft: so is it in the temper of mens spirits, for the undergoing of this worlds incidents. Happy such as most slightingly passe through it; yea God himself requires, that we esteem it as but a passage to Eternity; a point; a nothing in respect.

He only can fill and satisfie the curious soule, I cannot be sorry that the pleasures of this life concern me, neither in use, nor affection, when I consider their sting, their molestations, and emptinesse,

neſſe, compared with the ſweet comforts of Gods favour, and the bleſſedneſſe of everlaſting life.

There like the upper Region, dwels all peace, purity, and glory.

Here all corruption, Meteors of imperfect mixtion, ſtormes, and calamities.

There is our true Country and Region, where, when God ſhall have refined us, wee ſhall live, and ſhine more glorious then the Starres.

I Have promiſcuouſly ſpecifyed the cauſes and originalls of my Melancholy diſeaſe, I was deeply ingaged in it, before I ſuſpected it, and had given ſo much way to it to take root in me, as made the Cure moſt difficult. It is a *Goliah*, but we muſt not (like *David*) fight againſt it with our own Armes.

The grace of God is All-ſufficient, but humane ſtrength moſt incompetent; once diſcovered, I manfully reſiſted it, elſe I had never neere ſo long ſubſiſted; I uſed diverſion, which is the humane, firſt, ſecond, and beſt remedy. I oppoſed *Labore & Conſtantia, ferendo & feriendo*. Like a *Parthian* I fled, and fought, but prayer hath been my moſt effectuall remedy: It is a Devill that is not otherwiſe caſt out; Phyſick is a feeble exorciſme: but when by hearty Prayer I humbled my ſelf to God, and implored his ayde, I ever roſe from the ground like an other *Antæus*, with renewed and revived ſpirits. God make me thankfull, for his mercy hath ſurpaſſed the tranſcendency of my follies. Happy the wounds that meet with that good *Samaritane*. Happy the diſeaſe that brings us to the cure of ſuch a Phyſitian.

I Have read how *Plutarch* complaines of mans infirmity, who can in nothing keepe or meaſure, or conſtancy. In truth affections in our mindes, reſemble over-much the motions of the wind in the Aire: They riſe and take their courſe, ſometimes in moderation, ſometimes in ſtorm, they diſcontinue, they change, they whirle, and all ſo ſtrangely and irregular, as we neither can well conceive, or controule; we neither know whence they proceed, nor where they will end; the objects of our pleaſure and diſcourſe poſſeſſe us with a drunkenneſſe, with a giddineſſe, the ſtrongeſt and hotteſt mindes are moſt intent, moſt Mercuriall, moſt unſettled and Volatile. Thence hath growne an obſervation of the frequent changes and troubles in the *Florentine*, more then the *Venetian* State. Now what meanes have wee to fix this *Mercury?* the naturall temper is hard to alter, the inconſtant body acts too much upon the Soule.

Thou

Thou, O God, canſt onely effect ſo great and ſupernaturall a work; faith alone and a Chriſtian hope, can become the anchor of our ſoules, to maintain them firm and ſecure, againſt our own and the worlds winds, waves and rocks.

No other then thy divine Armour can reſiſt, no other then thy divine water can quench the fiery darts, which Satan and the world throw againſt us, and our ſelves ſhoot to fall on our own heads: thou who madeſt us, canſt only mend us, thou art the ſole Phyſitian of the ſoule; our knowledge is imperfect in the flowings of our blood, our elementary humours, and the anatomy of the body, much more in the motions of the minde.

Thou, Oh God, who madeſt it, and inſpiredſt it, underſtandeſt it better then our ſelves, it is of thy privative juriſdiction, and thou alone canſt ſteere, canſt rectify, and fix it. We miſ-know our ſelves and thee, when we attribute to our ſelves a preſumptious ſelfe-ruling power, we have not motion but from thee, by thee, and through thy dayly providence, ſupport, and aſſiſtance: it is ſo in all creatures; in many of them their motion is without diſcourſe, and involuntary, but in us thou giveſt the will and the deed.

January 13. 1637.

HOw ſacred and ſerious ought to be, and is our Religion? how in this Galley, moſt looke one way and row another? how yet ſome people entertain ſinnes with a nationall Denization? ſome ironically ſport and play with them as Natures game, ſome make them veniall, which in Gods Audit will finde another account: To what croſſe batteries of Honour, Nature, Laws, Cuſtome, and Religion, is our frailty expoſed? Poore humane ſoule, curious of rectitude, curious of knowledge, no wonder that thou ſuffereſt ſuch diſtractions, ſuch convulſions: Example, which ſhould rectifie thee, betrayes thee: Thy leaders who ſhould guide thee in a cleere and conſtant way, wander, and confound thee, and in their partiall and ſelf-intereſſed ſubtilties loſe themſelves and thee. Naturally I affect Truth, and am impatient of imperfection, eſpecially ſuch as I appeare capable to remedy, and till I ſeem to diſcover what may be commodious and rationall, I cannot reſolve, but right and truth have ſo various an aſpect, and dwell in ſuch a cloud and croſſeneſſe of apprehenſion, that if God of his great grace, make not himſelf the guide of the good well-affected Soule, it ſtrayes, it loſeth it ſelf, and becomes overwhelmed with this worlds confuſion and obliquity: Thus workes my fancy, thus accidentally enfeebled, am I put (according to my nature) to walk ſtrongly in

weakneſſe. Moderation is the hardeſt of vertues; my daily prayers to the Almighty ſhall be, that he will pleaſe to beſtow it upon me. I greatly need it againſt my nature, againſt my ſelf. I am at an evill exigent, employment I want, and am weak to undergo it, yet idleneſſe and vacuity of thoughts (as unnaturall unto me) I cannot beare; I have done, and will endevour my uttermoſt, to compoſe my ſelf, to ſubſiſt and entertain my ſelf towards God, my Neighbour, and my ſelf, in the moſt Religious, diſcreet, and charitable temper that I can, &c.

December 11. 1637.

IT is hard for a man to diſſect and paint out himſelf, yet have I thus adventured upon it according to the life and truth, and without flattery. In a Looking-glaſſe, they ſay, wee ſee our ſelves by reflection of the beames of our ſight upon our ſelves: in the mirrour of my misfortunes, I have thus reflected upon my ſelf, but I confeſſe true diſcerning is towards outward objects, we are naturally blinde to our ſelves, beſides the miſts that ſelfe-love and intereſt raiſe upon us.

I have touched in one paſſage, that the Melancholy humour, and Choler aduſt, muſt not be violently ſtirred, in reſpect of the rage and diſtemper it often ſo procures in full and foule, eſpecially long unſtirred bodies; but I profeſſe my courſe hath been by all meanes, inward and outward, to ſearch it to the root. I went much upon the Rule of *Quod movet removet*, * And what I heard once from a good Doctor, that obſtinate inſiſtings often work great and ſtrange effect. I have long forborn Phyſick, even when I moſt needed it, ſo ſtill incorreſpondent hath my condition been unto it ſelf; ſome reaſon I had, that neither I could nor would admit it, but had I not by Gods inſtruction and long degrees, brought my ſelfe to be able to work upon my ſelf in an extraordinary way, exerciſing my ſelf by his ſupport, and ſupporting my ſelf in a great ſtrength of body and minde, I could not neere have ſubſiſted; I had by many yeares and degrees brought my ſelf to it. It is for me alone, and therefore I cannot preſcribe any thing therein to others; there is a mean and diſcretion, belongs to all things, but certainly Melancholy obſtructions are ſo tough and lead-like, that they are immoveable to ordinary courſes and medicines, and extraordinary muſt be cautiouſly and gradually imployed, Inveterate, they conſiſt of a fat, waxen, viſcous, impacted, and tartarous ſubſtance, ſuch as Vegetables ſlip by without penetration, Minerals are more effectuall, in ſuch a difference as betwixt the ſtroak of a cudgell or ſword, a naturall Criſis and evacuation is above all. But we have ſo clogged and entangled our ſelves beyond the quiet of nature and

* Medicines in truth work their effect by encountring & ſtirring the peccant humor ſtrength of nature expelling both the Phyſick & humour in which conſideration a right and ſtirring exerciſe is the ſureſt and beſt digeſtion & expurgation

and of other creatures, that art and Phyſick are thereupon become more neceſſary.

In truth though the Melancholique patient hath a Wolfe by the eares of his diſeaſe, trouble in holding and ſtirring, and unſafe to let goe, yet I eſteem it a poore reſolution to ſuffer a rooted miſchiefe (which is preſently noxious, and will more and more grow dangerous) upon feare of adventure, where there is any the leaſt hope of delivering our ſelves: inſupportable evils, admit and excite rather to any hazard, then a miſerable toleration, a hopeleſſe condition is moſt calamitous, a well-built body will indure, and work out very much, like a good Ship againſt foule weather at Sea; mine, I thank God, is ſuch, that had not my minde like an evill Steerſ-man, infinitely (even of late) been injurious unto it, I had by Gods grace infallibly prevailed, both againſt my Giant diſeaſe, and infinite intervening unfriendly accidents, but by Gods help, I daily mend and hope to leap over the wall.

Nil deſperandum in Chriſto, nil auſpice Chriſto.

L' induſtrie eſt de nous, L' heurex ſucceſ de dieu.

December 11. 1637.

TO give us courage in misfortunes, it was well ſaid of Fortune, that her courſe is irregular, and that we ought not to deſpaire of her, for often when ſhe appeares to threaten us with imminent ruine, ſhe is truely in the article and Cataſtrophe of our good and advantage.

It is more verifyed in the wayes of God, nothing more ordinary with him, then by humbling us to exalt us, and to ſtrew the path to Heaven with afflictions. *Cæſar* animated his Pilot by carrying him and his Fortunes; it was a vain preſumption, but he who the Almighty is Pilot to, cannot ſink nor miſcarry: to demonſtrate his power and awake the faith of his Favourites, he permits (as to his Diſciples) the ſtormes to riſe, and waves to threaten deſtruction, and in his mighty and ſupernaturall reſcues, appeare his ſweeteſt comforts, his greateſt glory.

Nec Deus interſit, niſi dignus vindice nodus; as the Divines affirm, that tentations proceeding from the Devill, may bee diſtinguiſhed by their violent and ſuddain ſurpriſe.

So may Divine deliverances be infallibly known by the ſuddain and extraordinary help that we receive from them, at ſuch time as our

our condition appeares unto us moſt irremediable and deſperate. I have infinite matter and thanks to render to my Maker, to my Saviour, but in nothing more then that of his abundant mercy; hee hath been pleaſed to lead me through Seas, through Wilderneſſes of troubles and errour, by a cloud, by fire, by the thunder of his voice, by infinite wonders for neere forty yeares together, to bring me at laſt to his happy Land of promiſe; that is, to peace, joy, and repoſe in him, where alone flows all true happineſſe and fixed contentment.

There can in truth be no conſtant courage, without a firm Faith, and aſſurance of Gods favour towards us; that alone fortifies us againſt danger, darkneſſe, and death.

December 12. 1637.

IT is truely ſaid, that wee know ſo much as we put in practice, nor are the notions and floting impreſſions of the brain, without a through tincture of the heart and ſoule, any effectuall Science, and ſo it is that vertue is conſtituted a habit, and not only a babling ſcientificall diſcourſe of the minde; untill I conſidered this, I often wondered to ſee the beſt Clerks often the worſt men, as well as none of wiſeſt: Men read and ſtudy commonly rather for curioſity, to cenſure, to learne language and the courſe and manner of the world, to maintain a ſide, to gain bread, and knowledge like other men, rather then truth, vertue, and piety, to gather opinions, and to appeare good, rather then to be: Propounding to our ſelves wrong objects, no wonder if wee miſſe the right, which makes ſo many Scholars, who ſtudy to get the beſt Livings, leſſe vertuous in their lives then others, who more vertuouſly and ſpiritually then worldly affected, ſtudy rather to nouriſh then cloath, to Dye then paint their mindes. Corrupt nature like a depraved ſtomach turns and aſſimilates all nouriſhment, it makes an alien of forain inſtruction, and governs it ſelfe by its own Laws. Nay, ordinarily againſt our wills and reſolutions, nature relapſes, and raviſheth us from our Moralls, from our Metaphyſicals, Senſuality prevailes, and we prevaricate with our Conſciences: when I approached Gods Sanctuary, this was yet leſſe ſtrange unto me, there (as *Copernicus* hath placed the Sun in the Center of this Univerſe, whoſe influence and Magnetique vertue gives life and motion to all materiall creatures) ſo is it cleare that the immateriall minde of man hath its life and motion only from the good Spirit of God, and unleſſe by his influence and inſpiration he carry our inſtructions and informations to the root, except he alter, reform, and ſeaſon our hearts, like haſty ſhowers, all paſſeth away, whereas a ſound heavenly

venly dew worketh a better watering and fruitfulneſſe; want of that Divine irradiation makes us ſuch Mungrills, ſuch half Chriſtians, as we ordinarily are, acknowledging our Faith and Saviour in our tongues, and denying him in our lives. God of his great grace grant us his ſaving Spirit, and we ſhall as well practice as ſeem to know and profeſſe, *Amen, Amen.*

December 14. 1637.

NO wonder that I ſearch into the abſtruſe cauſes and proceedings of my diſeaſe, for I am a wonder to my ſelf, that a Sanguine complection, with a naturall ſtrength of body and minde, and none of the moſt impertinent in wit, and diſcourſe, ſhould fall into ſo great a confuſion and conſumption of minde, body and fortune, without ſome outward moſt apparent violence: But (beſides what I have formerly expreſſed) I conſider that ſteeping my ſelf in my beginnings, in the ſtudy of *Mountaynes Eſſayes*, which are full of Scepticiſme, and a kinde of Morall mortification, in crying down the delights and preſumptions of this world, proved to a tainted and tender minde, a great amatement and blunting, with an anxious diſpoſition of doubt, in the ordinary courſe and pleaſures of this life, that, and much adverſe accident, nipt me in my firſt Spring; otherwiſe in all probability I, who in that lowneſſe and oppreſſion of ſpirits, which hath poſſeſſed me, could yet ſo beare up, as in ſome meaſure to become ſought, and reſpected by the better ſort, might have been ſomewhat more then I have been in the eminency of this world; but the great and good God hath otherwiſe ordained, nor am I without hope, that hee, who hath to this day ſo wonderfully ſupported and converted me, will thereby work his glory and my good.

It is true that my courſe hath been moſt improſperous, yet never of a groſſely irrationall or unthrifty election.

I have in truth been ſo farre from humouring my ſelf in the impulſions of Nature, or moſt delightfull objects of my fancy, that I have mainly reſiſted my ſelf therein. It hath pleaſed God to make me an inſtrument of croſſing and puniſhing my ſelf in whatſoever I moſt placed my minde. The obſtinate continuance of my diſeaſe, and the failings of thoſe whom I have truſted and relyed upon, have abuſed me: I have loſt much pleaſure and profit, whereof I might have been capable; but for my ſelf I regret it not, for alaſſe how vain, how tranſitory, how full of vexation are the beſt of earthly commodities, &c.

Truth

Truth hath been ſaid to be the object of the underſtanding, and good of the will: *Totus teres atque rotundus*, expreſſeth an honeſt man, yet a bowle perfectly round, except upon a ground exactly plain, holds not well its ſtraight line and way, a ſtrong byas better maintaines it ſelf againſt whampes and unevenneſſe.

So doth a man byaſſed with ſome ſiniſter affection, often run a more conſtant and thriving courſe, then he who hath conſtituted truth, and true good his Miſtreſſe; but himſelf being round, and his way uncertain and uneven, he varies and fluctuates accordingly, as I have often ſaid, Truthes to us are ſuch obſcure, high, twinkling Starres, that we hardly faſten upon them; what pleaſeth us, is only certain unto us; I ſpeak in a naturall way, for ſupernaturally in Faith alone is all truth, all good, certainty, and pleaſure. Till God gave me that happy gift, I was a bowle without byaſſe, a ſhip without ſteer, or Starre.

I Were more then moſt miſerable, if my reſentment, my heart, and affections, were ſet upon this world, but I humbly thank God, it is farre otherwiſe with me, and now as there ever hath been a difference made, between ſuch as caſt themſelves into open and eminent miſchief, and ſuch as fall into unhappy conſequences of evills unforeſeen: ſo hope I to finde favour * and pardon from the better ſort, and the worſt I reſpect not: And as that Prince who plain in perſonage and habit, was by miſtaking ſet to drudge for his own entertainment, and being diſcovered and demanded what he meant? Anſwered, that he did penance for his evil-favouredneſſe: So am I contented to undergoe, and ſubmit my ſelf to the not undeſerved penance of my fate, with an acquieſcence of, *Fiat voluntas tua; ſed libera nos a malo.*

* As was ſaid, *Non ego paucis offendor maculis quas non incuria fudit, aut humana parum cavit natura*, ſuch in great part have befalne mee.

January 2. 1637.

NEmo læditur niſi a ſeipſo, never proved it ſelf more true then in me, I have been both agent and authour of my miſery, and ſufferings, I have been both Criminall and tormenter: God made me ſtrong, I have made my ſelf weak; God intruſted me with many Talents of advantage above others, I have miſ-imployed and abuſed them, and my ſelf; from my youth I have ſuffered his ſcourges and terrours, with a troubled ſoule, yet ſuch is his mercy unto me, that it is good and happy for me that I have been troubled; As I have turned unto him, he hath been graciouſly pleaſed to turn his countenance of favour towards me, healing my wounds with

with the ſoverain balme of his grace, and refreſhing my Soule with his waters of life; humbling me to exalt me, and chaſtiſing mee in a Fatherly correction, to prevent my eternall puniſhment.

How ſweet (Oh Lord) are thy mercies, beyond compariſon, beyond my expreſſion? the falſe and flattering joyes of ſenſuality are meer ſowreneſſe, bitterneſſe, and vexation in reſpect; continue thy grace unto me, perfect thine own work, and make me an inſtrument of thy glory, confirm me in the contempt of this worlds vanities: and as on me, ſo work upon the world, by thy Almighty Spirit, thy ſaving health, that thy will may be done in earth, as in Heaven; nothing but thy all-powerfull Spirit can effect it, draw us and we ſhall come, and let it be through tribulations, ſorrows, fire, and whatſoever long or ſhort, a faire or rugged way, ſo it lead to thee we ſhall be happy above meaſure, *Amen, Amen.*

Sweet Saviour, let thy pretious wounds cure mine,
And ſave my Soule, which is by purchaſe thine.

January 15. 1637.

BEauty and the delight of the eye conſiſt in well-ordered luſtre of Colours, proportion, and motion: yet forbeares it not to be extraordinarily affected in the enjoying of ſuch objects, as the appetite and fantaſie have preſcribed to themſelves for a neceſſary or voluptuous ſatisfaction, whereby appeares that we become moſt raviſhed and tranſported by the operation and co-operation of the minde, whoſe trueſt and nobleſt objects are vertue and goodneſſe. Hence ſprung the conceit, that if vertue were viſible, it would beget in us moſt tranſcendent affections, ſo beautifull, ſo amiable it would be to a generous Soule.

God is the Author and Prototype of all beauty and goodneſſe. How infinitely then beyond compariſon ſweet, faire, and lovely muſt he be to ſuch as apprehend and contemplate his glory, and to whom he imparteth himſelf and his mercies? As the ſight of the body of the Sun ſo filleth the ſenſe, that for the preſent it can admit no other conceit; ſo doth the glorious ſpeculation of Gods eſſence and Majeſty, annihilate and expell all earthly affections. How vain, how motly, poore, and beaſtiall are vulgar delights, in reſpect of that tincture, that rapture, and eternity of bliſſe, which flow from his Divine grace and knowledge? how is it poſſible, after ſuch influence, to reliſh the droſſie pleaſures of the world, for the moſt part common with beaſts, fleeting, moleſting, lame?

Miſerable is the heart which he doth not ſeaſon, diſconſolate the comforts which proceed not from his Grace: who without that could live contented; could be content to be one of *Circe's* beaſts, and live and die in a drunken fit? I moſt humbly thank thee (my gracious God and Saviour) that thou haſt vouchſafed to open my eyes to thy glory, and the worlds vanity; till then I never found ſolid or permanent comfort. I have, like others, been apt to conceive, that this worlds delights were our proper portion of thy aſſignment, but thy great Grace hath enlightned me, and with a ſtrong hand taught me to chuſe the better part. I have ſince thy illumination affected above all things, to ſet forth thy Grace, Mercy, and Glory, but pardon me (Oh Lord) they ſurpaſſe my poore abilities. I am an earthen veſſell, weak, and craſed, as unable as unworthy to be a fit inſtrument, to ſound forth thy praiſe, I was ambitious to have wrought thy Divine love upon others, that they with me might conſtitute thee the ſole ſcope and Lord of their Counſels, their projects, their actions, but a fuller and richer Magazin then mine, and a ſtronger health are required. Pardon (Oh Lord) that I withdraw my ſelf, conſcious of my weakneſſe and inabilities, but what my pen cannot attaine, my tongue and actions ſhall (by thy Grace) indeavour to ſupply.

January 14. 1637

CHarity implies the love of God and man, without it, whatſoever we pretend, we are Infidels, objects of hatred, to our Maker, to our inferiours; what condition can be more contemptible? No delight is comparable to that, which reflects upon a good minde from its own goodneſſe extended upon others, eſpecially when our Conſciences beare us witneſſe, that we doe it out of a true love and obedience to our moſt mercifull and Omnipotent God. To pretend Faith, and be without Charity, is to mock God, and our ſelves; better were it for us to be like beaſts, without all knowledge of God, then to play the Hypocrites, and draw a thouſand woes upon our ſelves. Above all thy gifts, Oh Lord, thy gift of a lively and true Faith is pretious and ſweet unto me, to be conſcious of that, is to be happy; Conſcience without it is a ſting, a torment unto us, and ſuch ſhall they finde it, who in the luſtineſſe of their fleſhly pleaſures and diſcourſe, moſt ſmother and affect to extinguiſh it; it hath a root in them from their youth, which may lye long hidden, but will, deſpight of their nipping and obſtinate courage, finde a ſeaſon to ſend forth thorny branches and bitter fruites. May I (Oh God) no longer live, then I ſhall endevour to pleaſe thee, more then my ſelfe, and others who beare thy Image

Image as much, confining our indulgencies to our ſelves, we are worſe then beaſts, extending them to others, we reſemble thee, whom we are commanded to imitate, nor are we otherwiſe fit for a ſociable life in this, much leſſe for the ſociety of Saints and Angels in thy eternall world. Make other vertues as eaſie unto me as that of Charity, and I am happy.

January 20. 1637.

For my Sonne.

TOwards a departure, or a long journey, men uſe to ſettle an order, to declare their will, and expreſſe their affection: I have reſolved (if it pleaſe God to inable me in performance) as neceſſary to my ſelf, and fit for you, to abſent my ſelf ſome little time from home, that having entered you into an œconomicall way, recollecting your ſelfe, you may in my little Fortune (which I have wholly committed unto your diſpoſing) have a full and free faculty of managing and ordering all according to your good pleaſure and diſcretion: You know what is ſaid in your *Theatre d'Agriculture*, that *Eſlever trop de Palais & nourrir trop de valetz*, is a way to ruine. As for the firſt, concerning building, I hope ſo to have furniſht you, and provided ſuch accommodation, as it ſhall not need to trouble either your minde, or purſe. For the ſecond, it is the miſchiefe of the *Engliſh* manner of living, (eſpecially in the Country) to labour and be charged with multitude of ſervants: great fortunes may beare profuſion, but in yours, you had need (as much as may be) ſtudy a reſtraint: A ſmall eſtate and few ſervants, well ordered, often make a Maſter live moſt happily and handſomely. *I* never was ſo careleſſe or prodigall, as to propound to my ſelf a courſe of expence above my meanes, but my miſhap hath been, that ſuch on whom I have relyed, have never contained within the limits preſcribed, which hath bred my conſumption. For though the malignity of my diſeaſe hath thruſt me beyond my inclination, in ſome extraordinaries: yet againſt that alone I could have found remedy without a breach upon the maine of my Fortune, and ſuch expence I never purſued: Since your ſelf hath been a witneſſe and an Overſeer of my ordinary expenſes, it hath not been without exceeding; God be thanked, I have born and ſupplyed it, you are not now without experience, you have not been without advice, God bleſſe them unto you; and for me I have long ſince compoſed my ſelf to undergo as well

the cenſure as the loſſe: good mens opinion I will ever value; but fame, (as a thing without me) I never much regarded. Comfort your ſelf with what *Horace* ſayes of *parvoque potentem Fabritium*, and the well-being that goes with them, to whom *Dii dederunt parca quod ſatis eſt manu.* I know a Philoſophicall forced contentment, is no vulgar felicity, but ſo it conduce to a *bene eſſe*, it may ſuffice. You have a ſtreight and faire way before you, and God hath bleſt you a with good and conſtant temper and affections, be conſtant to your ſelf, and you are well.

If any thing prejudice you, it may prove your tender and infirme conſtitution, with a minde bent to the more noble ſpeculative and generous thoughts, but you muſt ſomething force and ſtiffen your ſelf, to carry an eye, and take a pleaſure, in ſuper-intending what concernes you: It is poſſible for a ſoule not ſick, though otherwiſe affected, to conquer and acquit it ſelfe herein with eaſe and cheerfulneſſe, if not delight.

You want no good will, you want no precaution; Now as it is my prayer, ſo it is my confidence, that God will not be wanting unto you; *Paul* you know may plant, and *Apollos* water, but it is he alone that muſt give the increaſe; without his good grace, all is but *Invita Minerva.* As I have been indulgent to you in your Mariage, ſo as you know, have I been otherwiſe ſo farre, as to put my ſelf out of my own wayes to accommodate yours; and as well before as ſince your Marriage, to give away the abſolute power over my fortunes to fix them upon you and yours, all which I have done both out of affection to you, and experience of my own fate to be ſuch as I durſt not truſt more then needs muſt.

You have as well my errors as precepts to admoniſh and inſtruct you, and I hope you will make uſe of the rule of *Fœlix quem faciunt aliena pericula cautum.* You ſee how troubleſome I am to my ſelf in any thing I am to undertake, or that concernes me; I turn it every way I can, I winde my ſelf round about it, and though I cannot take a reſolution, but upon a through ſearch and diſpoſition:

Yet it is even then not without ſome diſtruſt and inſatisfaction, ſo infinite is the fancy, and perfection ſo tranſcendent: wherefore it is beſt for curious mindes to put on a rigid confining of themſelves, and obſtinately to entertain no more matter of fancy then needs muſt; to ſlight this world as it deſerveth, and to fix our ſoules upon God, is the only ſincere ſatisfaction, an infinite ſubject to an unbounded fancy.

I remember what a Lady once ſaid unto me, that in government of houſhold expence which her husband committed unto her, howſoever ſhe handled the matter, ſhe ever made ſure not to exceed the

the allowed proportion; indeed there are many wayes incident to this worlds course, and we have a latitude of disposings, and pleasing our selves; but the *unum magnum*, the *unum necessarium* for this life, is not to over-spend.

This was in my discourse, this was in my affections, but my want and infirmity in health, wildered and overthrew me: God be praised, you yet injoy *Mentem sanam in corpore sano*, moderate your self, and hold so, and make no question of well-being and fortune; maintain your self ready and capable, and Fortune seldome failes to present her self. God multiply his blessings upon you; and receive the blessing of your wholly devoted Father, *Amen, Amen.*

I have set you even, I have set you before hand, contain and run not behinde; never make your self such a stranger to your fortune and course, as to make any one servant necessary unto you, you shall in truth become enthralled unto him, and it is both prepostorous and ruinous. Whether you take a Country or other life, it imports not, so you hold your self within your bounds. Place forceth no man.

They have their severall advantages and disadvantages like other things, and are to be embraced as discretion and affection shall lead. Certainly the travailing course used of late (especially in the most spirituall and Academicall mindes) breeds a great partiality to the equall conversation of Townes, but not without danger of being aliened from the knowledge of your own, and as much abused therein by others, as of abusing your self in being carryed away with the City vanities, and unfruitfull idlenesse. The Country life is assuredly most naturall, pleasant, setled, and profitable to the *English* breed and course. Doe but you care for your self, as I have cared for you, and all shall (with Gods blessing) goe well with your minde, and well with your fortune; seek your happinesse from Gods grace and bounty, he will not faile to give it you, make Christ your Rock, and you have a sure foundation.

December 19. 1637.

Quos perdere vult Jupiter, hos dementat, was a true saying applyed to a false God, but my God hath often deprived me (in some particulars) of the use of my ordinary reason and discourse, to act things against my knowledge, my ends, my resolution and my self: he hath raised oftentimes strange and independent, combining constellations against me, I have evidently discovered his foot-

footsteps therein, and he hath thereby led me to my salvation; there was no redemption to mankind, but in Christ, nor can the wounded and troubled soule finde any other sanctuary, he alone is the horn of our salvation, the *Cornucopia* of a perfect plenty and felicity unto us in this and the eternall life. I have been Master of a dogge, whom when I have threatned, in stead of flying, he hath appeased me by a submisse fawning upon me.

Thou my God, art in like manner mercifull, to such as seek thee and humble themselves unto thee. Praise to thy blessed name for evermore, *Amen, Amen.*

January 21. 1637.

OUr Faith is well alluded to a Rock; and our Saviour to the Corner-stone of a building: for without them we are all tottering and infirme, nor doth the sweetnesse of any earthly pleasure make amends for an unstable wandring minde.

Good God, why didst thou not to frailty give
One life to learn, another life to live?
Why, so it is, who here doth thee regard,
Eternall life and joyes are his reward.

Suave mari magno turbantibus æquora ventis,
E terra alterius magnum spectare laborem.

Unexpressible is that tranquillity, ease, joy, and peace which I finde, by having freed my self from this worlds common interests and incumbrances; my Soule is like a bird escaped from the Fowlers net; and I am as a free spectatour beholding the busie burthened Actors of this worlds Tragedies, Comedies, Farcies, and follies. Good Lord confirm me more and more, and make me thankfull in such my joy.

Once belonging to the Alphabet Sonnet of the Letter E.

BUt we, like false-bred Eagles, fly the sight
Of thy (to humane sense) confounding light:
Bartas and *Herbert* led, but flew so high,
Our flowry waxen wings dare not come nigh:
OR,
Tis hard to see them; harder to come nigh.

Verses

Verſes, I confeſſe, though ſuch are beſt, which moſt reſemble Proſe, yet (as I am now affected, eſpecially in that meaſure which I had lately choſen) are not ſo fitting to my preſent ſubject. There are divers kindes and degrees of Faith, the generality of ſuch as call and think themſelves Chriſtians, go on in a courſe childiſh kinde of Faith, which gives little tincture to their affections, and leſſe to their actions, yet according to their nature, in ſome things they make more, in others, leſſe conſcience: in a farther proceeding and conſideration of Religion, they lay hold on Chriſt, and uſe him as a ſalve for their ſins, and ſinfull propenſions; but when the good Spirit of God, by meanes of affliction, or otherwiſe, throughly awakeneth them, and workes upon their Soule, then, and not till then, are we truely converted: then are our eyes opened to ſee and feel the uglineſſe of ſin, with the ſweetneſſe of his ſaving grace and favour: And thus (Oh Lord) hath it pleaſed thee (in thy infinite mercy) to work upon me. Now I ſee, and pity the worlds vanity and corruptions. Now, as thou haſt dyed for me, I will rather dye a thouſand deaths, then to grieve thy good Spirit by my leaſt conſent to ſin.

As thou haſt done to me, ſo vouchſafe to extend thy extraordinary hand of mercy upon others, with-hold them from ſophiſticating thy ſincere Religion, with their poore and rotten policies: we may ſay of it (as ſome uſe it) as is ſaid of Tilt and Tourney, that it is too much for jeſt, too little for earneſt; it cannot be expected that the people will follow, except their Teachers lead, and in the ſincerity of their lives ſhew the way; their Tithes are ſubſtance, their ſhows, and ceremonies alone in thy ſervice deſerve them not. Magiſtrates when they obey thee, may more juſtly and exactly expect our obedience. A groſſe affectation of policy in Religion, miniſters too much occaſion to weak Chriſtians to judge and conclude of Religion, rather as a humane Policy, then Divine Truth.

If any ſins were veniall, ſuch appeare moſt pardonable as carry with them a kinde of warrant from Nature, and a gratification to others; and thou, O God, art leaſt indulgent to ſuch as offend of malitious wickedneſſe.

They are like the Planets and Starres, in the Heavens, to guide and comfort us by their ſweet influence; when they prove maligne (which the Starres ſeldome doe) they are our miſchiefes and our Plagues: and as the Starres have their ſhining and influence more for our, then their own good, ſo ought they to exerciſe their power.

It is a foule, unhappy fancy, that pleaſeth it ſelf in diſpleaſing others.

I have

I Have of late been urged to work, and am at this time working upon a peece of ground, which hath long been deſigned for Gardening, and ſo imployed, it hath had much coſt and induſtry beſtowed upon it, but the nature of the ſoyle conſiſts of ſo ſtiffe a Clay, that it hath ever rendred an ill account and return of ſuch ſeeds and Plants, as have been intruſted unto it, luſty and fruitfull it hath ſhewed it ſelfe in graſſe, and rank in weeds: There is an evill Herb they call Twitch, which hath over-run it, of ſuch nature, that having once poſſeſſed a ground, the ſoyle muſt be wholly altered and over-come, or no good thing will thrive committed unto it: My Gardener to work a cure, hath not only digged and manured, but hath brought a new and better earth upon it, ſo that now, with a due induſtry and watering obſerved, it can hardly faile to yeeld a gratefull and faithfull fertility: Some ſoyles are cured by much breaking, ſome by fire, ſome by inundation; froſts, and hard weather, make a good preparation; All is happy that confers a bettering, and improvement. In the diſeaſes of our bodies, where an evill habit prevailes, and ill humours abound, ſome are rectifyed by purgation, ſome &c. and ſome by the very diſtempers which they breed; A burning Feaver remedies a Palſie; and Agues ordinarily cleare the body. We ſee alſo, that a diſordered, and ill habituated Common-wealth and State, but upon extream neceſſity and violence, ſeldome grows to reformation. A vicious and depraved minde correſponds to theſe premiſſes, as well in diſpoſition as cure, till extremity, diſtemper, and affliction work upon us, till God the good Gardener of our ſoules cultivate, weed, alter, and ſubdue us, we inſiſt in our corrupt naturals, we remain obſtinate in our errours, impatient of good and healthfull counſell, perverſe in all our courſes; Happy that Soyle, Body, State and Soule which finde him their Gardener, Phyſitian, Reformer, and gracious Redeemer. Paradiſe was our firſt plentifull Garden; Health, Originall Juſtice and integrity, our condition; till he renew, heale, reforme, ſanctifie and reduce us to our principles and perfection, we are barren to goodneſſe, unſound, corrupted, tainted peeces. Perſiſt, Oh Lord, in ſuch thy grace, as I have haply found towards me, be it by breaking, ſickneſſe, confuſion, or humiliation, ſo thou make me good, and make me thine, I ſhall be faithfully fruitfull, Athletically vigorous, prudent, temperate, juſt, religiouſly vertuous, and already in Paradiſe and in the Confines of Heaven.

What ſhall I render unto thee, Oh Lord, for the incomparable influence, aſſiſtance, and ſweetneſſe of thy grace and favour towards me? I poſſeſſe nothing, but what I have received from thee, nor can I pay thee, but with thine own; The graces of my body, minde, and fortune, are thy Almes unto me, I will ſacrifice unto thee all my vain and worldly affections; and even that is my great gaine

game, the unſpeakable ſweetneſſe and comfort of thy favour is an overflowing and ſuperabounding recompence unto me; that wherein thou haſt inveſted me with the moſt propriety, is my humble thankſgiving and imperfect obedience; Nor that can I offer up and tender unto thee without thy gracious hand raiſe and aſſiſt me: But help me (Oh Lord) and I will never ceaſe to praiſe and endevour to obey thee, *Amen, Amen.*

I moſt humbly thank thee (my moſt gracious God) that my trouble of late hath not been ſo much in any thing, as in a labouring affection to ſet forth the greatneſſe and ſweetneſſe of thy mercy towards me; Thou haſt been my ſole Phyſick and Phyſitian, my preſervative, cordiall, reſtorative, and ſupport, even then when in taking meaſure of my naturall ſtrength, I might have conceived it impoſſible to undergo what by thy grace I have performed; thou haſt many times found and inſpired wayes and meanes beyond me, as well to aſſiſt and ſupport me, as thou haſt formerly done to humble me. Thou never wanteſt means; Melancholy, confuſion of face, defection of the eyes, croſſes have been thy inſtruments to make me thine: I was a houſe built for pleaſure, but thou haſt made me a receptacle of all calamities. I was not that crooked peece of knee timber, fitted for diſtreſſe, I was framed for the Pacifique Sea, but thy ſtormes have all paſt over me, and yet by thy favour *I* am a greater wonder to my ſelf in what I have born, then was that Cock-boat which ſafely tranſported from the *Bermudaes*, ſuch as committed themſelves unto it. Free ſpirited Horſes doe often brook worſt the bit and curb, and ſooneſt tire themſelves engaged to a Mooriſh paſſage, when a Fen Mare, and an Aſinine patience, better complies and extricates it ſelf: no ſweetnes is comparable to thy grace, nor ſtrength to that which thy good Spirit gives. Naturally I am impatient to tread my ſhooe awry, I have abounded in errors and exorbitancies, but thy mercy hath ever opened my eyes, and recalled me to diſallow them, and at laſt to deteſt and abjure them.

Some of theſe pieces were intended but as Paraphraſes to verſes, after digeſted to Alphabeticall Sonnets.

It had been elſe too hard for fleſh and blood, they can never caſt out, nor caſt off themſelves; as thou haſt ſaid, A Kingdome divided in it ſelf cannot ſubſiſt: but be thou with us, and nothing can prevaile againſt us; invincible is that body, that minde and eſtate, which thou aſſiſteſt.

Conſilia quibus impares ſumus, fatis permittamus: underſtanding fate for God, is the counſell I take. A Ship that cannot ſaile, muſt drive, &c.

My gracious God, accept I moſt humbly beſeech thee, my humble thankſgiving for thy wonderful preſervation and favors towards me, and particularly for bleſsing me in Charitable affections towards others, as well as reverence towards thee; daily I have too much

much experience of the little good, that the beſt preaching workes upon depraved mindes; grant that I may not offend thee, in hurting my ſelf by an immoderate and indiſcreet affecting of others good; Give me a chearefulneſſe without oppreſſion of my ſpirits in thine, and my wayes.

Bleſſe the ſincere profeſſion and Profeſſors of thy ſacred Word, teach them that they may truely teach thee, with-hold them from mingling policy, and ſelf-intereſt with thy Religion, with-hold them from ſhaking the foundation of our Faith, and peace of thy Church. It hath formerly been too great a tax upon our Nation, to have been too inconſtant and troubleſome therein. Maintain the true Light and pure exerciſe of thy Goſpel amongſt us, our iniquities deſerve the puniſhment, of a moſt groſſe relaps to diſcovered and eſcaped ſuperſtition and Idolatry, but of thy great mercy give us true wiſdome and repentance, and avert thy Judgements. One pious Church-man is ſooner to be beleeved againſt their own affected authority, then twenty for their uſurped power and advantage. Luxations in Religion breed a long ſubſequent weakneſſe, and the adverſaries of our Religion, as well as Atheiſts, take too great advantage from ſuch occaſion. Contain us, Oh Lord, from over-prying into, and cenſuring thy ſecret Counſels, Predeſtination, and Free-will, ſtrike the ſame ſtroak upon our lives. Our comfort muſt riſe from our endevour, in either opinion; The moſt ſubtile Writers loſe and confound themſelves on either ſide, and make too bold in concluding of thee by our blinde fantaſtique rules of Juſtice.

Thou dwelleſt in the Clouds, and haſt caſt a miſt about thy ſelf, which our fraile ſight cannot penetrate: how can man hope to underſtand thee, whoſe poore finite capacity cannot ſo much as in his imagination conceive either way of that, which he ſees and knows of neceſſity muſt be either ſo or ſo? As for inſtance, we know that this ſublime Candens muſt neceſſarily either have bounds, beyond which there is nothing, or elſe go infinitely on finally unbounded, and one limit ſtill ſucceeding another; but I am much deceived, if the ſtrongeſt imagination can conceive either way, though one be moſt neceſſary: much leſſe can we comprehend and compaſſe the eſſence and infinity of God, obedience and reverence to his revealed will, and not an over-bold and curious ſearch, belong to his incomprehenſible Majeſty: But I have ended my paper, and almoſt my ſelf, vouchſafe (Oh Lord) to give me modeſty, moderation, Faith, Charity, and Conſcience to guide my wayes, and guide that guide, that I may live and dye in thy truth, and to thy glory, *Amen*, *Amen*.

January 29. 1637.

This

THis houſe and ſtaire reſemble me, no line
Runs parallell, nor due proportion held,
No Landing even, by pre-engagement ſpil'd,
High, low, faire, mean, imperfect, and what's worſt,
Anxious to fit ſucceeding, to the firſt,
Full of croſſe reaſon, 'twas our equall lot,
Caſting our birth, th'Aſcendent was forgot;
Yet all in this are well and haply caſt,
Leading to God, and Heaven at the laſt.

The Verſes above in their relations, are not to bee underſtood, but by him, which knows and conſiders the houſe, ſtaire caſe, and my fortune and condition.

The ſtaire at laſt leads to a ſtanding, mounted for proſpect, which leads only to it ſelf and Sky.

My Aſh-wedneſday Aſhes.

NO term or Metaphor can carry a more true, full, and lively expreſſion, then doth that of our regeneration, we are in the womb of this world before our ſecond ſpirituall birth, ſuch Embryons and imperfect Infants as can ſcarce admit to be affirmed of us, that we are indued with life and ſenſe. It is more potentially then actually that we enjoy them. We acquieſce in a ſtupid and corrupt condition, we are fed and pleaſed in the impure nutriment of earthly and falſe delights, we draw our nouriſhment, by the Navill of our ſenſuality, we are wrapped in our uncleanneſſe, and of our ſelves we neither know nor affect any other being. But when God of his great grace calls and urgeth us to our true and ſecond birth in his Spirit, he changeth our affections, cloatheth us anew, brings us to another light, another Aire, another condition. He worketh in us a ſight and feeling of our former infirmities, and corruption, he purifies, refines, and fits us for a more excellent life and knowledge: He diſplayes unto us his farre more excellent beauties and glory, we draw our nouriſhment by another roote, more cœleſtiall, more defecate, we loathe and ſcorn our former being, and become raviſhed in the joy of our change, which is not without difficulty and cryes, happy cryes, happy diſtreſſe, moſt gainfull change. There we could not have lived ever, nor ever been but blinde and miſe-

rable. Our first life is vegetable, sensuall, common with beasts, dark, base, cumbersome, our regeneration is the only true and eternall life of the Soule. There is no sincere pleasure, content, wisdome, courage, or peace without it, Christ alone is the Man-midwife to bring us to such happinesse.

By thy grace (Oh Lord) am I born, and without it better had I been unborn. I was wildred in a Wood, entangled in a dimme light amongst Bryers, Thornes, and wilde beasts; but thou hast freed me, and brought me into the faire, open, delightfull fields of thy grace; I was engaged to a Sea of raging waves and stormes, but thou hast instructed me to strike my greedy sailes, to cast out my vaine lading, and brought me to a most happy Port, in thy most happy Climate. I was an executor of the worlds trust, but found the estate so entangled, so subject to debts, that thou hast taught me to renounce and free my self: I will by thy Divine assistance avoid the Wood, and be free from the Bryers, the Sea, and be free from Sea-sickneſse and stormes, the worlds common courses and conversations, and enjoy thee and my self, exempt from troubles, crying debts and importunate vanities; The world does in Truth (for the most part) but *magnas nugas magno conatu agere, &c.*

I have (I thank God) in honest sort paid every man his own, and provided for my children; It is not every mans case to be so disengaged. I am free (O God) to live to thee and thee alone. My Country needs me not, nor doth it finde me fit for its service, &c. I am (by Gods grace) too rigid, too straight a peece for such Ship-timber. I grieve to see the world as it is, nor can contribute ought but prayers to help it; how can it be other then Cachecticall, tainted with the licencious luxury of strangers, intoxicate wantonnesse of Favorites, dissolution of our Seminaries, the Universities and Innes of Court; Prevarication, and corrupt example of Eccleſiastiques, and siniſter affections, and illusions of Magistrates? as one said, *Signa nostra sequentes prodimur, & nisi Christus se ipsum vindicet, actum est.* The Church is compared to the Ark; and I would it did not in some things too much resemble it. It is full of various, many unclean beasts, and too floating and unsetled; I would rather prove it a City built upon the Rock Christ Jesus, firme and unchangeable; he is the sole and all-sufficient fundamentall of our Salvation, and whileſt we confound our selves and seek for other, let us take heed we lose not him, and betray our selves, not only to infinite uncharitable, indiscreet, fanaticall opinions and Schisms, but even to Turcisme, and Atheisme; our wilde unsettled dissentions expose us too much to both. Lord of thy great mercy teach thy Church and me, to fix in a firmitude of thy saving Faith and Religion. Banish undue policy, banish will-worship, and teach us to serve and honour thee in unity and truth of Spirit, instruct and guide me in thy wayes, and seeing thou hast made me a sociable creature,

creature, and given me a working, active ſpirit, addreſſe me to the comfort of a ſutable converſation, to diſcourſe and walk thy waies aright. Thou muſt reveale ſuch unto me; for I finde it too hard to finde them. Shall the *Roman* Religion afford ſo many, and thy Truth ſo few who can perſwade themſelves to leave the world for thee? If all other Company faile my deſires, be thou my guide, be thou my comfort, and I ſhall ſtill happily ſubſiſt in thee, and want nothing. The world is a writing ſo full of faults, many corrections cannot mend it: *Una litura poteſt*, and that I have choſen.

Thus writing is troubleſome, and well, *nec poſſum vivere cum te, nec ſine te*. It is endleſſe, nor is it fit for me to write what I would or could. May it pleaſe thee, Oh God, to turn to thy glory and my comfort, theſe my weak endevours, *Amen, Amen*.

February 7. 1637.

LIke to his joy who meets a ſure guide to direct and conduct him in a faire way, after he hath been long wildred and benighted in falſe, foule, and intricate wandrings, ſuch, Oh Lord, is my comfort in thy ſweet exhibiting thy ſelf and thy favour unto me, I am now at eaſe, I ſee and hate the ſoleciſmes of the times, I am diſentangled from a wilderneſſe of the worlds confuſed wayes and errors, nor could any other guide have freed me; Thy grace hath ſupported me in my writings, in my health, in my deliverance, beyond expreſſion: Let vanity and ſenſuality delight themſelves in trewand wantonneſſe and wandrings, but keep me, Oh Lord, in thy wayes and ſchoole, and let me rather ſmart under the rod of thy Fatherly correction, then become abandoned to an undue and licentious Liberty. Perfection belongs to the one, perdition to the other. Accept my moſt humble thanks for thy infinite favours, and bring me to the heavenly *Jeruſalem*, *Amen*.

February 10. 1637.

TO give in ſome ſort, a taſte and glimps what kind of Spirit poſſeſſed me in my firſt youth and melancholy, take theſe few fragments, which with many other then I coyned (but have now loſt and forgot) for inſcriptions never imployed.

Fond paſſion is, Opinion but a foole:
God, Nature, Reaſon, are the Wiſemans Schoole.

Delights

Delights, good ſervants, but bad Maſters are,
Minds cordiall medicines, us'd without fond paſſion,
Fitting age, calling, means, degree, and faſhion,
Uſeleſſe, but for our recreation,
Doted on, turn diſeaſes, our ſoules ſnare.

You'l ſay they are toyes, the fitter are they then
For ſuch vain bubbles, Fantomes as are men.

They profit nought, and wiſemen you will ſay,
Pleaſures foundation on profit lay.
To them that want not, to give Nature right,
Profit it ſelf in truth is but delight.

It is not affectation makes me write,
But honeſt hearts ever affect the light.

Thus did Melancholy and retiredneſſe work upon me, my Melancholy wrought my retiredneſſe, and that by removing me from the common delights and courſe of young men, my farther Melancholy, *removens prohibens*, goes for a cauſe. I affected the Tree of knowledge, taſted of the unnaturall fruit, and loſt my earthly paradiſe: though labour, toyle, and affliction have been my portion in ſuch loſſe, yet Chriſt hath proved unto me infinite advantage. He is the Chriſtians eternall Paradiſe, in him we finde a new Earth, new Heavens, Peace, and joy incomparably more compleat, without him all is vanity and vexation of ſpirit; Happy the fall which meetes with him to raiſe us, happy the loſſe which finds him to guide us. Since the firſt fall man diſcerning his nakedneſſe, of himſelf hath ſought Figge-leaves for cover and advantage, a partiall cloathing in humane policies, Arts, and inventions, which all but make us feel the more the weather, and our wants. Nature is loſt in artificiall affectations, and our falſe-acquired knowledge proves our true and reall miſery. Thus plunged in vain deceiving delights and wretched perplexity, no exemption, no redemption remaines but in and through Chriſt, and the true knowledge of him: By him we turn our firſt nakedneſſe and ragges into a full and glorious garment, by him our darkneſſe and confuſion becomes a perfect illumination, and in him our vain pleaſures and fraile troubles become a ſolid continuall feaſt of joy, peace, and contentment. That Sun of Righteouſneſſe is the only true Sunne, that lighteth every man to true happineſſe: the Sunne is the life of flowers, and many of them open themſelves and turne towards it; let us learn from them to open our hearts, and turn to God. He alone can diſperſe in us the clouds of ignorance and light vanities, in him alone is that tranquillity and true joy to be found, which by our diſobedience,

and

and fooliſh affectation we have loſt, all our other curioſities, all our ſenſualities do but more wilder us and ſet us further to ſeek. The wiſer ſort of men in a humane way have ſought for immortality to peece out their frailty, but in Chriſt alone it is to be found; and without him, it were better to want it. Poore creatures that we are, poore happineſſe that we ſeek, without him who ſaid, Seek and ye ſhall finde. But do not ſuch appeare to doubt too much of the ſoules immortality, who will rather deny it to become infected with originall ſin, by way of propagation in a probable analogie to Faith and Gods Juſtice, then acknowledge a naturall way of one eternall Soule to beget another, eternity being the only gift of God, and as eaſily and more reaſonably flowing from him the one way then the other? Is not this, leaving a faire, naturall, rationall, and religious way, a kinde of teaching to doubt and miſ-beliefe? Why ſtick they at that which is moſt reaſonable, teaching nevertheleſſe Faith beyond reaſon; ſuch as deny the earth to move and turn towards the Sun for its own advantage, upon pretence of Text of Scripture for the earths ſtability, which as a thouſand others, they might as well and with farre leſſe ſtraining interpret in a way of common *appearing, if now upon reall demonſtration and reaſon the earth be proved to move, doe they not wrong both the Scripture and our Religion? Miſerable lameneſſe, miſerable blindneſſe, of humane Divinity! Help, Oh God, or we are confounded, we are loſt; true knowledge, thrift or joy, are annexed to no perſon, place, or condition; but thy grace and bleſſing gives them. Aſſiſt us all, aſſiſt me therein, and I have found more then ever I loſt.

*Beſides other Texts which make & conſiſt with a different opinion. The ancient Church errour againſt the Antipodes may alſo be a caveat.

February 10. 1637.

HOwſoever theſe writings may, in ſome reſpect, be as unfit as troubleſome in my condition, yet herein they have proved my great advantage and ſatisfaction, that they have taken me off from other importunate diſcontents and impreſſions, and have tyed me faſter and faſter to God, they have turned the ſight and ſenſe of my miſery into joy and comfort, upon the diſcerning and participation of his mercies unto me: They have entered and entertained me in ſo ſweet a contemplation of his glory and goodneſſe, as I hope ſhall never languiſh and dye in me, and I have, I thank God, gathered ſuch ſtrength upon them, that I conceive much better of my ſelf, and the vigour of my Spirit to the diſcharge of any ordinary performance. This my good God hath done for me, and it is wonderfull even in my own eyes, may it pleaſe him to indue me with all humble thankfulneſſe, *Amen, Amen.*

February 12. 1637.

My

MY good Friend, you have obliged me, in the reading and perusing of these my confused crudities, and you have in your indulgence to them and me, and their innocent spirit of ingenuity, commended some things in them farre beyond their worth: and wished some more labour of mine to be imployed in their more orderly and perfect digestion, and a farther communication, but I am over-weak and lazy, and they too incorrigible, they are mishapen lumps of an imperfect conception, which howsoever it might be fit for me to be delivered of, yet are they most unfit for other, then a friendly view and judgement; I put them into your hands, but am farre from wishing any your farther patience or labour upon them; They are such Beares whelpes, that if they were capable of any good shape, yet were it most unfit, that any but their naturall Parent should lick them into it; notwithstanding if out of your good affection to any part of them, and the propagation of goodnesse, you conceive a tolerable *Mercury* may be framed of them, for the view of a more remote well-affected friend, I submit them to you. Hew off, and fashion them at your pleasure, if you should prove so idle, as to make such an undertaking, I feare you will finde so shaken a piece of Timber, as is nothing but chips before-hand. I thank God, I have ever superlatively loved goodnesse, and nothing better, then to be an instrument of doing good: but my fortune and opportunity have not answered my affection: Nor can I now, either so flatter my self, or the world, to hope the least good effect from any production of mine; you have often in your course and profession, given, and daily give better and happyer proofe of your self that way. The stuffe* which you finde in my peeces, is in truth (and so ever I conceived it) most unfit for the sight of any other, then a cordiall and familiar Friend. The presence of sores, infirmities, and criple diseases, are fitter for an Hospital, or Almeshouse, then the stage, they excite pleasure in none, and compassion but in few, and well-disposed persons: I affect privacy, and love not to expose my self and my errors to censure (guilty of my imperfections) especially of fooles and depraved dispositions. In truth, Melancholy and humaine frailty and dysaster, will hardly meet with any other idoneous and compassionate Judges, then such as have felt and smarted in their sad unhappy effects; every peece was intended the last, and they are too wilde and incoherent, to make a Teame: But (as I have formerly said) use your pleasure, reduce (if you will and can) my *Chaos* into method, cut off repetitions, there is matter enough to prune and burn, little for fruit; correct, destroy part, or all; if you retain any thing, the labour will be the lesse, to let it be meerely mine; And thus I commit my self and it to God, and you, his will, and yours be wrought on me and mine.

* Imperfect in the first concoction, not to be perfected in the second.

February 12. 1637.

True

TRue, and exact definitions are acknowledged to be most difficult, and knowledge of causes to be most abstruse; false divisions and strained proportions abuse us, faculties and notions stand not so cleere and distinct in their nature, as they are represented unto us, and conceived of; nor can we temper words to the mixed nature of things, erroneous affected Idea's mislead and deceive us, the wisest of humane knowing men profest the heighth of his knowledge to consist in knowing nothing, and might it not be a great part of his wisedome to write nothing? In truth not to know God aright, is to know nothing: and to know him, love him, obey him, and enjoy his grace and favour, is to know all things, and enjoy that perfect happinesse, which the Philosophers have so industriously sought, but without this illumination could not possibly attain. The world is Hydropically swolne in the abundance of bookes and writings of imperfect digestion, it thirsteth more and more after them, and encreaseth more and more in tumor and crudities; men for the most part imploy their wits and pens in vanities, and for vain ostentation, they cavill and carp one at anothers errours, and flatter themselves to know much, when they are able to affirm, what were the customes, and what the tenets of such and such Authours, and Nations, howsoever both such and their own assertions, in severall notions and acceptations of things and words, and as they are diversly affected, doe but thicken the mist of our ignorance, and prove so many *ignes fatui*, to lead us out of the way.

Nature is lost and drown'd in Artifice and mistakings, our ignorance is become invincible. We build one upon anothers unsound foundations, and are so dim (short) sighted and entangled, that nothing but a supernaturall light can cleare our *Ægyptian* darknesse, and disabuse us. Our presumption would exalt it self to make us a kinde of Gods in knowledge; but (*non si te ruperis, par eris:*) It will not, it cannot be; all we can really attain unto, without Gods good Spirit to guide us, is to take notice of our lame ignorance and misery (and that, if we can make good use of it, is some happinesse in that it openeth unto us a way to a more full and happy knowledge) we must in despight of our prying and affectation still be men, and dye like men. Thy goodnesse, Oh Lord, thy love, thy glory are the only subject, wherein *I* would be ambitious to write and spend my self, but thy glory is too bright for my feeble eyes, I must again sound my retreat. In thy own holy Scriptures thou hast revealed thy self sufficiently for our knowledge, for our eternall happinesse and salvation. There alone is the habitation of light and truth, and there alone, and in thy Christ shall I finde thee. I will affect no other knowledge, no other writing. Be propitious unto me.

February 15. 1637.

To my above mentioned Friend.

The Concluſion.

YOu have formerly ſeen, how I engaged my ſelf to Verſe, and broke looſe from it; there is indeed a kinde of wantonneſſe and conſtraint incident to it, which agrees not with my auſterity and affected liberty. I am even in proſe too much a Libertine, impatient of method, abandoned to confuſion; I have partly, though imperfectly, made to appeare the calamitous progreſſe of my diſeaſe, with the happy and admirable deliverance and iſſue, to the good of my Soule, and no incompetency in fortune, wherein I doubt not but I ſhall move as well joy as compaſſion in ſuch as are good and well affected towards me.

I have not been formerly void of good inclinations, (my beſt was ever an affection to God, good men, and goodneſſe) but my diſpoſition therein was ſo imperfectly ſanctifyed and fortifyed, that it pleaſed the Divine power to caſt down all my fences, to turn my beſt wiſedome and intentions to folly, and to expoſe mee to the ſcorn of ſuch as in my naturalls I might have ſcorned: ſuch ordinarily is the world, and the corrupt diſpoſition of man (eſpecially the worſt and moſt degenerous) that we over-meaſure our ſelves by our own foot, like lewd filthy boyes we ſport our ſelves in caſting dirt one in anothers face; He thinks me fooliſh, I doe as much for him, we gratifie our ſelves in taking advantage at others infirmities and miſ-fortunes, we think to inhaunſe our ſelves thereby; In truth ſcorn grows commonly from ſuch to whom it moſt belongs from others, and they exerciſe it without ſelf-reflection, charity, compaſſion, or diſcretion.

Care undermined me, improſperous courſes blew me up, Phyſick was my bane, and diverſions my confuſion; How miſerable, Oh God, is humane frailty? How wonderfull are thy wayes? It is ſaid, that if in caſe of Phyſick, of theſe three, Phyſitian, Patient, and ſickneſſe, any two conſpire, they prevaile. In me the conſpiracy hath been in all againſt me, with Body, Minde, and Fortune, and yet Gods extraordinary grace and mercy have ſupported and delivered me. There is no deſpaire till we become incapable of all manner of cure and ſubſiſting.

February 26. 1637.

I have

I Have often deceived my ſelf in thinking my ſelf at my end, the like hapneth in my writing, and before I ſhut up theſe ill-favoured, imperfect repreſentations, though what I have already ſaid, may partly ſatisfie my intentions, in expreſſing that it hath been more my diſeaſe then my ſelf, which hath been the chief Actor in my misfortunes, yet know that the worſt, the ſtrangeſt, and moſt of my ſtory is not brought upon this paper ſtage; it is too tedious and unfit for view; not only in the ſtory of particular men, but even of State-reſolutions, and publicke actions, and eſpecially of natures courſe and proceedings, their true and reall motives, ſprings, and wayes are in moſt important effects, ſecret, concealed and diſguiſed, ordinarily hidden in their originall, even from our ſelves that act; we may take copies of others faces, but not of their hearts with any aſſurance. It hath been an honeſt adviſe to keep a corner of our heart to our ſelves; and if an honeſt heart ought not in point of diſcretion to expoſe it ſelf, what truth is to be expected from hypocriſie and diſſimulation? One abſurdity admitted, a thouſand follow, and ſo the foundation of my diſeaſe laid in the exceſſe of Treacle, infinite have been the effects, and my ſufferings, which have flowne from that and other concurring circumſtances. I have at the entrance of my alteration, been ready to ſink at the Table, I have many yeares ſince travail'd and ſlept with cordialls at hand to keep me alive; nor left I them, till a hearty friend told me the heart muſt comfort the heart, which yet was lame and ineffectuall in my ſtrongeſt reſolutions, till I had recourſe to God the onely true ſpirit of courage and reſolution; to a curious and well-affected minde, and a weather-beaten Soule, there is no other refuge or harbor of ſafety, ſatisfaction, and tranquillity. There are Climates, where it ſeldome or never Raines, others which clouds *maluſque Jupiter urgent*. In one and the ſame Country, where the earth and heavens in their conſtant ſeaſons ſhould bee as conſtantly diſpoſed, yet doth the ſame time of the yeare prove ſometimes cold and wet, ſometimes hot and dry, the materials and circumſtances appearing the ſame; this muſt riſe from ſecret Springs, and combinations above the reach of our diſcourſe. The ſame diverſity and contrariety of effects befals men in their fortunes, howſoever in appearance equally conſtituted. God is the cauſe of cauſes; He hath in all times and Countries provided wonders above the ordinary courſe of Nature, to humble and convince our humane preſumption. I had a body and a minde ſo ſtrongly built, that had not my ſpirituall and intellectuall parts predominated in me, to withdraw me from a baſe vulgar abandoning my ſelf to ſenſuality, no man in probability could better have ſubſiſted and maintained himſelf againſt ordinary courſe of diſſolution and debauch. I had a Spirit naturally tempered to contain and contract it ſelf above all exceſſe, but its own; And even that as well as another, it might have bridled, had not Melancholy and other adverſe condi-

tions ſurpriſed and maſtered it, betrayed unto them under colour of friendſhip: The blood is ſaid to be the bridle of all humours, that I loſt, and much of my good ſpirits with it in the conflict, but God hath proved a better bridle, a better ſpirit unto me. Innocent and groundleſſe bluſhings proceeding from the tenuity and waſte of my blood and ſpirits have been none of my leaſt importune and prejudiciall ſymptomes. Such weakneſſe joyned with a ſtrong fancy hath made me ſubject to bluſh not onely to my ſelf alone, but upon any ſurpriſe of mention and conceit; not only upon any reall occaſion, but upon what there might be ſo much as a poſſibility of in the apprehenſion of another. I have taken my ſelf bluſhing at the appearing or name of a woman, who had ſhee been *Eve* and I *Adam*, the humane race would have been in great danger of failing, at length cuſtome and complying with a conceited expectation of others, produced it, &c. God hath by his extraordinary grace upon my humiliation furniſhed me with as ſtrange meanes to ſubſiſt, as I at the firſt found extravagant means to keep low and oppreſſe my ſelf. In the depth of Melancholy, I have not found ſo much as a melancholy dream, my ſpirits have taken root from above and have grown upon it. Long ſince, after a great diſeaſe, I had ſuch a tenderneſſe of ſpirits and humours, that a thick cloud could not paſſe over me, but I felt an alteration upon it. It is ſtrange how a tranſient thought will work, and give a ſuddain ſtroak to a remote and ill-affected weakned part of the body: the minde workes not alone by the heart and brain, as is vulgarly conceived, but the *præcordia*, and all parts more or leſſe contribute, and are affected therein, and God hath bleſſed me with a minde ſo ſtrong that it ever diſcharged it ſelf in its paſſions and errors, more in my body then its own ſufferings; but they are ſtill *Hippocrates* his Twins, and muſt weep or laugh together. I have now disburthened my ſelf of all trouble, but this of writing, I am too inexhauſtible therein, weary me it doth, ſatisfie me it cannot, I will change the Scene, and ſeeing I finde my ſelf ſo ill a Companion, I will ſeek better company. I have ever been over-hard to pleaſe in converſation, my preſent affections and habit make me now more dainty, what ſhall I doe? I have by Gods great grace recovered in great part, thoſe Jewels of peace and health which I had long loſt. Therefore I will no longer rake in this puddle, nor abuſe his grace in over-bold and indiſcreet preſumption; Like the ſtranger belonging to another Country, I will tranſitorily pleaſe my ſelf, and converſe with the common paſſions and Intereſts of this world, I will ſpend my time in ſearch of goodneſſe, and will make much of it where I finde it, I will waſh my hands in Innocency, my Soule in my Saviours blood, and wrap my ſelf in my own vertue, and his merits, relying on his never failing mercy. *Amen, Amen.*

March 1. 1637.

Though

THough friends be abſent, converſation loſt,
My bating Soule oft labouring in it ſelf,
By winds and fortune on the black Sea toſt,
Thou preſent, Lord, I feare nor wave nor ſhelf.

Thou Father, Brother art, and Friends to me;
Be the world whoſe it liſt, ſo thou be mine,
They ne're miſcarry, who rely on thee;
Grace ſtormes diſpells more ſtrong then they combine.

All thrives, where thou the pruning Gardener art;
To thy Plants, blaſtings frugall bleſſings prove;
Though Summer heighth and flouriſhing impart,
Winter gives ſtrength and Timber to the Grove.
To thine, all ſufferings end in joy and reſt,
And th'abſence of a wicked world is beſt.

Forced delights and contentment, are no delight or contentment; diſpoſe, Oh Lord, my affections and I am happy; untill I had digeſted the tough morſels, and crudities of this world, I could never have had peace and quiet.

IOckey and his Horſe, were by their Maſter ſent
To honour him in hunting, run, and race;
To put in for the Bell, and take content
In honeſt ſort, fitting faire time and place.

In pride of nature, fit for any ſport,
Jolly and luſty both, at firſt they were,
But ſhortly after both of them fell ſhort,
What by miſchance, by ill-adviſe and care.

Soon he became engaged to a match,
Which coſt him dear, both on the By and Main;
He thought himſelf no eaſie peece to catch,
But knew not to reſiſt ſo ſtrong a train.

He now conceits he could not hope to win,
Except his horſe were ſtraightly dieted.
Such courſe he takes, but thrives ſo ill therein,
His beaſt grows joyleſſe, faint, and famiſhed.

He who depended much upon his beaſt,
Grew much dejected; ſtudy, care, and thought,
To ſet all right, and doe all for the beſt,
Brought him as low, as firſt his Steed was brought.

After

After much time, Art, Coſt, the Beaſt became
As vigorous and luſty as before:
Ill now they ſorted, th'one wilde, th'other tame,
Zeale to his Maſter helpt to make him poore.

Jockey muſt ride, the Beaſt would run away,
He ſtrove and pul'd, and us'd his beſt of Art,
To check his pride, and force him to obey,
So long till both were ſinking out of heart.

The Maſter now came in, to this diſorder,
And finding Jockeyes want of ſtrength and skill,
By his all-taming art, brought all in order,
And faſhioned horſe and man unto his will.
Thus right, and each to other fitted well,
They are to run, and cannot miſſe the bell.

You may call this to the world a fit of Melancholy, but my hope and reſolution is by Gods grace, never to be other, then my concluſions make me to appeare in the former peeces: I ſhall be ſorry for your patience, if out of your good will to me, you have troubled your ſelf in running over any part hereof, but happy, if I may finde you recompenſed by being taken, with any one of them; they diſaffect publication and fame, yet beleeve me, I mean to live by my Book. For though I avoid exemplification and enrolment, yet I am contented to admit of ſome few honeſt witneſſes, whereby the more to oblige my ſelf. I know it is a wilderneſſe, but even ſuch are artificially and affectedly of uſe in none of the meaneſt Gardens, and good Herbs and Simples are not rejected or contemned for growing wilde. Though the fruit be harſh and grow upon a ſhrub, you may finde it wholeſome, you may finde it uſefull.

HAving by Gods great grace, this preſent morning, falne upon a deſign and rumination, which I eſteem the moſt perfect and happy of any that ever I entertained, the notions and affections of the minde being ordinarily fleeting, the memory infirme, and unfaithfull, and reſolutions without a conſtant firmitude, fruitleſſe, and ineffectuall: I have thought good to Regiſter ſuch my diſcourſe, whereby the better to fix my ſelf for the future, in what I now approve and intend.

I have taken notice of many in all Religions poſſeſſed with an affectation and induſtry of converting others to their own Faith and tenets. *Generare ſibi ſimile*, is a naturall propenſion; and aſſimilation, a common delightfull operation. *In-animate ſpecies* naturally multiply themſelves in the Aire, and propagation of impreſſions effect

effect a pleasing reflection. Many Preach in the Pulpit, few in their lives, and fewer make it a businesse particularly to labor particular Reformations in their common conversation: Christianity is taken up rather for outward fashion and profession, then for any inward essentiall form and habit; if we were really what we pretend to be, we would not rest satisfyed in our perfunctory proceedings. We would actuate and propagate our Faith and Charity upon others, and improve our felicity in a spirituall way, according to that rule, which affirmes him to be born in vain and unprofitably, *per quem non nascitur alter.* We are all ordinarily charitable to such as we see out of the way by our directions and conductings, we are apt to rectifie errors in any thing rather then piety and Religion. It is a prepostorous affection and modesty, seeing there can be nothing so important both to Gods glory and our own good, as a due observation of his will and our profession. We love the children of our beds, and of our braines, and they are often happy unto us: But certainly it must be an incomparable and superlative contentment, if it hath pleased God to make us the children of his good Spirit, to become happy instruments of raising up and begetting spirituall Children to him; nothing conduceth more unto it, then that our light so shine before men, that they may see our good workes, and glorifie our Father which is in Heaven. Light is most diffusive, and flame incentive, if we be truely enflamed our selves, we shall hardly faile (at least we ought not) to communicate and extend it to others, who often consist of matter well disposed and combustible, but want good kindled Coales of Devotion and blowing to be applyed and work upon them. I have formerly lived in *London* with hurt to my self, and no good to others, I feare not now my own prejudice, and am ambitious of others good, could I meet as well with opportunity and conveniency of living in it with a society and seconding in my affected course, as there is too much occasion and subject of corrupted times, and matter to work upon, I should be much the more happy. But howsoever, I intend the prosecution of what I propound to my selfe, and that confidently: we too frequently glory in our shame, and are shame-faced in the exhibition of a true and glorious piety and devotion. Blesse mee, Oh God, in this, and all other thy good motions, perpetuate them unto mee, teach me to scorn the contempt and glory of the world, to preferre and exalt the sincerity of thy truth and Religion, above all earthly considerations, let me be none of those, who beleeve thee no farther then they see thee, and their own imaginations before thee, confirme and strengthen me in all good endevours, and accept my most humble thanksgiving for thy wonderfull grace and mercy upon me, and that for thy deare Son our Saviours sake, to whom with thee and thy holy Spirit be all glory for ever, *Amen, Amen.*

March 20. 1637.

This

THis is the miſery of writing, and condition of matter, if we paſſe things ſlightly over, our ſhort touches make little or no impreſſion, and if we inculcate them with long inſiſtings, and repetition, we prove nauſeous and tedious. I am guilty of both.

My Sunne roſe faire, but ſoon was overcaſt,
Strong, wanton, Joviall, active, free, and bold,
Morally good by nature I was caſt,
Saturne, and inexperience all control'd:
God I ſhould ſay, good only, I remain'd,
And by his goodneſſe better goodneſſe gain'd;
The clouds are gone, and I am over-bleſt,
A Fagots ſecond fire is ſometimes beſt.

POore buſie fooles! walk fairely to your Graves,
Live long you cannot, you may dye to morrow;
Short ſtay a ſutable *decorum* craves,
Temper your ſerioufneſſe as well as ſorrow.

THIRD PART.

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This ſtill let me Preface to the faire Philoſophicall Inclination.

PArdon the rather my inobſervance to Method, for farre more ſublime and better Authours have diſcovered as little order, and as much repetition; witneſſe the Collections of Marcus Aurelius, St. Auguſtines *Confeſſions, and ſome of a higher Claſſe: If my ayme and ſcope bee good, and that I have with any force and energie purſu'd it, out of the way of common and vulgar footſteps, accept; if I have fail'd, excuſe mee, ſpare your labour, read and conſider the leſſe, it is eaſie to forbeare; you may otherwiſe become as little favourable to your ſelf and good intentions as unto me: If you catch mee not at a word, at an Epithet, you will often loſe mee and the beſt of my ſenſe and matter: Wherefore weigh, and either proceed or reject: Yet thus much know, that either Religion, health, right reaſon, thrift, decency, true honour, moderation and morality are nothing, or ſomething I conceive I have written not unworthy your attention. If you affect goodneſſe in your ſelf and others as good men doe, you will not ſcorn the very Eſſayes and offers at it, in the way of prudentiall rules, knowledge, and obſervations, howſoever imperfect: You may find, if I overween not in the through courſe of theſe my preceding, and enſuing Sections, ſhort aſſertions, the fruit and quinteſſence of a long concocted experience, as eaſie, uſefull, and advantageous to you, if you ruminate upon and digeſt them, as they have been coſtly to mee to attain, extract, and gather; eſpecially if you are young, and to ſeeke, for to ſuch is this addreſſe.*

Croteſque.

MAN is to himſelf either the beſt or worſt company, in the even ground of ſolitarineſſe the bowle works it ſelf to a byas of good or bad reſolutions, if in this bivious world we take the right hand way, it is good for our ſelves and others; but as children are apt to bee left handed, ſo we: Nature is a cold combatant againſt it ſelf, you bid in vain a ſtone to mount, or fire to deſcend, naturall propenſions muſt be ſupernaturally predominated: It is found that moſt Soyles (and I beleeve it of all) how perverſe or barren ſoever, have within them at ſome reaſonable diſtance a marne and manure to correct and fertilize their mold, but induſtry and Art muſt extract and employ it. The bleſſing of God muſt goe to the finding and improving of his bleſſings upon us; I intend not to diſcourſe of our proneneſſe to evill, and the difficulty of vertue and piety, others have handled it at large, onely I will ſay of my ſelf, that if I be not of a vitious inclination, it is Gods good grace and character upon me. I know as well as another the advantages and eaſie wayes of diſhoneſty; I could hide my claws like a Cat, till I met with an opportunity for miſchief, I could transforme my ſelfe into an Angell of light, and play the Devill in my heart, but my ends, end not in my ſelf. I confeſſe every man loves to walk on the ground of pleaſure and delight, nor ought or can a ſelf-conſideration and intereſt be excluded, Fancy muſt and will be humored; ſome have imagined pleaſure to conſiſt in indolency and putting our ſelves out of pain, by the ſatisfaction of our longings, but ſome delights are even naturally and indiſcourſively ſuch, by the impreſſion wherewith they ſurpriſe and affect the ſenſes inward and outward, they are indeed intended and exalted, or remitted and extenuated according to the fancy and other circumſtance, that gives them entertainment: not only delights, but variety is neceſſary to humane nature, many are ſo tempered and elemented, that not only ſeeming pleaſures, but ſuch as are hot, full and hazardous are required by them, they muſt have their load, and be put to their ſtrength, or they finde no reliſh. What is now to be reſolved? we excluſively uſurpe the reaſonable form, if we uſe it not in elections and moderation; I conſider not my ſelf in my naturals, as a ſavage, which I might have been, but as I finde my ſelf, a civi-

lized

lized, a moralized Christian, moderatour to my own disputations and actions. Drunkennesse may be pleasing, but is ugly, and exposeth us to inconvenience and scorn: I will endevour to avoid that and the like, I will make a Harmony of discord, reconcile Nature, Art, Religion, my owne and others intereſt: This you will say is a work, but it lyes upon me, I drew it not upon my self, and I must comply with my condition, I will bridle my appetites, and willingly give way only to such contentments as are most cheape, cleare, safe, and lasting, such as allow me most mastery over my self, my ambition is to possesse all, by desiring nothing; if I can finde contentment at home, I will not seek it abroad; I love not to part with my freedome and power over my self, to exercise a conceited power over others, such kinde of spirit and power may be sweet, it may be brave, the other I preferre as more firm, more sound; I can willingly forbeare the giving of ten blows, to avoid the taking of one, which consideration is said to have established Justice, and by the same I will endevour my quiet. A private course is neither void of pleasure or variety; Place forceth no man to expence, but well chosen, gives as well change as cheapenesse of food and pleasures, the same affections move in little as in greater creatures, and may bee entertained as well in a Country, as Court course of life, they who use to play small game, can do it as seriously as others the greatest. Businesse is many times rather a diversion then exercise of life, let us be never so impatient, wee cannot shake off our naturall condition, if wee could be contented to bee but our selves and soberly enjoy our selves, wee should prove better and easilier contented then we are. I will first improve my self and my own to the best, before I make an alienation, I will be weary of my self, before I passe my self away, I will not willingly subject my reason to my own, much lesse to the fancy of others; there is motion enough to be exercised within our proper locality without those excentriques and trepidations, wherein many violate their own and natures Laws: it must be an exorbitant fantasie that cannot entertain it self in its owne *Apogeums*, and *Perigeums*, contemplation of Heaven and Earth, and a conformity of action. If ever I affect farther, it must bee by a faire calling, and shall be with an affectation of others good more then my own, or good, or fancy; I finde few such Commissions granted, *Cum libera poteſtate*, as would suit with my affections, wee shall finde enough to doe to make good our account in a private, much more in a publique course; power and gain, which are strong motives to other men, are too vain and sordid to become my objects, quiet and good are my ends, as motion and gain theirs, my disposition was never lazy or timorous; But I cannot deny a kinde of restinesse and Epicurisme in honest, sober self-pleasing and Idolatry; it must come faire and walk fairely with me that will be mine and hold me. My wit and discourse are no farther at my command then I approve my object and subject.

ject. Though I bee not Mercuriall, I reſemble the Planet *Mercury* in this, that my converſation is much according to the company. Every man hath much of the Ape, much of the Chameleon, much of the Paraſite, too much of the Serpent and envy in him, opportunity and neceſſity are ſtrong Agents. I cannot ſpeak half ſo well *French* with an *Engliſh* as with a *French man*, nor exerciſe half ſo much freedome or ingenioſity with a dull, common, or prevaricating, as a lively, generous, and ſincerely expreſſing ſpirit: *I* well endure not to ſow my ſeed, but on good ground, and expectation of a good return, nor to converſe with ſuch as are ſo wedded to their own opinions, and full of themſelves that there is no room or indulgence for any other. I am as tender of giving the leaſt diſtaſte or offence to another, as to my ſelf; Though I love conformity, yet no more then needs muſt to an abſurd faſhion, and not at all to a vitious temporizing. Here you may finde no ſmall perplexity; Art is long, multiform, infinite, Nature ſhort-ſighted, bounded, we are obnoxious to a world of croſſe indications and reluctances; Art, and Inventions owe us a faire amends, for we ſuffer and are confounded more then a little by them; were it in my power I would recompence, reſtore, help, and piece out Nature by my Writings, but I feare, the beſt Authors often more diſguiſe and confound, then better and improve her: Shee hath, I confeſſe, found ſome advantage from Invention, as appeares in the extent and multiplication of Perſpective Glaſſes, Catacouſticons, digeſting our Language to bee conſerved by writing, regulate and ſublime obſervation in Aſtronomy, and the courſe of the Heavens, as the Ephemerides, and exact prediction of Eclipſes doe witneſſe, but how well ſhee might have ſubſiſted and walkt without a *Jacobs* ſtaffe, and theſe helps let others diſcourſe, I acknowledge them much better then the invention of high heeles, head dreſſes, and training Gownes, &c. But may it not be a ſhame to Art, that all this while it hath not taught us to flye (and for ſwimming, we are rather diſ-taught by our Diſcourſe) and that cutting down and deſtroying great Trees upon otherwiſe barren ſoyles, it is not able to teach them to bring forth Corne and inferiour Plants: Fancy, and the Melancholy humour, are great Inventors, but as the Melancholique humour breeds an Appetite, ſo doth it ordinarily hinder digeſtion; a ſtomach that ſurchargeth it ſelf with variety, digeſteth ill, and breeds crudities; It is hard to make a juſt concoction and diſtribution of our unnaturall ſuperinductions. The craftier ſort of people ſtrip themſelves of ſuch clogs and incumbrances, and inſiſt too often in a corrupt and unreformed nature. They look upon God (if at all) no farther then they finde him in Nature, and in his Workes, they paſſe over his ſupernaturall revealed Word and will, as wanting the eye of Faith to diſcern it, and either queſtion the recommended interpretation, or wreſt it to their own ſenſe and intereſt, they admit no Law but their own Nature, and worldly and ſenſuall advantage; No man can know

know God and his will, and contemn or ſlight it; But Religion, like Nature and the Senſes, is indemonſtrable, becauſe nothing proportions unto it. Every man frames God unto himſelfe, ſuch as either his grace or our owne interpretation and ſenſe deliver him unto us. If our Divines were either ſo conſonant in their interpretations or lives, as were requiſite, wee ſhould become better Chriſtians then we are. His will would not be ſo indifferent to us, nor would we conceive him ſo indifferent as many do to our wills and actions; Excepting Religion all other knowledge is ſo painefull to attaine, and ſo troubled and muddy when wee come to ſtirre the bottome, that the game is hardly worth the Candle; God of his great mercy enlighten us and mend us. *Amen.*

Auguſt the 2. 1638.

To my beſt Clergy friend in relation to the beſt among us.

IT proveth according to your conceit for this my farther writing, I affirmed to you as I then thought that nothing lay upon mee requiring farther vent. In truth for the particular which I now fall upon, it hath beene long ſince in my affections to write ſomething therein, but the tenderneſſe and daintineſſe of the matter, and cenſuring tickliſhneſſe of the time with-held mee; poſſibly I have been too puſillanimouſly injurious to truth and ingenuitie, too much miſdoubting my owne ſtrength, and over prejudicate upon ſuperiours in ſuch reſtraint. Religion, as it now ſtands betwixt us and the Papiſts, is the ſubject. There have not beene wanting on the one ſide ſome who out of a Romiſh preſumptuous and overflattering diſpoſition, and on the other, ſome, who out of a Scottiſh jealouſie and diſtruſt, have over-boldly apprehended (if not concluded) that both our King and many of our Biſhops are againſt their owne and our good and quiet too much affected that way. I have formerly underſtood from you your opinion to the contrary, and that grounded upon ſound reaſon, and mine hath runne with yours; None ſhould prove ſo great loſers by ſuch a change as our King and Archbiſhop of *Canterbury*, and they are both of them too wiſe and ſenſible of their owne power, freedome and ſplendor ever to conſent to reenthrall themſelves to thoſe great uſurpations and abuſes which the Monarch of Rome exerciſeth over ſuch Princes and States as acknowledge him. It is little that we of inferiour calling ſhould ſuffer under him, in reſpect of the continuall reluctancy wherein they would find themſelves plunged. Our King and State enjoy now that happy freedome which hath coſt others full deare to have attained and have failed in their endeavours. Yet a King of *France* is mighty even in the

Court

Court of *Rome*, ſo farre as to bandy againſt the Spaniſh faction, which is commonly great enough to be troubleſome to the Pope himſelfe. The power of all other Princes and States are petty Planets in compariſon of theſe, of ſo little ſway and eminency that their influence and operation is very little more, then as they ſide, adhere, and involve themſelves to the others intereſt. Our King is now one of the moſt free and eminent of Chriſtendome, nor can there bee the leaſt juſt feare that his wiſedome and ſpirit upon whatſoever Antipuritan ſuggeſtion can conſent to bring over himſelfe an unbridled and unlimited juriſdiction and controller. The uſurped vicegerency of the Pope as God on earth is too imcompatible with the juſt temporall power of Kings, to be willingly admitted. The ſtrained groſſe and injurious pretences of the Roman Church have been too clearely detected, and Chriſtian rights and truths too ſtrongly vindicated to relapſe to former deluſions; whatſoever future remiſneſſe and indulgency the Pope may pretend, *nunquam ligat ſibi manus*, there can bee no ſecuritie againſt him, and naturally (as well as for their pretended truth and uniformity) they will ever tend to recover their loſſes and priſtine authoritie. Many carry a reverend reſpect to that Church more out of a contemplation of what primitively they were and now ſhould bee, then what they long have been, now are, and are likely to continue. Unitie in truth and ſincere Religion were indeed above all things to bee wiſhed, as nothing is more to bee avoyded and abhorred then falſehood, prevarication and impoſture. Whatſoever pretext of policy and devotion there may ſeeme to bee in part of their diſcipline and Tenents; certainly there is little Chriſtian wiſedome and leſſe devotion, to admit corruption and falſhood upon any policie; Gods truth ſtands not in need of our ſimulation and lies: a diſcovered Woolfe and Impoſtor, let his cloathing be what it liſt, ſhall never deceive mee, and in a ſincere way I can almoſt as eaſily conſent to be of no formall Religion, as of a falſe one. But they will tell ſome of the wittieſt amongſt us that there is no aſſurance, no alacritie in a *Calviniſt* ſpirit. Indeed their Clergy is very kind in charging their owne ſoules to ſeeme to eaſe ours by an implicite faith and abſolution; If I were to chuſe a religion for my eaſe and libertie it ſhould bee theirs, but I know too much of Religion and them to be of that mind, I cannot but make uſe of my owne eyes in a way that ſo much importeth mee, nor can I yeeld to reſigne them * at their requeſt. Now as it is my prayer, ſo will I endeavour to retaine a confidence againſt ſuch apprehenſion, and will perſevere with you as well to judge as hope the beſt. This diſcourſe though I am more unfit for it then it for mee, I have adventured upon in full diſcharge of my heart and ſoule, nor will I forget to put you clergy men into my prayers; for next to Chriſt and the King, from your ſinceritie of doctrine, ſpirit and life, muſt flow our peace, happineſſe and ſalvation. If you preach Chriſt more then your ſelves and teach inward more then outward holineſſe,

* God requires the reading of the Scriptures, for they teſtifie of him, and by the ſame reaſon ill Clergy men forbid them.

wee

wee ſhall learne from you to become more truely Chriſtian then hypocritically phariſaicall, you may otherwiſe confound and ruine your ſelves and us, from which miſchiefe and miſery may it pleaſe our mercifull God and Saviour to deliver us. *Amen, Amen.*

Septemb. 5. 1638.

Habituall vertue inſuperable.

THere is an admirable communication and intelligence as well as league and Colligence betweene the body and ſoule. They Act the one upon the other, they ſuffer the one from the other, ſometimes the one, ſometimes the other leads the dance; If the mind be ſad, the body is heavy, if rejoyced, active; and ſo contrarywiſe the ſickneſſe of the body dejects the minde, and health gives it alacrity. The Oeconomy of the bodies concoction and faculties is diſturbed and hindred by the trouble of the mind. So is the working of Phyſick. Onely the vertuous temper of the ſoule maintaines it ſelfe incorruptible and firme, in deſpite of all bodily infirmitie and diſtemper. A mind habituated to valour and vertue will never degenerate to cowardiſe and baſeneſſe from its ingenit and naturall Character. The body may incline, it cannot compell: it offers to lead, it forceth not to follow; in our dreames a well-confirmed mind maintaines it ſelfe againſt vitious tranſportations; Yet may the ſtate and temper of the body be much conjectured from our roving and raving fantaſies in our ſleepe or ſickneſſe. Rheume, Choler, and Melancholy may be concluded from wateriſh, fierie, or diſmall repreſentations, or the intention and abatement of a paroxyſme and diſeaſe from the ſuitable pleaſing or unpleaſing impreſſions and objects whereby they will finde meanes to impart themſelves unto us. (I ſpeake upon experience) in the malignitie of a fit or humour, wee are full of perturbation, difficultie, and unluckineſſe, in the decreaſe all goes faire and proſperous. More wonderfull are the influences and impulſions of God upon the ſoule, ſuch as are rather to bee felt then related, they are unexpreſſible and indemonſtrable. The leadings, the withholdings, the comforts, the relievings, the deliverances, how ſweet? how incomparable? Our ſpirits are nothing but as inſpired from him. Hee is the incomprehenſible Spirit of ſpirits and the world, the giver and ruler of our thoughts. True joy hath no other Spring or Center. Hee is the uniter, conſolidator and *commune vinculum* of ſoule and body, the heavens and the earth, the elements and univerſe. No creature is more indebted to his favour

then my ſelfe. I ſhall bee happy if he pleaſe to continue me thankfull, and exempt from abuſing it. Which that I may not doe in further proſecuting this inſatiable humour of writing, I reſolve by his good grace and aſſiſtance to make this my peece of farewell. I know how ſhort I come in matter, how ſhort of what my ſelfe could write, I will not too much preſume of his mercy and my owne ſtrength and ordinary preſervatives. Subjects of writings are as various and endleſſe as obſcure. If you will reade the Schoolemen, or more full and Divine writings of our preſent Biſhop of *Salisbury* upon originall and actuall juſtice, it will abate our preſumption, and diſcover ſo the vaſt perplexed intricacy and nature of things and queſtions unto us, as will beget a modeſtie and reſtraint as well to our contentious diſcourſe as ſcribling. God hath put me as well into a way of health for my body as my ſoule, if I wrong not the one by the other. Hee hath cleared my miſts and confuſion by the Sunſhine of his grace. God make me conſtant to my ſelf and him. *Amen, Amen.*

Poſtſcript. To make mee alſo the rather conſent to withdraw my ſelfe, I finde that already in my wild diverſitie, I have falne upon ſo many notions, that for the moſt part, that I now take up is apt to enterfere with what I have formerly touched, and the very avoyding would become neare as troubleſome as the delivering of my ſelfe.

Septemb. the 28. 1638.

If to be temperate and good 'tis hard,
Will eaſie is, and ſeldome failes reward.
But who nor is, nor goes about to bee,
Shame may he reape, his vices proper Fee.

Sweetneſſe of Goodneſſe.

VVEre the world as fit to heare as I durſt bee free to communicate my moſt ſecret thoughts, I could and poſſibly would uſe another manner of openneſſe then I doe; I often appeare profuſe in reſpect of others, when I am reſerved in reſpect of my ſelfe; I am full of vanitie and errour, yet ſuch as a good man and Chriſtian may, and for the moſt part muſt undergoe, though not approve; Abſolution muſt proceed from God, and he alone is idoneous for an entire and unreſerved confeſsion: I have abounded in an exorbitant fancy, paſſion, and infirmitie. Some men account tenderneſſe of conſcience, a ſilly weakneſſe of mind, I make it my glory as they their ſhame. It was impoſſible for me to come off from ſo long

long a wraſtle with God, and not to beare his markes: I am none of the miraculous three Children to come out of the Furnace and not have my body and garments ſavour of the fire. Such a conqueſt and obduration had been my ſoules loſſe, and would manifeſt it ſelfe in ſuch a profligate wickedneſſe as I hope ſhall never be mine; If I be not totally reformed and refined, yet as farre as the condition of a fraile paſſenger admits, I will as well endeavor as hope to give proofe of a bettering in my affections. Hee is an evill Scholler to God and the world, who learns not to improve his talent, they both expect from us according to what we pretend and have, not according to what wee make no ſhow of nor poſſeſſe: hee carries a great loade who hath charged himſelfe with a great expectation, whether in vertue, curioſitie, expenſe, or oſtentation of knowledge; a little wit, money, or goodneſſe, with humilitie, ſobrietie, and well managing will goe farre, and often finde better eaſe, plentie and acceptance, then a greater abounding. I would be ſorry not to have improved my experience to ſuch a Regulation of expence and affections as to bee able and as well pleaſed in ſhortning the one, as ſtretching out the other beyond a Novice or common courſe. Time is an excellent Shoolemaſter of *Lezany*, and ought to be of pietie, good improvement in any kind is one of the ſweeteſt pleaſures to a good mind, and it is one of the moſt happy conditions and neareſt to God, to actuate a power of beneficence. The greateſt felicitie of Princes, is their power to doe good; there is nothing more eaſie with Gods bleſſing then for a King and people to flouriſh in honour and welfare; the more miſerable is the conſideration that ſuch power ſhould ſo often miſcarry by falling into either unskilfull or ill affected hands; Immenſe and infinite are the good effects of a power judiciouſly and conſtantly well imployed; If the fortune of private men in a conſtant way of thrift and courſe ſucceeds as wee often ſee, what will good order and induſtry produce in a State and Kingdome? If wee were as intent to provide remedies for publique as private defaults and inconveniences, Plenty, Juſtice, Honour, ſafety, ſtrength, and the contentment of good men would flouriſh in the world more then they do it ſhall recompenſe all improſperitie in my ſelfe if I may ſee proſperitie in the ſervice of God, my King, and Country; As he is good, may his Counſell be ſuch and we are happy. Age is a diſeaſe and breeds a moroſitie, yeeres and experience of good and bad, right and wrong, have made me nice and hard to pleaſe, whether in diet, converſation, or good order, wee have much adoe to become pleaſed in our ſelves, as much in others. It is a diſcourſe that hath been taken up againſt marriage, I have felt and could ſay much therein, but it is a jarring ſtring; the beſt of us are clogs and remora's to our ſelves, much more to others; we cannot the beſt of us be ſo good as we would and ſhould, I will yet wiſh well to others and bee as good as I can. *Curantem quicquid dignum ſapiente bonoque eſt*, is that I affect to finde in my ſelfe and

others. Moralitie leads us to faire grounds, Christianitie to the best and soundest; It were well if wee could be constant to either without being at every turne of feare, hope, fancy, and our owne false appearing and flattering advantage, shaken in our resolutions, and abandoning God, Religion and goodnesse. But alas, wee call upon many men to be good, and to be wise, who have it not in their power; they want a conformation and temper of parts, they have *Læsa principia, vitiosa præcordia*; It is proper to God alone to bee exempt from error and frailtie. Many men erre by inconsideration and want of Judgement, many by following their inclination and judgement, in nature right, but wanting experience or supernaturall illumination and grace; the first are wholly in the darke, the second want the true light, the first want judgement as well to * correct and recollect as at first to discerne and design, the second want not discourse and understanding, but first suffer it to bee overcast by their carelesnesse, sensualitie and affections; the first suffer in their frame, the second in disease, and distemper: no wonder if the first bee incorrigible, they are blind and have it not in them, the other have, but sometimes cannot go about to find it, and sometimes will not use it. Though to me errour hath ever been essentiall, yet at the worst have I never been so dissolute as to enthrall my selfe to the tyranny of any delight, vitious, or other, I have in truth been such a Sceptique as not to have been sure in so much as what was my pleasure, I have brought it to the test of reason, and judged common delights too base and bestiall for a cultivated soule. But why was not I more scepticall against course of reason, then pleasure, which seemeth to admit of least doubt and dispute? reason is indeed too multiforme, fancy, interest, preoccupation, misunderstanding sway it too much, yet not so farre, but this conclusion may be raised. Experimentall and naturall consequences must bee acknowledged, and they who order their courses and actions with least prejudice to themselves in either present or future respect may bee tearmed the wisest. But to distinguish, to restraine according to truth and realitie, *Hic labor hoc opus*. God and nature must and will bee our leaders; God originally, Nature instrumentally; fantasie and discourse are peeces of Nature, and well instructed, well habituated may over-rule her. Perfection of soule consists in sound understanding and affections, in conceiving and affecting our selves and other things in due measure and as wee ought; Regulation and moderation are the great businesse, right understanding begets them, and powre in them our practise, God, Justice, Honour rooted in and seasoning our soules will have an influence into, and steere our course and actions; Beautie is not faire, nor received pleasures sweet, but as they insinuate themselves and comply with our predisposed Fancy, which gives them their relish and tincture. Great and eminent beauties and Physitians are idly supercilious towards such as regard them not; their operation exists much in our conceipt; they are much beholding to Princes and

* Many of us must feele our errors before we see them, nor ever then; we will blame fortune or somewhat else rather then our selves.

and others who ſubject themſelves to their power of life, death, and torture over them, our weakeneſſe is their ſtrength and credit. But here by Gods grace I leave this fruitleſſe Labyrinth of writing, humbly begging his helping hand which onely can aſſiſt and direct mee, and hath never failed to ſupport me. *Amen, Amen.*

Novemb. the 10. 1638.

THough I miſſe of your company in the vaſt cloud and preſſe of this Towne, yet I cannot forget you, nay ſuch is the difference that I find betwixt yours and common converſations, that I want you the more by enjoying of them, and like a true peece of goodneſſe diſcerne you the more by wanting you: Gratitude muſt never grow old, and ſome bruiſes and hurts are of a nature to renew and refreſh their ſenſe, by inward or outward accident, even till our deaths; that qualitie hath, ſince I ſaw and writ unto you, produced theſe little reſentments which now I ſend you. It is a yeare of mourning, and mine is long ſince double-dyed, death and ſickneſſe are grown a common converſation, and have alone of late been mine, excepting the diverſion which I have received by a continuall load of moſt importunate and vexatious trouble; my is alſo dangerouſly relapſed into the diſeaſe of the time, careleſneſſe, preſumption, impatience, and a treacherous indulgence to his own humours (our common reigning maladies) have been the cauſe: Wee are of late ſo out of our wits that our very mother wit of keeping our ſelves warme failes both in our mothers and us: By naturall heate wee live, want of clothes, want of cheriſhing it makes us all ſuffer: Though you know my mind concerning Phyſitians, yet ſuch is their *Jus acquiſitum* that my ſonne is under their juriſdiction, God ſend it to his good, cold taken upon Phyſick hath caſt him downe. I have been preſent at their Anatomicall diſcourſe of his diſtemper, danger and cure, excellent termes to amuſe and amaſe the credulous ignorant, enough to worke a cure by the enchantment and charme of their words and language. Yet I cannot but compare it to a Rope-dancer whom I have ſeene doe his tricks, and ſhow his Art in a Sack, if his footing were right, good, if other, hazard for a neck or limbe: But here if their learned blindneſſe miſtake, the poore paying Patient muſt ſuffer. It is juſt that they who cannot governe themſelves ſhould be ruled by others often worſe. Theſe and more evills muſt we ſuffer, as it is in the 14. *Chap.* of the booke of *Wiſedome*, *Verſe* the 22. from the warres of theirs and our ignorance. A word or two leſſe would have ended with the bottome of the page, but howſoever I end well if you continue and accept me.

Your faithfull Friend and Servant.

November 12. 1638.

The

The Shepherd, Sheep, and Wolfe.

MY true fair-minded Friend; I beleeve you now in labour to Preach and mend the vitious world, I alſo wiſh, but little hope to doe it by writing; you ſow, and I write in the Sand, wee both dwell at the ſign of the Labour in vaine, the *More* will not change his hew, nor the Leopards their ſpots, they cannot, nay they would not, you ſhall not perſwade them they are blemiſhes no more then the Lady her affected patches on her face, they are in faſhion and appeare faire in their own eyes, as every mans way and pleaſure to himſelfe: we may lament one anothers endevours, others will deride us, or poſſibly, ſome will be ſo good as ſay, Well ſaid, well writ, and as they uſe their feaſts, eate, and forget; the ſober diet breeds the better nouriſhment, example is the better Teacher, but it muſt bee numerous to prevaile; Vertue is grown but a name, and that neither well underſtood nor agreed on; Some honeſt men there are, *Rari nantes in gurgite vaſto*, they may make much of themſelves, and wrap themſelves in their own vertue, a habit God knows out of faſhion, they are fitter for Cloyſters then the worlds traffique, and like ſquare playing Gameſters ſhall be ſure to bee made a prey and ſit down by the loſſe; their ſtrong conſtitution may reſiſt the corruption of the times, they ſhall not alter them, their innocence ſhall have as little power (howſoever commended) as freſh waters upon the Seas ſaltneſſe, the worlds antiperiſtaſis may better them, not they the world. But how comes it that ſo few are honeſt? is it that perfection muſt bee as rare and hard in Nature as in Art? is it that our artificiall confuſed meat and drink infect our bodies, and they our ſoules? is it the perniciouſneſſe of example in great and powerfull perſons, who ſway the times and ſeldome originally attain to riches, honours, and greatneſſe by juſt and honeſt wayes? Or is it that as ſome ſpecies of creatures are of a perverſe and evill nature, ſuch as live by rapine and deſtruction; ſuch as Apes, Wolves, &c. ſo man is naturally of a miſchievous kind? if ſo, then may a good natured man be eſteemed a Monſter, and rather an error then perfection of Nature: Is it theſe, or is it not rather the corruption of our mindes and affections by having changed and perverted Nature from her firſt purity, into Artificiall fancy and affectation of enthralling others and inriching our ſelves? So that as women are in reſpect of their attire, often the leaſt part of themſelves, the like may bee ſaid of man in the diſguiſe of the minde: So it is, and ſuch puniſhment is deſerved in our deſertion and rebellion againſt God and Nature. We are one anothers ſcourges, wee are ſcourges to our ſelves. If you and I and others are rather Sheep then Wolves, let us thank God whoſe grace it is; let us cloathe our ſelves in our own wooll, ſhort Paſture will content us for food, little drink more then the dew

of

of Heaven; Thither let us tend towards him whoſe mark we bear, the great Shepherd of our Soules: Let Wolves be wolves, whileſt hee is our Shepherd, and his good Angels our guard, we are ſafe and happy now and for ever; let the wolves of this world, the Loup-garrons, the mankinde wolves devoure what they can, they ſhall devoure but what they can, moſt commonly one another: There are ſo few of us, they would elſe want meat, though their rage be great, their time is ſhort, our comforts are ſweeter, more permanent: as much as they contemn us, they are content to make uſe of our cloathing; they reckon us fooliſh Martyrs, of a fooliſh Philoſophy, and wee them beaſts of a foule deformity. They are ugly to God, ugly to goodneſſe, often ugly to one another, and ugly to themſelves, eſpecially when affliction, ſickneſſe, and infirmity lets looſe that Band-dog, *Conſcience*, upon them, which they had formerly in their proſperity tyed up and kept in darkneſſe and ſleep; hating and hated, flattering themſelves with ſtrong deluſions, to one anothers torture for the preſent, and eternall torment hereafter I leave them, committing you and all good men, the Sheep of God, to his inviolable, infallible protection. *Amen, Amen.*

November 14. 1638.

NO wonder if a perverſe nature uſe perverſe and crooked wayes, a Serpent cannot goe right, craft is the evill mans inſtrument to evill ends, as cunning is ſometimes neceſſary to good men for good purpoſes; evill men are in the dark, they are blinde to true vertue and charity, their workes are workes of darkneſſe, and their wayes accordingly: it is the glory of diſcreet power, in goodneſſe to walk fairly, and chooſe the open ſafe and faire way, where others how ever powerfull, needleſly encumber and bemire themſelves in bryers and bogges. As I have often ſaid, it is a ſweet thing to ſee knaves miſcarry, and play the fooles, as commonly they doe: they, like the Woodcock, think themſelves more concealed then they are, as much unduly overweening themſelves, as undervaluing others. I never knew a foole without ſome kinde of craft, nor a wiſe man affect it.

MY ſecond Father, Brother, and ſpirit of comfort, thus yet I am ſo happy as to converſe with you in abſence; it is a piece of my misfortune to bee at ſo great a diſtance from you in the ſame Town; my late, long, and haſty walke unto you, endangered a diſtemper and ſickneſſe upon me, but as burning with burning, ſo evill

evill of exercise with exercise is cured. Naturall contemperament, and heat, strength, goodnesse and sweetnesse of nature and supernaturall grace, excited and maintained, I finde the best companions and Physitians of body and soule; you are witnesse how necessary they have been of late unto me in the sorrows and troubles I have undergone. I thank you for your visit and spirituall comfort you imparted to my relapsed Son, hee still needeth it, hee hath not wanted naturall heat and courage; temper, moderation, and a well concocted discourse, as well as a thorow digestion to some peccant humours of his body, I feare he doth: Time, and conflict with evills have not confirmed and wrought upon him, exchange of liberty, health, and pleasures, for disease, restraint, and paine, with an apprehensive contemplation of imminent death this mortall yeare, work a melancholick dejection upon his minde, and meeting with his infirmity, appeare at this time his greatest danger. A little ease, strength, and alacrity of spirits, animate his naturall presumption to his harm, and a little cloud overcasting him, as much exanimates. If God had not furnished me with as strong a resolution to slight, as I have ever been apt to apprehend the worst events, I had a thousand times miscarryed; there is no slavery like the feare of death, no bravery like the contempt of the world and fortune; I have lost possessions, friends, brothers, children, but I have found God and have not lost my selfe; I have sowed kindnesse, and reaped dis-respect, my good intentions, charity, resolution and the grace of God are my reward and ever-relieving cordials. I seek not my self abroad, nor judge my self or others by the successe, others weaknesse and distempers shall not be mine, it shall rather fortifie and recollect mee; if my exuberance of naturall heate and fancy breed my inconvenience, I can make an oyle of the same Scorpion to help me; not to have too much, is not to have enough; *Aliquid amputandum*, is the best constitution, luxuriance of Nature is the longest laster, at least if violence accident, and over-bold, indiscreet * adventure intercept it not; heat is the *vehiculum* of vertue, hot natured plants have the strongest faculties, and bravelieſt resist the vigour and extremity of weather and Winter. Thus I play the Pedler with you, to you I open my pack of small wares; to the world I durst, but will not, they would but pry and smile and scorn; not buy to use, to weare and make their own: You finde here a great deale of trash, but no trumpery, many bables and toyes, yet some Gloves to weare, Knives to cut, Linnen to adorn, cover, and keep warme, Looking-glasses to see and order your self; Pedlers are not ever unwelcome, sometimes they are required, at least let my good will make not unwelcome unto you this my good morrow. Yet to goe a little further, and end where I begun: There is a happy and just use to be made of naturall heate, of our selves, and of Gods creatures, instituted, as Oyle, for cheerefulnesse of countenance, and Wine, to rejoyce the heart of man; that use to finde, that to practise without

* Whereunto it is too frequently propense.

without declining either to exceſſe, or fantaſticall ſuperſtition and rigidity of humane Sophiſtry, prevarication and errour, is that wee ought to endevour and pray for in the diſcreet exerciſe of a good conſcience, which God grant us, *Amen.*

November 17. 1638.

THus you ſee, *Animal vigilans ſemper laborat*, ſome more remiſſe, ſome more intenſe, according to the activity of their ſpirits and occaſions, but my voyage is well paſt over, and I will not ſpread my ſayles to every winde, I will be a ſtone to my ſelf, againſt the wings of my thoughts, ſedation ſhall be my affectation, I will ſpare my fuell and rake up my fire, let them make publique bonfires, and ring their Bells to warme and ſport the world, who finde matter and joy to publiſh, mine is inward and ſhall ſerve my ſelf till opportunity concurre; accept in good part with your wonted favour, this my paſtime account and regiſter, never intended for a work, or piece of worth. *Farewell.*

SOules muſt have objects; ſtrong, high-reliſhed;
The ſtrongeſt, filling, fair, and permanent;
Such is Gods love, wherewith not nouriſhed
Earthly and baſe muſt be their nutriment.
No other love can defecate a ſoule,
From wallowing in delights baſe, empty, foule.

THou Lord, who firſt didſt nip me in the bud,
From time to time doſt humble mee,
Leſt I ſhould ſin by heighth of blood,
And love the world more then the love of thee.

I gratulate thy favour, confident,
That ſo thou doeſt my ſoule preſerve,
To bee a well-tun'd inſtrument,
To ſound thy praiſe, and thy decrees to ſerve.

Nor will I envy this mans wantonneſſe,
His honor, or the others wealth:
Eſteeming nothing happineſſe,
But to poſſeſſe a ſoule in heavenly health.

All other joyes infatuate the minde,
Feeding it with a falſe content:
Oh let me ſtill thy favour finde,
To keep me thine, I grudge no chaſtiſement.

Moderate health and fortune are the beſt,
A little fire cloſe ſet unto,
And heat ſufficient to digeſt
Doe the ſame things that more abounding doe.

The more wee have the more we ſtill preſume,
Diſordred mindes good ſtates abuſe,
The higheſt ſpirits moſt conſume,
May I have nothing more then grace to uſe.

Great Farmes are ſeldome duely husbanded,
Ranke grounds abound in noyſome weeds:
Wolves, Foxes, Goates, in waſtes are bred,
He feeds more foes then Friends who many feeds.

THough Friends be abſent, converſation loſt,
My bating Soule oft labouring in it ſelf,
By winds and fortune on the black Sea toſt,
Thou preſent, Lord, I feare nor wave nor ſhelf.

Thou Father, Brother art, and Friends to me;
Be the world whoſe it liſt, ſo thou be mine,
They ne're miſcarry who rely on thee;
Grace ſtorms diſpels more ſtrong then they combine.

All thrives, where thou the pruning Gardner art;
To thy Plants, blaſtings frugall bleſſings prove;
Though Summer heighth and flouriſhing impart,
Winter gives ſtrength and Timber to the Grove.
To thine, all ſufferings end in joy and reſt,
And th'abſence of a wicked world is beſt.

Eaſe

EAſe, handſomneſſe, nor profit 'tis to tread
Your ſhooe awry: like may of vice be ſaid;
Tis ever beſt to live and walk upright,
Things crooked grown, hardly return to right:
May I enjoy a faire and quiet minde,
Soules work like troubled Seas, long after winde.

GOdly content and quiet of the minde,
Conſtitute happineſſe reſembling Heaven,
Where ſoules nor ſtrife, nor thirſt of action finde,
Reluctancy is conquer'd, all goes even:
Vertue it ſelf untroubled muſt proceed,
Howe're its Acts miſcarry, or ſucceed.

Devotions.

Et quoniam Deus ora movet,
Sequar ora moventem.

Introduction.

DIvineſt Herberts *Soule, daign that I joyn*
In Hymns accorded tō the heart by thine,
Unto our Maſters glory, and admit
Mee for a Rivall in thy heighth of love:
For though thy lofty flight bee farre above
My creeping Muſe in ſpirit, verſe, and wit;
My love both may, and ought, thy love exceed,
Since greateſt pardons, greateſt love doe breed.
Thus living, ſing we, (Swan-like ſinging dye)
His Panegyrick, our own Elegie:
Others, I hope, will come and beare a part,
To hide my want of voyce, my want of Art.

Upon Mr. *Herberts* true Hymn. p.162.

Corona.

Alphabeticall, in imitation of the 119 Pſalme.

AWay unhallowed ſpirits, fleſhly borne,
Unto the ſecond birth theſe lines belong,
Your eyes are full of luſt, your hearts of ſcorn,
You cannot taſte a ſupernatur'd ſong.

When in Gods furnace you ſhall prove refin'd,
Divinely tranſubſtantiate from above:
Your Soules contrite, your ſtony hearts calcin'd,
And him propound ſole object of your love;

Then ſhall my inſpirations finde applauſe,
And penetrate your ſoules as well as mine:
Then will you finde them both your meat and ſauce,
And warm your ſpirits at ſuch beams Divine.

God knows what preparations I have paſt,
Oft broken with this Plough to kill my weeds,
Down melted, in a new mould to be caſt,
Macerate, fetter'd, fitted for new ſeeds.
When his magnetique vertue draws, you come;
Till then, to what I write, be blinde, deaf, dumb.

BLeſt Founder of this earthly Hoſpitall,
Sole, daily Benefactor to mankinde:
Lord Paramount of Lords, of Kings and all,
Soule of our Soules, controller of the minde,

Tranſcendent Eſſence, dazling more our ſight,
Then Sun-beams Owles, harder to comprehend,
Then 'tis for Ants to judge, and reaſon right
Of men, and know whereto their counſels tend.

Thou who giv'ſt Faith, and Grace ſpirituall,
Hearts happieſt Center, food, and notion;
Who truely art what falſely we doe call,
Inſtinct, or Nature, Father of motion;

Inſpire

Inſpire my ſoule, my ſpirit animate,
Thy working power and glory to expreſſe,
That theſe my lines may partly expiate
My lives and pens paſt errors, and impreſſe
Thy ſtampe divine upon my readers heart
Aſſiſted by thy holy Spirits Art.

CONtemne not Lord this humble ſacrifice,
This Incenſe from the cenſor of my heart;
Heart, which thy quickning Spirit mortifies
To live and die to thee a true convert.

As in my heart, ſo flow into my ſtile,
Untie, tune, cleare my ſoule, that I may ſing
Thy ſaving grace and prove moſt happy while
I may one ſparkle to thy glory bring.

None but a power Almighty could create,
Yet greater wonder our redemption was,
Nor goes leſſe mercy to regenerate,
That worke nor conſummate nor Sabbath has.

To live freſh fiſhes in this briny Sea,
To ſwim by faith againſt ſtrong natures ſtreame,
Beyond our reaſon and our eyes to ſee,
And make thy ſoule tranſporting love our theame;
This Antedates the ſweet fruition
Of thy moſt beatifique viſion.

DIſpence O Lord that I polluted, lame,
Preſume thy power and mercies to diſplay;
Thy Prieſt ſhould perfect be and free from blame,
But thy projection workes on baſe allay

The greateſt graces, thou haſt ſummon'd all
Thy creatures to thy praiſe, their rent to pay:
Nor can I chuſe but anſwer to thy call,
Accountable for mercies more then they.

But yet (alas!) what fruite can I expect
From theſe farre ſhort of lines Apocryphall,
Since thine owne dictates finde ſo ſmall effect,
And *Iſralites* prov'd hypocriticall?

Yes

Yes, thou haſt wonders wrought on me and canſt
By thy aſſiſtance ſo my labours bleſſe,
Some one at leaſt by me may be advanc'd
To feele thy Spirits motion, and redreſſe
The courſe of ſinne, which fleſh cannot withſtand,
Without the ſuccour of thy ſacred hand.

ERect (O Lord) thy Trophees in my Verſe,
Confound with ſhame th'Idolatrizing Muſe,
Teach ſuch with me thy praiſes to rehearſe,
Tis better write to ſave then to ſeduce.

Teach them thy beautie, riches, thou who art
Riches and beauties donor, cleare their eyes
To admire the vertues which thou doeſt impart
To the rich furniſh'd earth and guilded skies.

Thou needſt no ſtrain'd conceits nor figures, ſuch,
As they imploy to ſhew wit and give grace,
Thou their Hyperbole's exceed'ſt ſo much,
They faint to ſee invention wants a place.

Oh that my Verſe like *Aarons* rod had pow'r
To overcharme, what thoſe inchanters ſing,
And all their ſtrong illuſions to devour,
Or like the Braſen Serpent cure their ſting:
Then might my Muſe triumphant Lawrell weare,
Endu'd with grace no thunder blaſts to feare.

FAther of beautie, goodneſſe, power and love,
Vertue of vertues, ſpring of eloquence,
By whom alone we are, we live and move
And exerciſe a happy confidence.

Whoſe love to us made thee evacuate
Thy ſelfe and glory frailtie to put on,
Frailtie to hunger, die, degenerate
To man in all but his corruption.

Oh let thy love like love in us procure,
And teach us to deny our ſelves for thee;
Change, which to thee was loſſe, will be our cure,
Thy hunger food, thy death our life will bee.

Teach

Teach us to love and we ſhall learne to write,
In Characters of love our hearts will flow,
Love chafes benummed ſpirits to endite,
And ever carries light 'its flames to ſhow.

Make mee, Oh Lord to thee a perfect lover,
And love will both it ſelfe and thee diſcover:
No wonder elſe if we prove dull to write,
For 'tis a wonder Lord, to love thee right.

GRieve Oh my heart, grieve that thou canſt not grieve,
Grieve that thy ſtreames flow counter to thy will,
Grieve that thy fraile propenſions ſtill ſurvive,
And thy intemperate nature ſwayes thee ſtill.

Shame oh my ſoule, oh ſhame to ſee thy ſhame,
Shame that nor faith nor reaſon can prevaile,
Shame that thou knoweſt moſt ſavage things to tame,
And that thy Art upon thy ſelfe doth faile.

Suffer thou doeſt and juſtly ſuffer too,
In ſelfe offending, wilt thou ſtill befoole
Thy ſelfe in doing what thou ſhould'ſt not doe,
And non-proficient prove in thy owne ſchoole?

Yes Lord, it will be ſo, except thy grace
Continually prevent, preſide, reſtraine;
In thy leaſt abſence nature will take place,
Nor can againſt it ſelfe it ſelfe containe.

Children from Nurſes are nor ſafe nor quiet,
Without thee, ſoule nor body, can keepe diet;
Deſtroy Oh Lord what foments our annoy,
Or wild preſumption will our health deſtroy.

HEaven wert thou no reward, Hell but a tale,
Religion but a waking dreame begot,
Twixt policie and fancy to prevaile
Over fraile fleſh and hopes and feares beſot;

Were conſcience but a brat of Arts begetting,
As reall in 'its falſhood as in truth,
A home-ſpun ſtuffe as falſe wrought as ſelfe fretting,
A brand impos'd upon our tender youth;

Yet

Yet hath it pleas'd my Lord to manifeſt
So palpably his ſelfe and love to mee;
Were nature richer, ſweeter, Ile diveſt
And ſtrip my ſelfe of all for love of thee.

None more then I th'erroneous print can read,
Of melancholy and ſuperſtition,
Nor better all their ſubtile ſteps untread,
Diſtinguiſhing between Text and Tradition:
Beleeve me, more hath gone me to convert,
Then either wit or nature can pervert.

HAbituate maladies are hardly cur'd,
Relaps proves often mortall, worſt in ſinne,
To me relaps'd oft and to ſinne inur'd,
Strange hath thy mercy, Lord, and patience been.

Inſolvable I am for ſuch great grace,
Yet I ambitious am to make returne,
What moſt is mine and others moſt embrace,
In gratefull ſacrifice to thee I burne.

Obedience, Temperance I here profeſſe,
Worldly delights and wealth I abdicate,
No fetter'd votary yet ne're the leſſe
My ſelfe to thee I freely conſecrate.

Power, honour, riches, pleaſures ſenſuall,
The Idols which the world doth moſt adore,
I ſlight as much, and ſo I maſter all,
That others creepe to: Nothing I implore
Lord, but thy grace; in that more pleaſure reſts,
Then all the baſe delights that fleſh ſuggeſts.

IMagination, what thou canſt produce
By thy prolifique pregnant facultie,
Is a diſcourſe as ſubtile as abſtruſe,
How thy owne ſpecies thou doſt multiply.

In what great diſtance, ſecret ſympathy,
Through ayre or ſpirits thou act'ſt on things remote,
I cannot ſay with perſpicuitie,
Nor how thy impertitions are begot.

Diſtempers and conceits doe verifie,
Strong fancied objects outwardly appeare,

Paying

Paying in opticall realitie,
The intromiſſions of the impregnat Ayre.

Worke then my faith by thy great energy,
Faith upon others warme with charitie,
The coldneſſe of the times to fructifie,
By its diffuſive vertuous qualitie;
Riſe Lord and ſympathetically encline
To turne to thee, thy enemies and mine.

KNowledge is ſweet and bitter, faire and lame,
A great impotor, body fram'd of Ayre,
A chatting, flattering and ſelf-painted Dame,
More in conceite then reall beautie faire.

How juſtly could I raiſe a mutiny,
Againſt our ſelf-deceivings, till I finde
Our errors are not worth the ſcrutiny,
Nor truths true ſubjects of a ſenſuall mind.

God found us in our loſſe and ſelfe-bred ſtormes,
And with his light his Port exhibited,
Us to disbryer crown'd himſelfe with thornes,
And made us rich in wares prohibited.

Forbeare: beleeve and love is all hee craves,
All other knowledge is as falſe, as vaine,
Wee foole our ſelves, and make our ſelves true ſlaves
To our falſe dotage, faith alone is gaine.
Thy conſtant love oh Lord is all my ayme,
All other affectations I diſclaime.

LOrd, I deſire my contract to make good,
What e're befalls ſhould I a loſer prove,
How e're things paſſe as they are underſtood,
Wee cannot loſe, if wee can ſay wee love.

Though as wee feare, ſo thou ſhouldeſt prove offended, Pſal. 90. v. 11.
Though vitious longings ſatisfied would cure,
Though I could ſeiſe what fancy e're pretended,
Yet would I ſtoope to nothing but thy lure.

Charme what thou canſt falſe world, deafe is my eare,
Thou Lord alone canſt fill my greedy heart,
No other object have my hopes or feare,
Nature adieu, for I will live by Art.

Lord make me Maſter in thy Arts divine,
That this worlds Sophiſtry I may elude,
Could I as well demonſtrate as define
Solve as diſtinguiſh, vice ſhould not obtrude
It ſelfe for vertue; I would make appeare,
The height of pleaſure is thy love and feare.

MY ſelfe converted (Lord) as thou haſt will'd,
Others I would confirme and draw to thee,
That here more perfect, though not yet fulfill'd,
Thy Lawes obedience and our joyes might bee.

My ſinnes and ſufferings my compaſſion breed,
To ſee ſoules not maligne bewitcht by ſinne,
Let thy wounds Sympathy make their hearts bleed,
Knock hard O Lord, and they will let thee in.

Their ſoules have coſt thee all as deare as mine,
Vouchſafe that they may equall favour find,
Hadſt thou not forc'd mee I had ne're been thine,
Open their eyes or they muſt ſtill be blind.

But Lord thy will be done, beſt time thou knoweſt,
Thy juſtice or thy mercies to impart,
Thou ever in thy favours overfloweſt,
Thy juſtice keepe for the malitious heart:
Charitie binds us to ſeeke others good,
How e're thy will and grace have firmely ſtood.

NOr *Cynthia* Starres, nor Roſes Violets,
Nightingales Wrens, nor our heart-charming Queene
Can ſo ſurpaſſe the vulgar delicates,
That ſhine and are in triviall beauties ſeene;

As doe thy pleaſures, Lord, the worlds delights,
Which ſeeme to feed, but leave us hungry ſtill,

Suggeſting

Suggesting falſe diſtracted appetites,
Which ſatisfied with gall and wind do fill.

Poore flattering fading pleaſures ſweet to none,
But groveling Palats, Bubles of the minde,
Compar'd with them you ſhew how ſhort you come
By the diſcountenanc'd guilty ſhame you find.

As is the Galaxia in the skies,
A light from many hidden lights proceeding,
Such conſtant confluence of joy doth riſe,
From Gods ſweet influence of grace ſucceeding:
Lord guide me in a refluence to thee,
And worldly affluence my ſcorne ſhall bee.

OH Lord I know I may be thought to ſing
Triumph before full victory obtain'd,
But ſince thy pardon hath vouchſaf'd to bring
Mee to thy feaſt of conſcience unſtain'd,

I nothing doubt mercy compleat to finde:
Why then my ſoule art thou perplexed ſtill?
Stere cleare (O Lord) and pacifie my minde,
Since thee to celebrate is all my will.

But my extent it doth too farre exceed,
To tell the wonders thou haſt wrought for mee:
Accept oh Lord endeavour for the deed,
My beſt expreſſions muſt come ſhort of thee.

Then reſt my ſoule, repoſe in God alone,
Hee is thy countenance helper, and thy Lord,
His mercy never faileth to his owne,
Such as beleeve and truſt unto his word.

Yet Lord I care not, ſo thy favour laſt,
Though Taper-like I ſpread my light and waſt,
Or though I like the poore flame-courting flie
Seeking thy glory, ſinge my wings, and die.

PRevail'd thou haſt my God and made me thine,
A ſtubborne knotty peece thou haſt mee prov'd,

Seaventy times ſeven at leaſt thou didſt refine,
And pardon mee by thy example mov'd

To labour others good, forgive their ill,
With courage and with love invincible,
Wee periſh Lord except thou vanquiſh ſtill,
And worke us to thy will reducible.

Great to thy Rebells (Lord) is thy compaſſion,
Which doth to us part in thy conqueſt yeeld,
In thee wee triumph over ſinnes and paſſion,
And chaſe the ſtrongeſt luſts out of the field.

Some live in ſinne, yet find thy grace at laſt,
To thee repentance never comes too late;
I in thy conflicts all my life have paſt,
A moment could not well mee ſubjugate.

The hardeſt conqueſt is the greateſt glory;
'Tis not the courſe but end that crownes the ſtory:
Advance O Lord thy conqueſt ſtill in mee,
That I may find ſweet triumph ſtill in thee.

QUarrell no more my carping ſoule, but yeeld,
Yeeld to thy mighty conquerer, and know,
'Tis for thy good, nature hath loſt the field,
And that thy ſelfe thou to his grace doſt owe.

Thou haſt thy ſelfe enrol'd into his pay,
Nature was falſe and paid thee in baſe coyne,
Oh doe not now thy ſelfe and him betray,
But fight againſt his enemies and thine.

Undiſciplin'd, licentious was thy courſe,
In thy firſt warfare, natures ſtinging want,
And emptie pay led thee from bad to worſe,
Sharking thy pleaſure was, thy food was ſcant.

In ſhiftings and in change thou didſt ſubſiſt,
Thy purchaſes diſſolv'd in waſt and griefe,
Oh joy no more in doing what thou liſt,
But joy in thy well diſciplining Chiefe:
Happy who are to his command reſign'd,
All elſe is as the blind to lead the blind.

Reckon

REckon we doe without our Hoſt, if wee
Diſpoſe, Oh Lord, our wayes irregulate,
In carnall appetites neglecting thee,
Sole Founder, and upholder of our State.

As little reckon I, as care to live,
Thou haſt croſſ-byaſt me to this worlds pleaſure,
Nature hath been as frank to me to give,
As unto others, but another meaſure

Hath levell'd me, where God makes ſtrong impreſſion,
Like ſilly impatient birds, we ſtruggle may,
But not evade, the humour of aduſtion
Poſſeſt, diſpenſeth not to diſobey.

Moſt happy humour, how art thou deprav'd,
And made the bath of ſpirits moſt maligne?
Thou art Faiths ſealing-wax, and we are ſav'd,
Holding by Faith, and mounting by thy wing.
Take brutiſh vain delights who will for mee,
More ſolid pleaſure Lord, I finde in thee.

SWeet, Lord, above compare thy mercies are,
More ſweet then pleaſure, I thy grace doe finde;
Quiet and ſafety harbour in thy care,
Thy love alone cures all diſeaſe of minde.

Nor mighty frownes, nor flattering applauſe,
Nor threats of death, nor worldly miſery,
Can leaſt amazement or diſtemper cauſe,
To ſuch as make thee their felicity.

That is the only neceſſary thing,
Which where it dwels, all troubles drives away,
Whilſt cares diſtracting, other ſoules doe wring;
They in thy peacefull Regions ſoare and play.

Arts Sophiſtry, which Natures peace hath kil'd,
With intricate intanglings (which to ſolve,
Reaſon ſtands loſt, and our beſt ſpirits ſpil'd)
Can never now to happineſſe reſolve,
But Lord in thee, there doe I finde with gain,
More then I loſt, ne're to be loſt again.

Tis

TIs probable, that who diſcovered firſt,
America's rich Coaſt, made loſſe his gain,
Nor ere had found it had he not been loſt,
T'enrich himſelf, and feed ambitious *Spain*.

Nor had I ever found the promis'd Land,
Had I not firſt been wildred, ſav'd, and loſt,
Above my reaſon by Gods mighty hand,
Happily ſhip-wrack'd on that fragrant Coaſt:

Coaſt ſubject to croſſe tydes, rocks, ſtorms, and ſhelves,
Its channell narrow, turning off and on,
Where we can ne're arrive (left to our ſelves)
But only by that Pilot God and man.

Wonder works Faith, Faith wonders: ſin is bold,
Yet fearfull; rich, yet poore; but Lord, thy grace
Gives full wealth, peace, joy, courage uncontrol'd,
And makes ſin beare, what doth it ſelf efface.
Strangely, but ne're was man ſo hap'ly croſt,
I had been loſt (Lord) had I not been loſt.

VNtill, (Oh Lord) I fonud and turn'd to thee,
How I was ſtill to ſeek, uuquiet ſtill,
I ſhifted place, delights and company,
But till my ſelf was chang'd, retain'd my ill.

Thy ſhafts ſtuck in my ſides and hunted me,
Twas not a Court, a Miſtreſſe, game or play,
Princes ſweet preſence, and ſociety,
Could chaſe diſeaſe and clouds of cares away.

I thought the bounty of a bounteous Prince
Would never faile to recompence deſert;
But ſad experience hath taught me ſince,
Saints muſt be prayed, and Courting is an Art.

Maſters and Miſtreſſes too oft are won,
By flattery more then duty, and true love;
To ſpeed with thee requires but well to run,
In thy Court, merit needs no Saint to move:
Thy ſelf our Advocate and merit art,
None happy are, but whom thou doſt convert.

Writing

WRiting of holy love, infuſed grace,
And births ſtupendious of conſpiring fate,
Which make me a ſelf-wonder and diſgrace-
Ses Monument, ſubſiſting to relate

The matchleſſe ſtory of a ſtormy life,
And weather-beaten Soule, built faire and ſtrong,
For gazers Comets, and to ſuffer ſtrife;
Such ground-works oft to Chriſtian Faith belong.

Gorgons, and Harpies, Porpoiſes, might here
Challenge appearing, with myſterious ſpell
Of Chymiſtry, of Caball and ſuch geare,
More then my ſtory I my Scene might ſwell.

My Starres in native poſture I preſent,
Affecting truth more then fond skill to ſhow,
Nor fill I with ſtrange ſhapes my firmament,
But rather wiſh my Verſe may gently flow
In ſweet returnes of gratitude for grace,
Lord, till I ſing thy praiſes face to face.

XWhy the letter thou ſhould'ſt be to ſpell
Chriſts Character, except by myſtery
Of thy Croſſe-figure, well I cannot tell;
But croſſes Lord, doe beſt reſemble thee:

Thou wert a man of ſorrows, and who will
Thy ſouldier be, muſt thy Cruſado take,
And beare thy Croſſe, fighting thy battailes ſtill,
Againſt the world and nature for thy ſake.

Tis a hard task, but ſuch is Vertues food,
Fight, Victory, and Conqueſt gives a Crown;
Warfare is none of pleaſures Carpet brood,
Nor ſleeps brave honour on a bed of Down.

They who can raiſe their thoughts no higher then
Soft ſenſuality, beaſts let them bee,
Grazing on ſhort delights, unlike to men,
That either glory doe affect or thee.
Thy Starres, Oh Lord, my glory are, baſe pleaſures
I leave to ſuch as dote on this worlds treaſures.

Youth,

YOuth, thou debauched boyler in thy blood,
Thou unconſidering domicile of Luſt,
Thou ſelf Idolater, ſenſeleſſe to good,
Ape of the times, proud of thy glaſſe of duſt,

Unbridled colt, ſubject to all impreſſion,
But that of grace, thy ſtate I doe lament.
To bring thee on thy knees for ſins confeſſion,
Thou who art ſtranger to the word, repent.

I grant, that if Gods truth ſuch courſe did urge,
And policy could Homogeneall prove,
With true Religion, thou needſt ſuch a purge,
Thy Plethorique Luxuriance to reprove.

Miracles are not ceas'd, if we can quit
Our ſelves for God, ſuch change his work muſt be;
I have had good affections for a fit,
But to perſiſt, Oh Lord, muſt come from thee.
I have been young, ſome good I would have done,
Which now is all to prayer and paper come.

ZEale of thy Faith, my God, hath waſted me,
My errors and thy truth have kept me low;
Were thy truths errors, I would erre to thee,
Rather then in all earthly pleaſures flow.

Thou gaveſt me ſtrength of body and of minde,
But inexperience led me to abuſe them;
The laſt, I over-fed, the other pin'd.
Lord, what are gifts, except thou teach to uſe them?

The ſtrongeſt mindes their ſtrengths to ruine turn,
Goodneſſe of Nature oft it ſelf o're-throws,
Feavers, to aſhes beſt complexions burn,
Nature is blinde, and knows not where it goes.

Lord help and pardon our infirmity,
And let thy Juſtice upon malice ſeize.
Malice is ſurely thy Antipathy.
Be reconcil'd to them that ſeek to pleaſe.
And rather ſet a period to my fate,
Then that I ere become thy reprobate.

Corollary.

Corollary.

INdentures are term'd Deeds, I ſeale and ſigne
My part, Oh Lord, to thee, poore fruitleſſe part,
The leading deed originall is thine,
Deedleſſe without thee is my Counterpart.

Thy ſeale and hand muſt give validity,
Or all our acts will vaine and counter prove:
Thou only canſt give perpetuity
To our intentions, to our faith and love.

Thou that haſt hardned me to break, or dye,
Rather then bend to baſeneſſe, (in ſelf-love,
And honour, maugre all other love) ſhall I
Leſſe conſtant in thy zeale and ſervice prove?

No, thou *Omega* as well as *Alpha* art,
And all thy works wilt to perfection bring,
As well as thou haſt taught my ſimple heart,
In this my *Alphabet*, thy Praiſe to ſing:
Hoſanna, and Hallelujahs unto thee,
Shall fill my Soule, and my concluſion bee.

Madam,

THE Verſes which I read to your Ladiſhip the other day, at your then open Caſement, were occaſioned by ſome diſorder of the preceding week, and ſome diſtemper I had at that inſtant upon me, which made me unfit for ſuch a placing, and cauſed a farther cold, which I have ſince ſuffered, but by a happy conſtitution, and cleerneſſe of body, maintained by daily exerciſe, I thank God, I fear not any violent or long continuance; Nay, I rather reckon it as an excellent medicinall Phyſick unto me, cold ferments into a heat, and heat digeſts and purifies, ſtormes clear the aire, agitation refines and ſubtilizeth the water and fire, and ſtirring advantageth the earth. Evills are ſaid not to goe alone, and diſtempers purge away more then their cauſes; But it is good, as well in ſtate, as ſoule and bodies, to maintain themſelves in ſuch a freedome from overabounding in evill humors, that miſaccidents when they come, and there can be no ſecurity againſt them, may not endanger the whole

frame; Thus much of cold: but what ſhall we ſay in ſurpriſes of heat and fire? wee have lately ſeen many misfortunes thereby, ſhall we therefore not build, or not make fire to warm our ſelves? ſuch reſolution were to defraud our ſelves of the naturall commodities of our reaſon, and diſcourſe, which teacheth us rather to confine and moderate the uſe of things, then utterly to decline them. It is the property of wilde beaſts to feare and fly from fire, and of men to uſe it. And now to revert ſomething to our other nights diſcourſe of Love, (which certainly hath ſome Divinity in it, or otherwiſe it could never, as it doth become a freſh and infinite Theam of our beſt ſpirits) Love and anger are the fires of the Soule, if inordinate, as well dangerous, as vitious, ſhall we therefore ſhun them as a Plague, whoſe beſt antidote is to fly quickly, farre, and return ſlowly? is love as incompatible with reaſon as is pretended? and may not Religion, though ſupernaturall, admit of a naturall and free vertuous affection betwixt the two Sexes? Religion ſaith, Be angry, but ſin not; and is rather a rule to rectifie then extinguiſh affections, they are the wings of the Soule, without an object they are nothing, and without the uſe of them we fall flat to the ground, like diſfeathered birds. The Lady and Nation of Ladies, which your Ladiſhip mentioned, are not reaſonleſſe not to bee without a ſervant, eſpecially ſuch as are or have been beautifull, for it is a commanding Character, certainely inſtituted for a delightfull entertainment and admiration. It is an unnaturall ſtupidity not to be affected therewith, and a kinde of injury to its Authour, not to exerciſe ſuch affection. I ever mean without abuſe; but this concludes for women, not for men, our affections have more fire in them, matter more combuſtible, and women are commonly as well in effect as in title too much our Miſtreſſes; Children and fooles are not allowed to play with fire, it had need be a ſtrong, well-prepared, and well-habituated Soule that entertaines it; we are no Salamanders, to thrive and be ſafe in the flames. What now ought a man that would be wiſe, to doe, affecting to give as well his nature as Religion their right? Platonique Love is exploded, Love is corporeall, and entreth at the eyes. Luſt cannot be excluded for an ingredient, which yet admitted, it follows not that it muſt be predominant, as I diſcourſed unto you, ſome other over-ruling affection may contain and repreſſe it, either in a Religious, civill, or other ſelf-intereſſed conſideration, nay, even in a divers prevailing reſpect towards the very ſubject of our love. I can be affected with the objects of my palat and eye, and yet forbeare them, burn with a ſurprizing deſire of mortall revenge, and yet refrain: Fear and awe will prevaile even with dogs and beaſts, and why not in Love? but how farre this is to be allowed in diſcretion, I ſubmit, with a good morrow to your Ladiſhips more refined diſcourſe, and judgement. I ſend you the Verſes, humbly kiſſing your hands, and end with my Paper.

Your Ladiſhips, &c.

A promiſcuous peece of three houres work in a morning, to cleare from further writing.

Madam,

IF I deceive not my ſelf, there is ſomewhat of power from above, urging my addreſſe unto you; I have now, by Gods grace, finiſhed that my deſigne of Verſes which I had propounded to my ſelf; they are upon preſumption of your Ladiſhips favour to goodneſſe, and your humble ſervant their Author, at your command: expect not the ſtrong Maſter-pieces and quinteſſentiall lines, which theſe curious times, and the refined ambitious Spirits of our age produce, in defiance of Critiques, my births are naturall, eaſie, and haſty, ſometimes foure peeces to my breakfaſt in the beginning of a morning; I am as impatient as any woman of a long and painfull labour; I haſte to my journeys end, and can as little hope or goe about to remould any of my firſt births, as your Ladiſhips your children once brought to light. I love not Verſes of the ragged ſtaffe, but wiſh them fluent and gentle, which was wont to be a commendation. If my walls want ſtrength to ſupport themſelves in their naturall ſtuffe and ſcope, they ſhall rather miſcarry then borrow the ſupports of inwrought ſtrange conceits and buttereſſes of Art: if I would undergoe any affectation, it ſhould be to deliver over ingenious notions, and materiall, inſtructive, rationall conceptions, with an ingenuous and genuine elegance, and ſome depth of proſpective in my termes and expreſſions, according to the capacity and perſpicacity of my Reader. But I am now too old and ſerious for Verſes, and have wholly given them over, only theſe my late peeces I conceived my ſelf to owe to my Maker, and I am ſorry they were not my firſt fruite, which are more properly his due; *Autumnall* fruits are neither the moſt pleaſant, nor wholeſome; I have in great retiredneſſe and confuſion employed my time of late, in the diſſection of my ſelf and fortune, our obſervations in the Anatomy of the body grow from the opening of others, but of the minde from our ſelves, as the Starres of heaven and Globe of earth, they are as yet in great uncertainty and undiſcovered; ſome rules we have attained, and Eclipſes we can foretell, but for ſound and infallible knowledge and judgement, we daily finde our ſelves as erroneous as our common Almanack-makers, whoſe prognoſtiques are as ridiculous as falſe. And now finding my ſelfe in motion betwixt heaven and earth, give me leave to impart a contemplation of Characterizing ſuch a perfection as yours, in relation to them; in * comelineſſe and beauty like the Heavens, in motion regulate, in order faire, powerfull in influence. A well ordered minde reſembles the cleareneſſe, ſerenity, peaceableneſſe,

* Rel. to the La. R.

neſſe, and harmony of the upper Spheres, and Cryſtalline Heaven; a faire built body, the beautifull variety of the earth, delightfull, fruitfull, well dreſt, and correſpondent to the Heavenly motions, in ſeaſon, order, and conſtancy; yet ſuch little worlds there are, which ſeem to enjoy in ſome exemptions a priviledge above the lower heavens, and the earth; for they are free from ſtorms, ſcorchings of heat, nippings of froſt, inundations and other diſorders; ſuch Comets are ſent ſometimes to be admired, and to awake the dying vertue and reputation of your ſex. *Phidias* an excellent ſtatuary, is ſaid to have compoſed ſuch a *Minerva*, and ſuch a figure of himſelf in the center of her Target, that the whole work bearing upon it, it could be no leſſe permanent, then the main peece: I have here preſumed to place you as a precious peece of preſervation unto me. The abridgement of my ſtory ſhall now follow like a cloudy ſtorm, after a faire Sun-ſhine, that I have been moſt unhappily miſerable more then the outward face of nature, or fortune diſcover in me, is known to all that know me, but true and ſecret cauſes are ſo obſcure, that it hath been even to my ſelf a moſt intricate diſquiſition to finde them. Yet, beſides what may be attributed to the Starres, Fate, Complexion, and an over-ruling hand, as in former papers, though diſorderly, I have made to appeare. They may be partly reduced to an unſeaſonable and Marriage, accidentall, inordinate, and indiſcreet uſe of Treacle, long and unfavourable dyaſter, in reſpect of the Court, where I had my Introduction, a fortune unproportionable to my quality, ſpirit, and ingaged condition; A minde curious as well to its own furniture, as election of courſe, and no courſe obvious or faire unto me, eſpecially in the diſtracting ambiguous conſiderations of my ſeats; (and above all) for without that I could as well as another have paſſed over all the reſt; a ſuper-induced Melancholy from the abuſe of ſuch Treacle, which wholly altered and diſanimated me, urging retiredneſſe, ſtudy, thoughts, care, and a diſtaſtedneſſe upon me. Phyſick, inſtead of releeving me, was my bane, over-drawing of blood, and over-working my active minde, brought and held me in ſuch a lowneſſe and conſumption of ſpirits (whereunto alſo an over-ſlender dyet for feare of fatneſſe, much conduced) that howſoever a free boldneſſe of ſpirits and converſation was naturall unto me, I have been forced to live ſo farre under my naturall rate and faculties of Soule, that I wanted ſpirits to counterlook a Cat, confuſion of eyes, memory, and geſture, with infinite other incident malignant ſymptomes, were the pernicious effects of my diſorder; my naturall ſtrength and violence of ſpirit, aggravated my diſeaſe, bred my continuall miſchief, and by the ſame ſtrength and Gods better grace, I as indefatigably reſiſted and ſubſiſted; long and dangerous Feavours took advantage upon the matter and occaſion of my infirmity, other deſperate accidents in fortune I ſuffered, and much more then all this in the contrarieties of my contracted condition, and miſgoverned errours. It hath pleaſed God as extraordinarily

dinarily to ſupport me, as by extraordinary and ſtrange wayes to confound, deject, and bring me towards him. No man ever became extream bad in an inſtant, ſupernaturall goodnes is harder to effect. Being now at length throughly conſcious of my infirmitie and violence in all my affections, and as throughly wrought upon by Gods good Spirit and grace, that which I put in execution remained onely fit and neceſſary for me, which is as this King of *Frante* hath lately in conſideration of extraordinary troubles, and in them as great protections of God towards him and his people, ſolemnly committed and devoted himſelfe and his kingdome unto the protection of our bleſſed Lady, though ſomewhat prepoſterouſly: ſo have I wholly reſigned and conſecrated my ſelfe to God, having withall put off or made indifferent unto mee, all common and worldly affections and ambitions, by meanes whereof I am now as quiet as I have formerly been agitated and troubled; abſtinence is often leſſe difficult then moderation, diverſion is a powerfull meanes of cure, active affections muſt finde a ſubject, and there is none ſo happy, none ſo ſatisfactory as God; not to bee affected with goodneſſe is not to bee affected with him, and to contemne or bee inſenſible of beautie were to ſlight one of his Maſter peeces: ſuch onely of my ancient concomitances I caſt not off; vertue is ever to be priſed, but moſt when faireſt ſet. Grace, goodneſſe, and beautie are his brighteſt beames, concurring they move to veneration and delight. My thoughts ſhall at this time no further follow ſuch an alluring ſubject, what I would be and reſolve I declare, what I have been I cannot help, poſſibly I could not, many ſolutions are brought againſt the arguments of Fate, which more confound themſelves then avoid it. Let Fate be as it will, the underſtanding riſes from the ſenſes, and the will from it, ſuch conſtituted cauſes muſt produce ſuch effects; right elections muſt needs bee as difficult as happy, (our paſſions give tincture to our judgement, as a coloured pane of glaſſe to the Suns beames, or as in the Jaundies we ſee all yellow) they depend upon accidents, and upon our complexion, objects vary according as wee diverſly approach them, their very being conſiſts often more in fancy and apprehenſion then truth, they are involved in darknes and innumerable circumſtances, as hard to diſcerne as accommodate, in ſuch circumſtances, they hourely vary, and wee as much. It is hard for two ſhips in motion to hit the one the other; it is true that ſome ſee clearer, and are more circumſpect then others, yet old and long experienced counſellors are often rejected, as the worſt reſolvers, they apprehend too much, chance and boldneſſe give often the beſt ſucceſſe, chance according to us holds a predominancy, but God is all in all. Happineſſe and tranquillitie have no other true center or circumference, my Spirits naturally working and violent, were incapable of reſt, had I not found it in his grace and favour to mee, and my totall ſurrender unto him. Faith is the ſole Catholicon, and generall Antidote againſt worldly perturbations.

Hee

Hee hath wonderfully exempted me from ſcorne, from want, and all great infirmitie; He hath ſatisfied all my reaſonable affectations even to this of writing, wherein I have ſo disburdened my ſelfe, that though it bee hard to write truely, and not inconveniently, or any thing to the full ſatisfaction either of others or my ſelfe, yet I have done enough to reſolve to withdraw my ſelfe from it, confining my ſelfe hereafter to write nothing but neceſſary letters, and ſubſcribe my ſelfe

Your Ladiſhips moſt humble and faithfull ſervant.

Noble Sir,

For Sir John Suckling *upon the preface concerning Poetry and the Corona.*

YOur late requeſt, which was to me an obliging command, makes me ſend you that peece which you honored with your pretended converſion; I never thought it any thing till now, and now I make it yours that it may receive ſome further vertue of operation from you; and ſeeing I finde you a propoſition convertible, I preſume to lend you another peece of ſimple converſion. It conſiſts of a few begging verſes, if you find them blind, impute it to their haſty and zealous production. They beg a hand from God, a favorable eye from you, from him fatherly, from you friendly correction, they need it from you, and the leſſe you need from them, the more your happineſſe, and their obligation, I ſubmit them and my ſelfe to you as

Your faithfull ſervant.

TO you whoſe ſincere Faith to God and Chriſtian religion, good affection towards mee, and good diſcretion and judgement in all things are moſt approved; to you who have been moſt preſent and domeſtique with mee through the late courſe of the moſt and beſt of my writings, and who above others are acquainted with the inſide of my heart and fortune, I entruſt my poore treaſure of papers, what ever in themſelves, to mee coſtly, and poſſibly to an inquiſitive reader of no ungratefull or unprofitable reliſh: their unaffected nakedneſſe is their riches, nor was *Adam* ever poore till hee ſought for covering; may they meete with no other eyes then ſuch as yours, and their ingenuitie ſhall bee happy, at leaſt find pardon: Monkeyes have a kind of prettineſſe, one mans errors are anothers

anothers correction and inſtitution, promiſcuous fantaſticall graffings afford delight, but I muſt runne the common fate, ſome muſt like mee better, ſome worſe; If honeſt men finde an honeſt ſpirit in me, and prove indulgent to it, I am ſatisfied; they are happy fruits of my worldly misfortunes: for my particular, I would not have wanted my errors, upon our moſt uncomely parts wee put moſt comelineſſe, and there are as well happy errors as unhappy proſperities: I have lately found in theſe laſt ornaments and complements which I beſtow upon my houſe (wherein I have ſo conteined my ſelfe as to have forborne the ſatisfaction of my fancy therein ſince I firſt knew it) that my workmens miſtakings and abuſes have produced a bettering to my deſigne. I have been ſtrangely favoured by the weather, conſidering the earlineſſe of the yeare: unfavourable ſeeming circumſtances where God befriends prove our advantage, may the journey I am now called to, prove ſuch to our betters and our ſelves. If God ſhall pleaſe to bleſſe mee in a good returne, I hope to fall handſomely to an honeſt country courſe, and play the Paterfamilias better then others have diſcharged themſelves towards mee in my infirmitie and truſt; I am naturally over ſolicitous in what I undertake, impatient and exact; But God and experience I rely upon for my moderators: wee all have our imperfections; God hath wonderfully ſupported mee againſt my owne and others miſcarriage, no man owes more indulgence to frailtie then my ſelfe, but ſupine, wilfull, fierce and malepert weakneſſe or abuſe deſerves it not. The Text that ſaith who is over-wiſe or over-juſt ſhall be left alone, teacheth us a moderation in the beſt of our faculties and affections: the ſquare of reaſon often puts our reaſon out of ſquare. Schoole Logick inſtructed me that man conſiſts of a reaſonable ſoule, and I beleeved it ſo farre as to thinke them ſenſeleſſe Poets who repreſented upon the Stage moſt ſenſeleſſe and ridiculous perſonall abſurdities, yet ſuch and worſe hath the world acquainted me with; ſome infirmities are to bee diſpenſed, others not, I worſt endure my owne, the equall balance and mixture of many diſpoſitions betwixt good and evill, hope and deſpaire of amendment worke a perplexitie of reſolution to conclude upon them, how farre to goe on, or where to leave them; charitie teacheth to preſume and hope the beſt, it ſuffereth much, but often too much, if it begin not at home, wiſedome is the rule of rules and God of wiſedome; but it hath pleaſed him to call me to a practicall courſe, and I leave to write; whatſoever my Lord *Bacon* St. *Albans* pronounceth, that hee who imployes his mind to ſmall things ſhall not bee fit for great, yet who contemneth ſmall, ſhall hardly or attaine or hope the greateſt, * I will God willing ſo intend the greateſt as not to neglect the leaſt; To him let me enjoy your prayers, in him your affection, as you ſhall mine for you and all good men. Farewell.

* Some have made the world it ſelfe to conſiſt of *Atomes*.

March the 19. 1638.

Charity

Charitie.

THinking this morning of worldly power and pleaſure, and of the pleaſure of power, I tooke into conſideration what proportions were conducible and neceſſary to a happy condition, and grew to ſtate every man in a naturall and juſt dimenſion of his proper qualitie. For a man to have a grant of or to aſſume power and pleaſures beyond his capacitie and uſe, were but ſupervacuous, troubleſome, and often pernicious; That clothing is beſt that beſt fits the body, warme, comely, and eaſie, is I confeſſe to be wiſhed, more is but cumberſome, enough is affirmed as good as a feaſt; what am I the better if when a pint is the uttermoſt my thirſt requires, one give me leave to drinke a Tunne? If we ſuffer our ſelves to bee tranſported by an extravagant fancy, wee ſhall never bee rich; Reaſon ought to bee as well our bounds as our boaſt; Limited wee muſt bee when wee have done what wee can, a man is but a man; if the King would give mee vaſt poſſeſſions and power of life and death beyond my conveniencie, I ſhould value it but an unprofitable load; It is pleaſure ſufficient to bee out of reall paine, power enough to bee ſafe, poſſeſſion enough that correſponds our juſt occaſions, what exceeds runnes more to others uſe then ours, and ſerves onely to plunge us to inconvenience and ſwell our accounts. The true advantage of power and Riches is the enabling us in meanes of beneficence: To win hearts is indeed a ſupreame delight to all natures that participate more of God then his oppoſite, the devills damnation grew from a ſiniſter affectation of power to doe miſchiefe rather then good, our affections are devilliſh when they terminate not in Charitie: there pitcht my thoughts, thither confin'd I my diſcourſe of power, pleaſure, poſſeſſions, and the pleaſure of power, which caſting mee upon the 13. Chapter of the firſt to the *Corinthians*, where St. *Paul* falls into an ecſtatiquall exaltation of charitie; I ſet upon the metrification of the beginning of the Chapter with a little cloſe of my owne which here I ſubjoyne.

May 7. 1639. *At Yorke intended for the ſight of the moſt ſacred.*

HAd I all tongues of Angels and of men,
And wanted charitie, what were I then,

More

More then the ſound of Cymbals, or of braſſe?
Had I all perfect knowledge, and could paſſe
For a great Prophet, were my faith ſo great,
That I could make huge mountaines change their ſeat;
Gave I my goods to Almes, body to flame,
Charity wanting, all would prove but lame.
Charity is patient, Charity is meek,
Not envious, proud, perverſe, nor doth it ſeek
Its own advantage; No diſhoneſty,
Deſpite, or evill thinking comes it nigh;
Loves truth as much as it abhorreth wrong,
Hopes all, beleeves the beſt, and ſuffereth long.
Without it man is but a fiend to man:
With it a God to doe all good he can,
Loving and lov'd, good to himſelf and others,
Is happieſt life, and many errors covers.

At my return from York.

GIve me leave, Oh Lord, that I expreſſe my moſt humble and hearty thankfulneſſe for thy moſt gracious favour and preſervation towards me, in the divers accidents, incumbrances and hazards of my late journey, and courſe of life: thy indulgencies and accommodacions have as much exceeded my hope, contrivings, and preſent condition as my demerit. Unſpeakable are thy mercies to ſuch as confide upon them, let their memory never decay in me, and with my due acknowledgement, perpetuate thy grace unto me: Honour, thrift and ſalvation, attend thy goodneſſe and ſuch as rely upon thee. I have found thy bleſſings, as well temporall as ſpirituall, in the ſuſtentation of me and my fortunes fairly proportionable to the conſtant moderation of my minde: I am now by Gods grace and the Kings, returned to my home, where Church, Chappell, and my home-ſtall are like to bound my thoughts and courſe, the Oeconomy of my Soule and Family will abundantly employ me: Let the Schooles and the world make oſtentation of their Ethicks, Politiques, and Theology, whilſt I wrap them in my plain habit, and act them in my Soule and life. If I have ever written any thing beneficiall to others in either morall, wholſome or Religious diſcourſe, I ſhall bee glad, but my end was my own proviſion and diſcharge; I have been ſo much verſed in the world, and converſations, that I am no longer fond upon them, I am neither ignorant of their vanity or ſolidity, it is no unneceſſary Schoole of experience, I have bought it, but am ſorry that others with my ſelf have paid for it; It is of no ſmall uſe un-

to me; God, that, and yeares, have taught me so to contract and prune my self of superfluities, that a little root and sap shall stretch further with me, then more with another, and I hope to give proof that God hath not made me incapable of governing my little hive; my minde and studies possibly were larger, but this is the most certain, easie, and pious course; God, and my unfitnesse for the ruggednesse of the time, cut off distractions and make it faire before me; Besides my want of health and failing in my hopes and endevours of recovery, and others improvement, and due discharge, I have formerly suffred by trusting them too much, and my self too little, I have made triall of all performances but my own, to that I am necessitated, and that they have cast me upon; if God and my health enable me, I will so play the super-intendent, as to carry a through tempered eye to all duties, and expenses, making my way as regularly easie, and my houshold as undispensably orderly, as I can: The diversions of Fancy which obtrude their service to the sweetning of a present perplexed condition, shall no more predominate me; God who knows better then our selves what is best for us, hath contracted, satisfyed, and setled me; I am no more a stranger to the worlds market and my self, nor to seek as I was, in rules of proportion, commodities, and stock to drive an honest Trade. Few servants, religiously and orderly affected and chosen, make much of a little; and be they never so few or hard to finde, others I will not admit nor continue. My Friends shall be so entertained and welcome, that by their curious and wastefull reception, I make them not in effect my enemies, and fare the worse a moneth to feast them for a meale. This is my intention and resolution: Herein I implore my good God to continue propitious unto me, and I desire no other worldly felicity: to him the Authour and perfecter of all blessings, be all glory, *Amen*, *Amen*.

May 21. 1639.

Mr. Doctor,

I Am your debter for what I have heard from you, for a most obliging Letter received from you, and for what I have heard concerning you, many outward duties you know we owe, but none more then to the houshold of the faithfull, it is now contracted to a small number, our zeale may be the more though our exercise the lesse: My years, fortunes, the times and other circumstances have confined my course and discourse, to a resolved retiredness, as unnaturall to the respects of my places of birth, education, and conversation, as solitarinesse to mankind; no man was ever more affected to an intelligent and well-spirited society then my self, I have formerly sought it and enjoyed it with greedinesse, I have now lost

loſt it, and that which to my diſcomfort comforts me the more, is, that it is grown ſcarſe to be found; I wiſh that this expreſſion proceeded rather from my diſtaſte, then a reall diminution of goodneſſe, generoſity and rationality: Our Soules next to God, have no food ſo ſweet as the faire commerce of reaſon and knowledge, I am put to drive a trade of diſcourſe, either without return, which is unpleaſant, or with an impertinent unvaluable returne, which more offends me: All this tends to begge your Company when you can afford it, I have been little given to beg but from my Maker, yet I never made ſcruple of it, where I preſumed of goodneſſe, and good will: I know you Charitable, and hope you will not deny me begging from you ſo much way and light; my Coach ſhall be at your Command: Mr. Doctor *Bromrich* is now free from his great Office, and taking you for birds of a Feather, I ſhould be glad to ſee you flie together: if after your living in *London*, and now in *Cambridge*, you came to live in a Country Parſonage, you would commiſerate me: You ſhall have good way, good Aire, and good fire, water enough to cleanſe, and not to dull or infect; Chriſtmaſſe is a ſeaſon of Charity, which ſhall make you expected by

Your faithfull Friend
to ſerve you.

Catleidge the 6 of
December 1639.

A Chriſtians life hath been juſtly reſembled to a warfare, mine hath been many wayes ſuch, continually incumbred with outward and inbred troubles; occaſions ſometimes thruſt upon me, ſometime raiſed by my ſelf upon my own grounds of minde and fortunes, commotions, inſurrections for Religion, for Liberty, for Accommodation: and as *Polydor Virgill*, upon contemplation of the wonderfull extrications of *England* from divers ruine-threatning obſeſſions, attributes its ſubſiſtence to God alone, calling it *Regnum Dei*, and ſupported by his Grace in deſpight of all its own miſgovernments and prevarications for private advantage againſt the publique good: So have I to my great ſhame, found his mighty deliverances, above my moſt groſſe relapſes of error, and ſelf-offending. How long I ſhall doe ſo *I* know not, for I am moſt unworthy thereof: At ſuch time as I have found my ſelf upon recovery of ſtrength and alacrity, fortune hath ever preſented ſome moſt unexpected and extraordinary incident to perplex my curious and working minde. Poore Soules that we are! how weak? how blinde? ſtrong and ſeeing, onely to our own miſchief and nakedneſſe; Nature runnes away with us in ſpight of

bit and bridle. I once heard a learned, witty Magiſtrate (himſelf none of the beſt, if not one of the worſt) ſay, upon the diſgrace grown to one of our greateſt, moſt learned, and witty Judges for corruption, how wee might ſee by him the power of Natures torrent againſt all erudition and ability of writing and diſcourſe. I prove it too true, though (I thank God) not in that way. I have of late to gratifie ſome (who neerlieſt concern me) been carryed to reaccommodate my ſeat with a Park: My reſolution for my own particular was, after having been Maſter of ſo good in that kinde (that it was impoſſible for me to become pleaſed therein) to forbeare as I have done a long time. In this particular, which hath been more then moſt troubleſome unto me, Fortune according to her cuſtome, hath plaid double with me, offering me on the one ſide moſt caſually Grounds in my hands cloſe by my houſe, well-wooded, and Park-like, which I confeſſe much ſurprized my fancy therein: Yet on the other ſide, ſuch varieties of perſwaſion for greater, leſſe, good, bad, dry, or wet Ground, wayes thorow or not, ſome neighbours Grounds to be taken in or no, and whether or no they might be had, difficulty of paling and carriage which I hate; for though I love not trouble, yet I endure my own more willingly then of my Friends and Neighbours. After theſe and many other croſſe points of offers and retractings of Neighbours, and ſuch like, I have been led by degrees (*aliud agens*) beſides my meaning, to lay out a ſmall, yet ſufficient peece of Ground for houſhold proviſion of Veniſon (a Garden to keep me from beging) ſo neer, dry, fertile, pleaſant in view, convenient, and commodious, that I would ſcarſely wiſh it other; it was, as it were, marked out unto me, and for my purpoſe. Yet (blinde as I was) divers and croſſe conſiderations, which this world and I abound in, kept me ſo long from diſcerning to lay hold of it, that I ſcorn my ſenſes and my ſelf, and almoſt condemn my ſelf to all, that I have ſuffered in my non-ſenſe: The inconvenience of pale is avoided, for I have enough at hand, I am ſtill Maſter of my Woods, my Ground ſound for Winter and Summer, and the goodneſſe of it makes it much in little, nor would I wiſh it greater: great inconveniences attend a great Park, it is a kinde of Whore, much in fancy, and often kept more for others uſe then our own; it is a wilde Miſtris, and courted by a kinde of wilde people, fiercely riding this way and that way with great hoopings, and outcryes, upon a very ſlight errand. Our forefathers were not yet without reaſon, who meeting with a world and wilderneſſe of woods and waſtes, aſſigned an otherwiſe uſeleſſe part thereof to Parkes and Forefts: It is not ſo with us; want of Tymber and Woods will tame our wildeneſſe, and reduce us to an uſefull compaſſe. Never was Land bought dearer then I have paid for my own, (may houſe and land prove more happy to my Succeſſours) how many years of my life it hath coſt me, I know not, nor much (as the world is) care. This and much more, retiredneſſe, Melancholy, and Fortune

tune have brought upon me, yet considering how ill a wandring or publique course of life would suite with mee I choose rather to suffer and compose as well as I may all incommodities within my selfe, then to expose my selfe to such as others finde, and thrust themselves into abroad, and which would bee to mee more intolerable. Quiet is not ill bought at any reasonable rate: *Vt habeas quietum tempus, perde aliquid de tuo jure*, is a saying, which if the Spaniard had practised even to the quitting of the 17. Provinces, or I in sitting downe by some forbearances, wee might possibly have been both more at ease. God hath given him a strong state of dominions, and me of body and mind, to our owne as well trouble as subsistence; Hee maintaines his strength by exercise, and so have I done by extraordinary motion, agitation and distensions, such as to a man of an evener minde and fortune then mine are I confidently affirme shall keepe in health, strength, free from great inconvenience of colds, feavers, fulnesse, or putrefaction of humors, &c. vigor of spirits, and length of life, better then *Lessius* or *Cornarus* their staticall diet, which is most unnaturall, servile, subject by their owne confession to great distemper upon the least change, or excesse, (whereas the other comports with any tolerable diet) prescribed in reason rather for Monkes, Hermites, Votaries and persons of a sedentary life, then such as are to use the world and labour. Thus much have I written in this early of the morning as hastily and wildly, and perhaps to as little purpose as Foresters follow their chase: which to my owne better instruction, and use of my selfe and mine may it please God to blesse. *Amen.*

December the 7. 1639.

Potius inserere virtutem, quam disserere de virtute.

Postscript.

IF I write wildly and erroneously, yet my follies are short and the shortest are the best; I had rather write without method and abrupt, then as many doe in long intricate and often mistaken distributions and divisions, as tedious and unprofitable in some one subject, as I am confused and wild in change, and varying my scenes. Thus *Bos lassus fortius figit pedem*, and if my soule cannot digest and indure its owne weight, strength and discernings, it must suffer. Perplexed condition * of our sophisticated and preternaturall life: the wayes of nature are obvious, easie, certaine; The Swallow, Crane, &c. know their seasons, and vary not in their course, or

* As in the end of the 7. Chap. of Ecclesiastes God made man right, but hee hath sought out many inventions.

or building of their nests, where the most ingenuous and right-affecting soules amongst us are ever to seeke, and even at the best (which I call) with the illumination of supernaturall grace, vexed with our owne scruples and fancies, and either forced from the world and natures libertie of delights, or like *Lot*, to have their righteous soules contristate with a vaine, crooked, perverse and wicked conversation.

IF my peeces appeare not all of a peece constant to themselves, but so diversified that I ordinarily fall into a superfetation, or various births of male and female at one graviditie; If I superinduce and contract into little roome matters of severall and important consideration, such as might otherwise have been beaten out into particular and large treatises, I hope you will bee indulgent to the sparing of labour as well yours as mine, finding in your power to extend or remit your owne, either by receiving my coyne for currant, or bringing it to the balance or test of a farther (yet favorable) examination, not forgetting that allowance which I have often begged to my acknowledged infirmitie, defects, confusion and precipitation in their conception and production.

Passus graviora, dabit Deus his quoque finem.

FINIS.

EXTRAVAGANTS.

Dream.

IF you are at leiſure, I will tell you my mornings dream, which was, that in the quality of a Soliciter for Old *England*, in a cauſe that concerned him for limme, life, land, and liberty, which were all drawn to ſtake, by I know not what Promooter, I caſt my eye on a Friend as I rode into *York*, with the Chiefe Juſtice of Aſſize there to be held, and deſired him to help me to ſome good Counſellors to plead for me; he lookt about him, and ſpyed ſome portlike men, riding on *Scotch* pads, but ſaid they were not for me, for they ſavour'd of the others near them were on hard *Scotch* ſaddles, but had long ſince given deſperate the cauſe of Old *England*, and were now packing and poſting for *New-England* and the Iſle of *Providence*. Some he ſaw upon *French* pads, who came this Circuit only for Company, to laugh, make good cheer, and advantage of the times, but not to meddle till the cauſe became their own. A greater number were mounted on the *French* great Saddle, with Piſtols at the Bow, but my deſires were peace, and their word was *Vive la guerre*. Then the *Spaniſh* *Morocco* men preſented themſelves to our view hopeleſſe to me, for Warre was both naturall and profitable unto them. Next I eyed a grave Gown-man, ſitting in Croop behinde a ſide Saddle, I liked him for a good forward man, but my Friend told me he was a *Scotch* Biſhop, and had too much to doe for himſelf. Not farre from him rode a pretty pert luking man, upon a lean bare horſe back, and I was informed he was a *Scotch* Recuſant, and could not ſpeak good *Engliſh*. Then I obſerved a Coach drawn by ſix Mules, with well-ſtuffed provender bagges at their noſes, a long-Coated Poſtillion, with Piſtols upon the foremoſt, a ſolemne robed perſonage, in place of Coach-man, the firſt a ſhort whip in his hand, the ſecond a long one which was ſomewhat tangled in the carriage, a company of Gown-men within, concerning whom I enquired, and found the fore-men were Church-men Militant and Triumphant, and thoſe in the Coach were High-Commiſſioners, and the Kings learned Counſell, who were not uſed to plead in common Cauſes. After them came a company of plain fellows upon Pack-ſaddles, who proved to be out of favour for the preſent; yet followed on in hope of better Grace. In this diſtreſſe I faſtened on one of my *New Englanders*,

and prayed him for old *Englands* ſake to ſtay his journey, and ſpeak for me: he replyed, his tale would not be heard, and that he came this way only for his ſafety to defend himſelf and no body elſe: Whereat in great deſpaire, I asked if there were no conceit of a kinde of Parliament to be held here. My Friend told mee no, and that another *Faux* had long ſince blown up that hope with white Gun-powder. One while he adviſed me to ſue in *Forma Pauperis*, and procure my ſelf Counſell to be aſſigned, other-while to ſuffer my ſelſe to be non-ſuited for this time, pay charges and expect a better advantage; But at laſt he encouraged me, ſaying, that counſell or not, I needed not to be diſmayed, being my Judge was both good and wiſe, and too much intereſted himſelf in the conſequence of my cauſe, not to relieve and compaſſionate me, which gave me ſuch a joy of heart, that I awaked.

Aprill 1639.

Newes from York.

THe world is full of expectation what will be the product of this early Spring; The Sun no ſooner cuts the Line, but with him we march in the moneth of *March* towards the Cancred Tropick, our Lady day, and King *Charles* his *Initiation*, inaugurate our expedition; I ſhould have ſaid for us; We travaile towards the little Beare, exalting Charles Wayne ore our heads; great coſt, great ſcot and lot we pay, which may prove *Englands* joy or bane. *Mars* is Lord of the Horoſcope, *Saturn* may grumble and eat his Children, but *Jupiter* and his Lieutenant muſt rule the Roaſt: *Momus* may goe whiſtle, and the World dance, whilſt *Mercury* pipes, and with his *Caduceus* charmes, extracts, conjures and transformes the Clouds. There are ill Conjunctions abroad, that threaten little good, but if *Jupiter* prove not malevolent, all may goe well: Let *Venus* goe Retrograde, and *Diana* raiſe the Clouds, we will not feare but *Sol* at his heighth with a faire Northerly wind may diſperſe them and bring faire weather. Theſe late raines promiſe a good year, and if *Booker* and his fellows may be credited, the ſtorm will fall where it was leaſt looked for: if you will be adviſed by me, break not your braines with over-calculating, for all this grew betwixt the pen and the paper. Many ſpirits are conjured up, and it muſt be the work of a good Exorciſt to make them keep their circle and ſettle them again. *York* was never fuller of buſineſſe and idleneſſe; Feavors reign, and ravings muſt be admitted; Fancy, Reaſons old Ape, will have his vagaries, and ſince the invention of

of *Gallileos* Glaſſe, men muſt diſcover farther into Moons, and Milſtones then they were wont; in the mean time you that want work as I doe, exerciſe your ſelves with this my *Trol Madam*; To tell you the truth, I muſt be thinking, though I know not what, and indeed who does? Theſe are times that would poſe *Oedipus*, or *Solomon*, and make him fly to his Vanity of vanities and vexation of Spirit; *Vivere & Lætari*, would be his *Motto*, but it is hard to do at *York*, where though Victuals are cheap, Ale is deare. The people drawn together, are too much ſtrangers, to be over-familiar or confident: Never more company, never more ſolitarineſſe, men are ſo hard to finde and farre to ſeek, that *Diogenes* would be troubled with his Lanthorn at noon day, to finde an honeſt friends lodging. Here is riddle me riddle me, what is this? A Courtier and no Courtier, a Souldier and no Souldier, Little Warre, and leſſe pay to a great many, who finde great fault with the Tranſlation that ſayes, No man warres at his own charge; Many of the Court, few of the Counſell; Gentlemen want their Miſtreſſes, Lords their Ladies; ſome have too much, ſome too little to doe, ſome expected to have been Actors or Counſellors at leaſt that prove but lookers on, and hangbies; ſome finde themſelves priſoners without conflict or knowing the crime, and want the old comfort of the Warre, which was wont to be quick death, or victory. Many wiſh Sir *Arthur Ingram* had been made Purveyor Generall for the whole yeare, but he found it charge enough at *York*. Every man roves at an end; but many will miſſe their marks; where men ſcarſe know their own ends, it is hard to know others, where intentions are concealed, wayes cannot be concluded, yet from Cards played a good gameſter will gueſſe at the game, and from things appearing, reſults may be forked out, that either thus or thus, and ſo I entertain my ſelf, and ſo do you; every man hath buſineſſe, every man his thoughts, ſuch as they are: The blinde man may hit the Crow; ſome are not wiſe enough to divine, others are divined wiſer then they are: This would I doe, quoth I, a wiſer man of another mind, ſayes no; For brevity ſake I omit to tell you my thoughts, I am wiſe enough yet for that, *Sauue qui pent*, Sweare what you will, but ſay nothing: This you may thanke me for, when I could write, but not read, and wanted ſomething elſe to doe.

May 1639.

Your Couſin and ſervant John Nonſenſe.

Poſtſcript.

When the Children ſhall be drawne into the deſert of Zim, it is much feared that horſ and man will have ſomewhat to do to keep their iron and fleſh on their backs, that murmuring will prove a great paſtime, Quayles and Manna would prove in great requeſt, and that Moſes *may have uſe of his rod.*

SEventh *Henry* Roſes, Kingdomes *Fames* united,
Eight *Henry* in Popes defence a booke endited,
Which made *Romes* Biſhop ſtile him faiths defender,
The ſtile hee held, but made the Pope ſurrender
His Papall power: King *Charles* hath farre outgon him,
And with his ſword taken Biſhops cauſe upon him.
They owe him more then well they know to pay him,
If *Woolſeys* Pope liv'd Gar would bee his ſaying:
Take heed good Biſhops what you goe about,
Leſt *Charles* hold faſt the faith, and turne you out:
Of angry Bees *Scotland's* a parlous Hive,
Hedges twixt King and people ſeldome thrive.
Wiſe Jeſuits with the Scots tooke little paines,
Well knowing thence would riſe but little gaines.

Pilgrimage.

AS I travailed along in my earthly pilgrimage to the heavenly *Jeruſalem* accompanied according to my wiſhes by a good old Miniſter or Prieſt of Queene *Elizabeths* time, (I know not now how to terme him) there croſt upon us in our way a ſupercilious perſonage with an high cornerd bonnet (his name and nature did little agree) who queſtioning our intentions told us wee were out of our way, and that if wee would take him for guide and company, hee would carry us a ſure ſmooth and pleaſant way to our Journeys end, and if wee turned a little aſide now and then it ſhould bee at his charges, wee ſhould not need to trouble our thoughts, hee would take all the care: Hee was witty-facetious company, and when my old companion would have replyed, I told him I thought hee was but in jeſt, and not to be dealt withall in good earneſt, for whatſoever he pretended hee had a plot upon us for his own advantage, and wiſhed to take our leaves of him, for hee had a Piſtoll by his ſide that hee truſted to beyond his wit, which was great pitie; and what ever good companion hee ſeemed, he would make roaſt-meat of us if wee appeared not in every thing of his mind, and that all our good and true heart to Godward would not excuſe us: whereupon leaving him and walking on, there croſſes upon us on the other hand, as wee found him upon ſpeech, a *Banbury* man who ſcorned to deſire our company, but taking notice of our deſigne told us wee held too much of the left hand, that his was the onely right courſe and (whatſoever wee thought) not ſo rough and uneaſie as ſome eſteemed it, with much more; wee thanked him and told him his Sabbath day wayes and ours lay not together, and that if hee

hee would have been leſſe nice and cenſorious over good men (none of his Brotherhood) and more ſociably attractive hee might have had more company along with him. Then croſſeth us againe on the firſt hand an odde kind of perſon, I knew not well whence hee came, nor whither hee would, his faſhion and habit were likewiſe ambiguous, ſometimes formall and cringing, and ſometimes ſtaggering and licentious, hee forſooth would have egged us out of our beaten path into a pretended better diſcovered by-way of his finding out, telling us it would prove much for our eaſe and forwardneſſe: wee were thankfull for his good will, but told him wee did not love to follow wee knew not whither, and that his courſe ſided ſomething too much with the high cornered cap whoſe company wee had conſiderately forſaken. Our next encounter from the ſecond right hand country was a grave man in the *Geneva* print, a little more conformable and leſſe rigid then hee of *Banbury*, hee tooke notice of our voyage, and much deſired our company, intimating unto us that his way lay cloſe by ours, but was much more plaine, certaine, and peaceable, as having more of *terra firma* then the inconſtancy of a floting Iland: hee ſaid hee had an invariable ſure Cart and Compaſſe to direct us, and that hee was ſorry to ſee us Engliſh whom hee loved, ſo apt to change that wee might bee as well painted with a paire of ſheares in our hand for our Religion as our cloathing, that wee never knew when wee were well, and that it was ever a great fault with us to bee apt to overdoe, that ceremonies and indifferences grew ſo formall unto us that it was to bee feared Religion it ſelfe would become at laſt with us, but a ceremonious formalitie. Hee wooed us heartily and ſomewhat to the purpoſe, telling us he had no ends upon us but our journeys end, that hee would not trouble us with much complement, but much deſired our company, which if wee refuſed, we ſhould bee in danger of being entiſed or forced and juſtled out of our way, which was already alſo growne ſo little trodden that it was hard to hold: with our thankes wee diſmiſſed him, telling him that having as ſure a Cart and Compaſſe as himſelfe, and as learned and pious directors as hee or any other, wee doubted not of our way, which wee had hitherto found right and good, but if wee met with force and oppoſition wee would carry ſuch an eye towards him that being as well in breath (otherwayes called ſpirit) as the beſt, wee would ſoone overtake him: his complement was little, ours not much more, and ſo with heartie ſhort and comely prayers for our welfare, and induſtrious inſtructions, which none of the other would afford, (except the ſecond, who was very tedious to us in terror and threats) wee parted, continuing our way with a reſolution not to ſtumble at every ſtraw, nor bee drawne by any zealous example or otherwiſe to leape over ſcandalous Chriſt-maſſe blocks.

November. 1644.

Strict

STrict Rhymes ſtand by, and wanton meaſure,
All here is out of tune,
And my ſelfe more then all;
A skipping Satyre calls for roome,
Ruffe, wild, like him ſhall be my lines,
Bring the Fools cap againe,
And give the world its owne:
It ne're was fitter for the times.
Give me a foure Elbowd Coat,
There's no foole to the old,
That knowes the Fire, yet runs into't,
And cryes, Lord help, withhold.
Kings by your leave and take good heed,
Leſt whilſt you ſhadowes graſpe,
You loſe true ſubſtance, love and eaſe,
Showing that you were out of taſt.
States-men ſtudy right and peace,
Bee faithfull plaine and wiſe,
And doe not ſeeke ſo much to pleaſe,
That all may ſinke whilſt you may riſe.
Church-men ſhould mend, not marre the world,
Live as you reade in Scriptures then,
Wee know them now as well as you,
Thinke not to blind or God or men.
Good and bad Paſtors they ſet out,
Bad vent their owne inventions,
Feeding themſelves more then their Flock,
Beware of ſuch intentions.
Judges, occaſion not the rout,
By a miſguided courſe,
To thinke how they may live without
Your Furres and never fare the worſe.
Would't not make the devill laugh
To ſee a masking faith,
Feed him with Corne and God with Chaffe,
Whilſt jugling zeale the truth betrayeth.
Would you not jeere to ſee an Ape of clay,
In Gowne or Doublet jet it to and fro,
Brisk as a Puppet in a Play?
Who Muſhrome like hath but a week to grow,
Or ſee men play like buſie buzzing flies,
Venereous, skraping ſtill for Ore,
Upſtarts with pride ſwell'd to the skies
Upon their journey to bee ſeen no more,
To ſee a Doctor play the learned foole,
The ravenous Woolf in juſtice ſeat,
The devill preaching in a coole,
Gloſſing the Text to get what he can get:

An old wife curious in her Curles,
Pratling and painted like a Jay,
Wiſe Gallants led by giddy Girles,
Triumphing to become a prey:
To ſee men love to gather hate
Woorying the one the other,
Loſing themſelves to get a ſtate,
And trample on their brother,
Like Schooleboyes make rods for themſelves,
By turnes to whip each one his marrow,
Running their mates upon the ſhelves,
Shortly to prove their proper ſorrow.
The wiſer ſort the arrant'ſt knaves,
The learn'd make formall workes
Full of falſe method and miſtakes,
Where nor delight nor profit lurkes,
Curious diſſections to confound,
Things already knowne and plaine,
Great Treatiſes on little ground,
Notions from nothings to attaine,
Termes which ſhould ſcience eaſier make
To make it harſh and more obſcure,
Like Sprights to fright and make forſake,
Things uſefull elſe, who can endure?
Youth to vice and baſeneſſe fram'd,
Impudence for vertue paſſe
Knowledge by ignorance diſdain'd,
Gay trappings on a pamper'd Aſſe:
Temporizing wiſedome counted,
Zeale of vertue folly,
Goodneſſe by vice ſo much ſurmounted,
Small good can come from being good or holy:
Maſter Pamphlets ſweld with words,
And tumors preternaturall,
Pageant-diſhes for Mayors bords,
High cry, but little fleſh or wooll,
Loftie, brave, corveting ſpeech
Plaine dealing to outface,
Prauncing over hedge and ditch,
In ſtead of keeping even pace:
Truth a ſtranger is become,
Vitious times no more can beare it,
Flattery and falſehood holds its roome,
Writers muſt ſuffer or forbeare it.
Selfe conceipt, and fooliſh pride,
Hypocriſie, and jugling ſhowes,
What ſober judgement would abide?
But that ſhame meets them in the cloſe.

Endleſſe 1644.

Epigram.

Epigramme.

Full many a want had Ages heretofore,
Had ours goodneſſe and wit, we want no more.

Glimmerings.

God above all, thy Neighbour as thy ſelf,
Lovely Epitome: could ſpeculation ſee,
And practiſe thee, *Johns* Common-wealth
Would flouriſh, and we ſhould moſt happy bee.

Religion, Gods reaſonable ſervice is,
Chriſts yoke is eaſie, and his burden light:
This wel-agreed, would make the whole world his,
Paſtors and people would walk more upright.

Altar 'gainſt Altar, Clergy againſt the Lay,
What may this breed? nay, what good can it breed?
Tis nine to one; yet God can all allay,
And raiſe ſweet fruit, from foul and bitter ſeed.

Poore creature man, that ſtudies to be poore!
To whom God gave this ready furniſht frame,
To uſe, not pry, rip, live on follies ſcore;
Quit Natures legs, to walk in knowledge lame,
Doe emulate, diſſect, work what you can,
To Gods works ſtill thou ſhalt be blinde, poore man.
Some ſteps affects, and ſquarings, thou mayeſt finde,
To the full Schematiſms thou muſt be blinde:
Bacon, how-ever ſhort of a clear light,
Did well to ſhow how farre thou art from right.

When

WHen women marry to be chaſte, not free,
When Clerks turn Prieſts, for Gods ſake, not for gain,
When King, and People love, and well agree,
And all themſelves within their Spheres contain,
Then may we hope to ſee a happy age,
Fraud will abate, and malice will aſſwage.

ILl-Clergy-men have reaſon to forbid
Reading the Scriptures, for they them diſcover
So clear that one would think all were kept hid,
By them as from the Lay, ſo from each other,
Elſe would they ſhame to ſay and doe ſo ill,
As if Religion they profeſt to ſpill.

St. Gregories *Complaint, two houres work.*

READy to dye, though well I know not why,
You that goe by, heare me lament and cry,
And tell the King, who can doe no ill thing,
'Twas no good ring under St. *Paul* his wing,
Gregory to ſpill, who hath ſtuck to him ſtill,
And ne're did ill, (alas) by his good will.

I can preſcribe, full many a Chriſtmas tide,
How by his ſide, his *Peterman* I ride,
And what diſgrace I now bring to this place,
I cannot gueſſe, unleſſe as faln from grace.
Nor can I ſee, that a true cauſe ſhould be,
In my degree, and conſecrate Antiquity.

Happy St. *Faith*, whom no miſ-hap betray'th,
My lowly heighth, caſts me, St. *Pauls* gloſſe ſaith,
But my great crime, is, *Paul* I undermine:
Yet that's not mine, St. *Faith* take that for thine.
I will repaire, what ever I impaire,
My coſt and care, ſhall make me thorow faire.

I am no wen, except miſcall'd by men,
Mole be I then. Moles, faces grace have been.
I am no ſtain, except you overſtrain,
And lay me plain, your good work to diſtain.

Good works to nurſe, made good men ope their purſe:
St. *Gregories* curſe, may make *Pauls* fare the worſe.

Make not them glad, who wiſh St. *Gregory* ſad,
For being the Lad, who firſt turn'd Tables had.
The Pariſh coſt, and rich inſide they boaſt,
Would not be loſt, ſince God loves inſide moſt,
Though *Pauls* full age, nor ſiſter needs, nor page,
'Tis no vantage.

To caſt old *Gregory* off in holy rage,
My Verſe breaks meaſure,
Great Neighbour, Lord of Treaſure,
Aſſiſt my Rhymes, to thoſe that rule the Times,
And help if you can well,
Whil'ſt I toll my own knell,
Yet I will not deſpaire;
Church ruines ill repaire.
My *Cæſar* right inform'd,
My will ſhall be conform'd.
His ſentence finall be my fate,
To ſtand, or to lye deſolate:
Now doe not blame my Verſe, but know it
St. *Gregory* never was a Poet:
Many a one hath reeſe by Rhyme,
O might I ſo my fall decline.

St. Gregory *to St.* Paul.

MIghty St. *Paul*, help *Gregories* deſire,
And ſcorn me not, though none of thy great Quire,
Take heed a ſecond time of Heavens fire,
If falling late, thou now my fall conſpire.
Without thy Buttreſſes, thou canſt not ſtand,
Accept of me for ſuch; and thy command
Shall rule me ſtill, though ſmall, yet neer at hand,
And next to thee the greateſt in the Land.
A ſhrub offendeth not a lofty tree,
An under Oratory let mee bee:
Thou partly ſtandeſt by my Charity:
For that and Gods ſake then, Oh pitty me.
My Bells and Weſtern Steeple I will lend
To thee, that want'ſt them both, I'le bee thy Friend,

And

And ſtop their mouthes, who ill Invectives ſend
Againſt thy ſtate and wayes, and ſo I end,
Sick, but not dead, and dying, but not ſick.

About 1635.

I Have gotten a little leave of abſence from the Parliament, to lay hold of your promiſe for the favour of a viſit, and I hope notwithſtanding all feares the carriage of affaires will be ſuch as to give no ſuddaine occaſion of my recall: Gods grace and his Majeſties wiſdome, goodneſſe, and conſtancy, muſt be the Authours of our happineſſe, our diſtractions and diſtempers are otherwiſe ſuch in the State Eccleſiaſtick, Civill, and Military, our ſpirits in all parts ſo peremptorily and uncharitably divided, men ſo ſuperabounding in their own ſenſe, and ſo little indulgent, and communicable to others, and parties daily growing to a ſtiffer oppoſition, that without ſuch a prop I ſhould utterly deſpair of any good or quiet: If ſome men chance to finde a ſtrength riſing againſt them, they may partly blame themſelves in their reſervedneſſe, a Cauſe may be ſtarved at Law for want of fees, and ſo may power by being over-ſparing in a winning familiarity, it is harſh to a noble Nature to think it ſelf ſlighted, a good Judgement may manage it ſelf in an open freedome, without profuſion or betraying the bottome, and there is the greater need to uſe it where there is little elſe to pay.

It is true that the King may ſeem to have made himſelf a great loſer, by giving ground ſo much from the way of his former courſe, but it muſt firſt be cleared, that it was the right way of his advantage, and well examined, others, more their own Friends then his, may prove the greater loſers, and his parting may be like *Abrahams* in the concluſion, rather with the Ramme then the Childe: The undoubted Laws of *England* are no ſuch churles, and niggards to their Prince, as not to leave him a Royall power, and ſplendid ſtate: but there muſt be at this time more then leaving, after ſo much alienation, exhauſtion, and contraction of debts, there muſt be a plentifull ſupply and ſupport, this indeed after all our other payments, will be a work, but ſo it muſt, nor doe *I* doubt but ſuddainly it will be vigorouſly undertaken, if new jealouſies interpoſe not themſelves. His Majeſties condition requires it, his goodneſſe deſerves it, and his faithfull Subjects affection, duty, and reputation can doe no leſſe. It is true, that we have already had a long time, and paid dearely for it; poſſibly there might have been a better husbanding, but a good end will make all good, and for the beſt. As I ſaid before, that Grace of God, and wiſdome of his Majeſty, which have hitherto aſſiſted us, are my hope and confidence, the *Genius* of the Kingdome doth as yet extraordinarily need them: The conſideration of Divine Service, Epiſcopacy, and Recuſants, in

the ſcandall that theſe late times have drawn upon them (or they upon the times) is yet to be regulated, and the conceived offence and danger, ſpringing from them, to be prevented; this you will ſay is a buſineſſe, and the greater by the greatneſſe of the parties ſeverally affected in them: For the Common Prayer Book, you know how the *Scots* eſteem it, multitudes of our own growing in all parts no leſſe incurably impatient of it; Biſhops are in the ſame predicament, but ſo much worſe, by how much a dead Letter hath neither ſo much imputed to it for our paſt troubles, nor apprehended from it for a future propenſion to Popery. But it may be ſaid, Puniſh then the men without rejecting that calling which certainly is more ancient then the Papacy; and that ſurely might ſerve, if there were not ſuch a connaturality in the reaſons for the one and the other, that admitting the one, the other will ever bee in danger to follow, as hath been ſeen: The Common-Prayer-Book hath alſo unqueſtionably much good in it, but the ſcandall conſidered, whether another forme of another tenure and extraction, more of a peece, and conform to the other Reformed Churches, be not more fit and neceſſary to our quiet, I referre to better judgements. Gods Service and Worſhip is the ſubſtantiall and Morall part. Epiſcopacy, and this or that Form, but the Ceremoniall, and I would be ſorry to ſee cutting of throats for Diſcipline and Ceremonie: Charity ought to yeeld farre in things indifferent: But muſt all the yeelding be on the Governours part? God forbid, that we ſhould yeeld to every fanatical opinion, and to fal into a way of *Enthuſiaſts*, without any ſet Form of Directory or Liturgy. Freedom of zeale, and inſpiration may be reſerved to the Sermon, or an after Prayer, without engagement through the whole time of convention, to go along and ſay *Amen*, *upon ſurpriſe*. The other great bodies of Reformed Churches, are in great part preſcript and regulate; and as the ancient *Druides* who ruled the Religion of *France* and *Britaine*, were ſaid to hold their chiefe ſeat in the Iſle of *Angleſey*, ſo may his Majeſty, I perſwade my ſelf without going farther then the Dominions of his Crown of *England*, take from his Iſlands of *Gernſey* and *Jerſey*, in this rare neceſſity ſome ſuch modell (at leaſt with little alteration) as may fit his greater Iſland, and immaterially differ from our Brother Churches. But howſoever, it is neceſſary to come to a reſolution, and ſettledneſſe, whereby to prevent the numerous ſpreading of obſtinate Sects, which are ſaid to grow too much upon us, amongſt which multiplicity it is ſomewhat ſtrange unto me, not to heare of any *Lutherans*, conſidering our late Queen *Anne* was according to her Country, conceived that wayes affected. Now for our Recuſants they have Petitions in Parliament to move a relaxation of the Lawes, and a Commiſeration in their behalfe. And truely for the better and devouteſt ſort (ſuch as turne not their Religion into wantonneſſe and malice) I am moved to pity them, but as they affect to move us to pity them, I wiſh they would no leſſe reflect upon us, and conſider the troubles and unſufferable

ſufferable condition that their leaders have affected, and will ever affect to draw upon us, and what a difference there would be in what we ſhould ſuffer from them in reſpect of that being and converſation which they have injoyed amongſt us, to the proceedings of their Inquiſition againſt us, I referre you: Charity begins at home, and let them in the firſt place pity their abuſed ſelves, let them crave the pity of their Pope and Prieſts, who for their own unjuſtifiable ends are guilty of all their ſufferings. I ſpare them who ſpare no man, and whoſe policy, incompatible with all Monarchy and Government but their own, enforceth the induſtry of others, in the preſervation of their true faith to God, and their own ſafety: Thus after my manner, I runne and write, with a light hand, I touch, but not to the quick; You who carry a Key of my thoughts can further open mee, and will, I hope, as you uſe, bee indulgent unto mee: *London*, and the Parliament afford much company, but to mee little converſation; I am now in an opener Aire, and with you I lye more open. The truth is, Carriages have been ſo Cabaliſticall of all ſides, ſo unpleaſant, and inconvenient to participate or comply with, that being embarqued to a concurrency of reſults, I found enough to doe to look to my ſelf, as little deſirous to counſell, as affected, or thought fit to bee called unto it: No man ever acted leſſe, or ſuffered more, then by my infirmity I have done this Parliament; My good God hath ſtill wonderfully ſupported mee, and it may bee all to the beſt. Much good may others finde, and wee in them by their advancement. My ends are onely to keep my ſelf an honeſt man, with an untainted Conſcience and Reputation, nor am I, as I hope, unhappy therein, at leaſt from the beſt. A faire and quiet retrait from the world, and worldly cares, hath long been, as you know, and ſtill is, all my ambition, it is eaſier to wiſh then to finde; my appetite to the world was never much, (howſoever I have appeared) if ever it had been any thing, it is now paſt; My converſation is more in the other world then this; and that the rather, ſeeing (if my diſtaſte miſleads mee not) the generality of mens ſpirits is not poſſeſſed with that ſweetneſſe, Courteſie, Familiarity, Indulgencie, and love to goodneſſe as was wont to bee. But here my paper forceth mee to an end, and to proteſſe my ſelf, as you ſhall ever finde mee,

1640.

Your ſincerely affectionate
Friend and Servant.

Du. North *ſen.*

A ſodaine, free and opportune diſcourſe to the preſent 28. of March, 1641.

OUr weather is ſaid to have been much more gentle then in the more Southerly neighbouring parts, the entrance of the Spring proves faire and more ſeaſonable then of late yeares, our ſtormes and diſtempers poſſeſſe our ſpirituall and politique part; This Parliament is our Criſis and time of Phyſick, which if unlucky our State is deſperate, and health in truth is never to bee deſpaired till the body cannot beare the remedy: acute and preſſing diſeaſes hardly admit of long and preparative courſes, and often as little of violence: the faire and juſt temper of our Spirits hath caſt us upon more regular, though longer wayes of reformation and puniſhment then the practiſe of former more tumultuous times, but in the meane time our Phyſick and Phyſitians prove ſo coſtly as offends, whilſt it mends: ſuch may bee the Peccant humours, as the body may be ſooner overthrown then they extirpate; to put off the preſent paroxyſmes, induce a good diet, and abate predominant malignitie, may poſſibly ſuffice to overcome danger, and exempt the body from being obnoxious to every reſiding venome. Our diſeaſe hath conſiſted in the troubles of our Church and liberties; for Church matters, as we have gone ſlowly on, ſo ſtill they ſtick in our own diſtractions. God be praiſed, our differences are rather about diſcipline then doctrine, and certainly ſo far as the Scripture preſcribes a competent generall rule therein, it muſt and ought to prevaile, where it leaves a latitude, wee may reſpect our ſelves and the times, not without charitie to others ſcruples, and as farre as may bee an affectation of conformitie and harmony with other reformed Churches; if our Biſhops would have held the ſame courſe, it might have been better for them and us: we ſhall hardly attaine quiet without hearing all parties amongſt our ſelves, nor are there wanting divers learned Miniſters of other Nations reſident with us: Judgement of private diſcretion holds a neceſſary ſway in particular mens election to what Church they will incline, nor doe I ſee why a conſiderable number may not bee admitted to the ſame libertie. I meane the body and head of a Kingdome howſoever Layick: The Clergy having ever overmuch aſſumed to bee judge and party in their owne concernings hath ever bred a great diſturbance in the world. Wee are now by Gods grace and the Kings in a happy way; Peace and truth are likely to kiſſe, may juſtice and mercy as well: wee are upon an indiſſoluble conjunction of King and people, *Scotland* and *England*, reconcilement in Religion, and a marriage with the young Prince of *Orange*, and his Majeſties eldeſt daughter. And now as it hath pleaſed the Almightie miraculouſly to effect, that Scotland and England ſeverally within themſelves have paſſed hitherto thorough their late great troubles, as alſo their forces raiſed one

one againſt the other with an inconſiderable bloodſhed, how happy I ſay would it be if any expedient & ſecuritie could be found to ſave time, coſt, and blood, with a celebration of all theſe happy conſummations in ſome other accommodation, ſuch as a ſubmiſſion to Fine, Baniſhment, excluſion from all publick buſineſſes and adviſes, to the ſatisfaction of juſtice upon tranſcendent miſdemeanors, and this to bee the better aſſured by manucaption of friends, or otherwiſe? Pitie it were that this expected Jubile ſhould not paſſe, if reaſonably, without ſtaine of blood: and ſurely His Majeſtie is too good and wiſe ever to readmit (though it were left free unto him) Miniſters ſo hatefull, prejudged and unhappy, as they who now are queſtioned have been unto him; But this is rather my wiſh then concluſion and hope. I have in my haſty unaffected manner disburdened my ſelfe, I have I thanke God no affection or paſſion, but what is requiſite to a good Chriſtian, Subject, and Patriot, ſo in deſpight of all prejudicacy and ſiniſter miſconſtruction I will ever bee found, and ſo I ſubmit to better judgements.

March 1641.

HAving, as my preface lately mentioned, adventured in a private way upon the Preſſe, and that now neere an end with mee, how cenſorious and tender ſoever the times are, I cannot bee ſo ſtupid as totally to forbeare a reſentment of our unparallel'd calamities: Our ſacred Anchor is come home, our ultimate hopefull pacifique Treaty is diſſolved, ecſtaſie and deſpaire ſucceed; Eyes turne to fountaines, there is no Balme in *Gilead: Tantum Religio potuit ſuadere malorum:* No, no, it is not Religion, it is nothing of ſincere Pietie; It is in the root, the artifice, the ambition, the malice of prevaricating Jeſuits and Prieſts: Poore ſilly infatuated Laity, they had a miſſion as of Sheepe among Wolves, but they invert it upon you; They drive you to their ſhambles, nay they prevaile with you to ſlaughter one another, (Gladiators of their Theater) to furniſh and celebrate their feaſts, their feſtivalls: And you unhappy (often the beſt meaning, though over-facile) Princes of the Earth, how groſſely are you frequently intoxicated by them to your owne, to your neighbours, to your peoples funeſtious deſtruction? they carry you irrecoverably by blinding degrees and traines to the precipice of their concealed, diſguiſed, pernicious machinations; They worke upon the weakneſſe and corruption of your Favorites and Counſellors, who Satanically tranſigure themſelves into Angels of light to abuſe your over credulous goodneſſe. Many times a ſuperinduced, preternaturall, adventitious malice invadeth an otherwiſe well choſen Counſellor, finding his conceited merits miſ-received, miſ-interpreted by the vulgar; All to your ruine,

ine, to your ſubverſion: you mainely ſuffer and are the loſers, where they, if they faile and miſcarry in their maine propoſed ends, attaine no unacceptable ſatisfaction in revenge, in blood, in deſolation.

For our Redeemers ſake, redeem your ſelves and us: your private and the publique good and quiet can hardly bee over-bought; our very being, not onely our wel-being is now almoſt thorough all Chriſtendom in queſtion; ſome proprietary goods are well thrown over boord to ſave a faire well-peopled Ship from periſhing; time may ſupply them.

Avoyd extremities as a Rock, *Graviſſimi ſunt morſus irritæ neceſſitatis:* Take heed of permitting dangerous humours to ſettle overlong; take heed of rayſing the Billowes and the Feavour too high; if water bee not now rather then oyle applyed, inevitable ruine alone muſt extinguiſh our devouring flames: Profeſſions and pretences have beene hitherto on all ſides not unfaire, O that they may be ſo contained! And now you alſo on each ſide, our ſoule and State Phyſitians, looke upon God, his truth, and publique peace more then your paſſions, ſelfe intereſt and policie, ſtretch not your ſtrings too high: truſt God with the bleſſing his owne Truth and Oracles, feare not the conſequence of a truely orthodox aſſertion: may truth and peace bee ever as well your object as pretence; faire, uniforme, harmonious, reformed diſcipline, order and government your prudentiall and Chriſtian ayme: maintaine our foundations as entire and unſhaken as an orderly, candid, well intended edifice will admit, elſe may you pervert and deſtroy what yoũ arẽ bound to aſſert and maintaine. Nor will I pretermit you Stars of the greater and leſſer magnitude in the *Oxford* Firmament, whoſe ennobled blood, birth & ſtation conſtitute you Patrons and ſupporters of your Countreys preſervation and welfare, whoſe predeceſſors and progenitors are glorious in the Regiſters of time as happy advancers and dilaters of the *Engliſh* poſſeſſions, name, and honour: Suffer not now our Annals to diſgrace your name and memory as the impulſive active Engins to our Kings and Countreys lugubrious irreparable loſſe; commiſerate the ſighs and groanes of our gaſping exſpiring defaced Nation; Search home into the diſguiſed cauſes and Authors of yours and our miſeries; undeceive, diſabuſe your ſelves, diſpell the miſts of your diſtemper'd bewildred ſpirits, and lend at laſt a hand to ſave and reſcue, to ſtanch and cure our letiferous wounds; Let no *Roman* recorded eterniz'd examples devoted as a willing ambitious ſacifice for their Countries deliverance and redemption diffame you in what you owe, and to procure can hardly over-doe or ſuffer. Infinite matter you may diſcover would here offer and ſuggeſt it ſelfe, the times require, but will not well comport with ingenuitie: much for caution, much for cure might bee exhibited; I have met with conjunctures to have been often verſed and engaged in deliberations, obnoxious and captious, nor have proved my ſelfe deſtitute of ſome abilitie to tread

tread by a line and cut by a thread; I am at this instant not unfurnisht of a plentifull Magazin of specious flattering materialls for the present occasion; somewhat I had conceived not impertinent to have farther alleaged for my selfe: I silence and passe by all, confining my selfe to what impremeditately falls and flowes upon my paper: my wonted diffusive confusion would fit these troubled distracted times, but I will containe: if my lines have a propitious Genius, (though unhappily I have as much despaired as affected to bee able to serve my generation) either alive or dead, I may possibly with my little erudition prove an illiterate Author of some small fruite and edification, at least to the seeking, faire, industrious mind; such is my prayer, such my desire. How neere my end of writing, of abilitie to comply with publique dutie, and my lives period concurre, I know not: The disorder of the times consumes our fortunes and spirits, consternates, devasts and plunders our soules and consciences. I have a long time conceived ordinary taken Oathes (especially when multiforme) of great and evill consequence, and little effect, (Oathes of course, as I was wont to say, are coursly observed) they passe at length insensibly, they cauterize the vulgar, they often ensnare when considered, like over-iterated frequent Physick, they lose their operation; as well the tender conscientious as the libertine impatient, finding themselves pent and constrained, to disentangle they counterworke and perforate them, like *Sampson* they breake their uneasie bands, and by a depraved consecution carelessely sleight them, letting out their soules to a subsequent dissolution and corruption: Warre and custome turne blood and cruelty to nature, necessitie of imposing, and rigorous coertion render us incompassionate: Yet however hee may appeare, the honest good Chirurgion being by the inconsiderate ignorant unjustly censured of crueltie and hard-heartednesse by his incisions and other necessary operations of art, will to the better judgements stand justified, as having acted onely towards cure, preservation, health and recovery: May it please God to overrule and rectifie our hearts, blessing us in maintaining our Fundamentals of Faith, Hope, and Charitie, and mee in supporting my selfe by faire and necessary subterfuges and diversions: I am no Cabalist, one of the open, none of the closer Counsells; I am neither wise nor good enough, yet as the Scripture mentions of the over-wise and over-just, am left alone to my solitary unjunctoed selfe; my fate, not my affections or lazinesse may bee the cause; I confesse some unsutableness may bee in mee by my default and curiositie, making mee in businesse more troublesome, and lesse ductile and tractable then ordinary; my mind is also too soft and smooth for the questionablenesse, anxietie, obliquities, hardnesse and roughnesse of the present; I am naturally active, yet daintie and scrupulous of resolutions and undertakings; What shall I doe?

Stirring Spirits must be fomented, if I finde no hope of doing good

good abroad, if no evaſion, I will in all events endevour to make uſe of my experience to ſubſiſt, not injurying my ſelf within my ſelf at home; I have ſcarcely to this day become inſtructed how to forbeare to oppreſſe, how to favour, be charitable to, and honeſtly indulge my ſelf, but am in a much cleerer light for my guide then formerly, and even now (which you ſee is hard for me to do) to make uſe of it, I moſt humbly implore the Grace and Mercy of the Omnipotent, upon this diſconſolate, afflicted, deplorate world, and me, and end, *Amen.*

March 10. 1644.

Un peu de tout Rien come il fault a la Francoiſe.

Chorus.

Mankind cruell to thy ſelf,
No beaſt of prey comes neer to thee:
Thou need'ſt no other Rock or Shelf,
For Shipwrack, then thy cruelty.

Wolves thou deſtroyedſt, more wolf then they,
They never prey upon their kind:
Nor joy to kill and to betray,
Where faire ſubſiſtence they might finde.

Wolves in Sheeps cloathing are the worſt;
Poore Sheep, that with ſuch Shepherds meet!
Our ſins doe make us thus accurſt,
Enſowring all that would bee ſweet.

No warning nor forbearance could
On our obdurate Soules prevaile:
Wee ſtill doe all, but what wee ſhould,
Our fatall ſufferings to entaile.

Bee wiſe at laſt by your own coſt,
Exempt your ſelves from common ſcorn:
Elſe King and People, all is loſt,
All into blood and peeces torn.
God and your Neighbour take to heart,
God alone can help impart.

If

IF you are a Formaliſt, one who does *Stupere in Titulis Imaginibuſque*; here is ſcarcely ſo much as a tittle for you, exerciſe your ſeverity ſomewhere elſe, this doth neither invite nor defie you; Maſter of it ſelf, and its own entertainment. It rather forbids you as an unwelcome gueſt; *Non omnibus dormit*; what moſt by chance, and ſomething by deſigne (as moſt things goe) the moſt important peeces carry their Date, you muſt accordingly diſtinguiſh the times, like me, they are no temporizers, neither affectedly preciſely following, nor over Monſterlike contemptuouſly differing. I have known the Drapery of a picture drawn ſome time paſt, to the life, altered to the Modern faſhion, it is endleſſe and ſenſeleſſe; Then was then, and ſo ought to appeare, and paſſe. Take meaſure of my Writings by their birth, and of mee by what I am, ſomething muſt bee allowed to the Scene and other reſpects: I forbeare to particularize upon the preſent times, I hope they will favourably requite mee in their cenſure: Theſe foure laſt unhappy years I mean, and the calculation of this end of 1644. *March* 13.

FINALIS.